THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded in 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCTOBER 21, 1916 — 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

In
This Number

MONSIEUR LE CAPITAINE RICKS—By Peter B. Kyne

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Monsieur le Capitaine Ricks

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CAPPY RICKS, president emeritus and controlling owner of the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company and the Blue Star Navigation Company, entered his office at the unheard-of hour of eight-thirty. On his way to his sanctum at the end of the long suite of offices Cappy paused in the lair of Mr. Skinner, the general manager, who looked up, amazed.

"Hello!" he saluted the president emeritus. "What brings you down on the job so early this morning, Mr. Ricks?"

"I've got a hen on," Cappy replied briskly. He glanced at Skinner and rubbed his hands together. "Skinner, my dear boy," he continued, "this is a one-horse concern."

"Three sawmills with a combined output of a million feet a day on a ten-hour shift—not to mention a billion feet of stumpage—isn't my idea of a one-horse concern," Mr. Skinner retorted with some asperity.

"Tut, tut, Skinner! I'm not referring to the lumber end at all; so don't get touchy. I'm referring to the Blue Star Navigation Company. It's a dinky proposition."

"Forty-two vessels—windjammers, steam schooners and foreign-going freighters ——" began Mr. Skinner; but Cappy cut him short:

"Foreign-going grandmothers! We've got the Narcissus and the Tillicum."

"How about my boat—the John P. Skinner?"

"Oh, yes! That one we scraped up off the bottom of Papeete Harbor," Cappy answered maliciously. "Well, that makes three; and really the Skinner and the Narcissus are the only vessels built to go foreign. Remember, Skinner, we built the Tillicum for the coastwise lumber trade, even though she's so big our competitors thought when we launched her we were crazy to build such a whale for that trade."

"Well, Mr. Ricks?"

"We ought to have more big bottoms, Skinner. We'll have hell-cracking freight rates during the war and for a long time thereafter—and here we sit round like a lot of dubs, too conservative to help ourselves to the gravy. Why, you and Matt Peasley ought to be knitting socks in an old ladies' home, for all the progressiveness you're displaying."

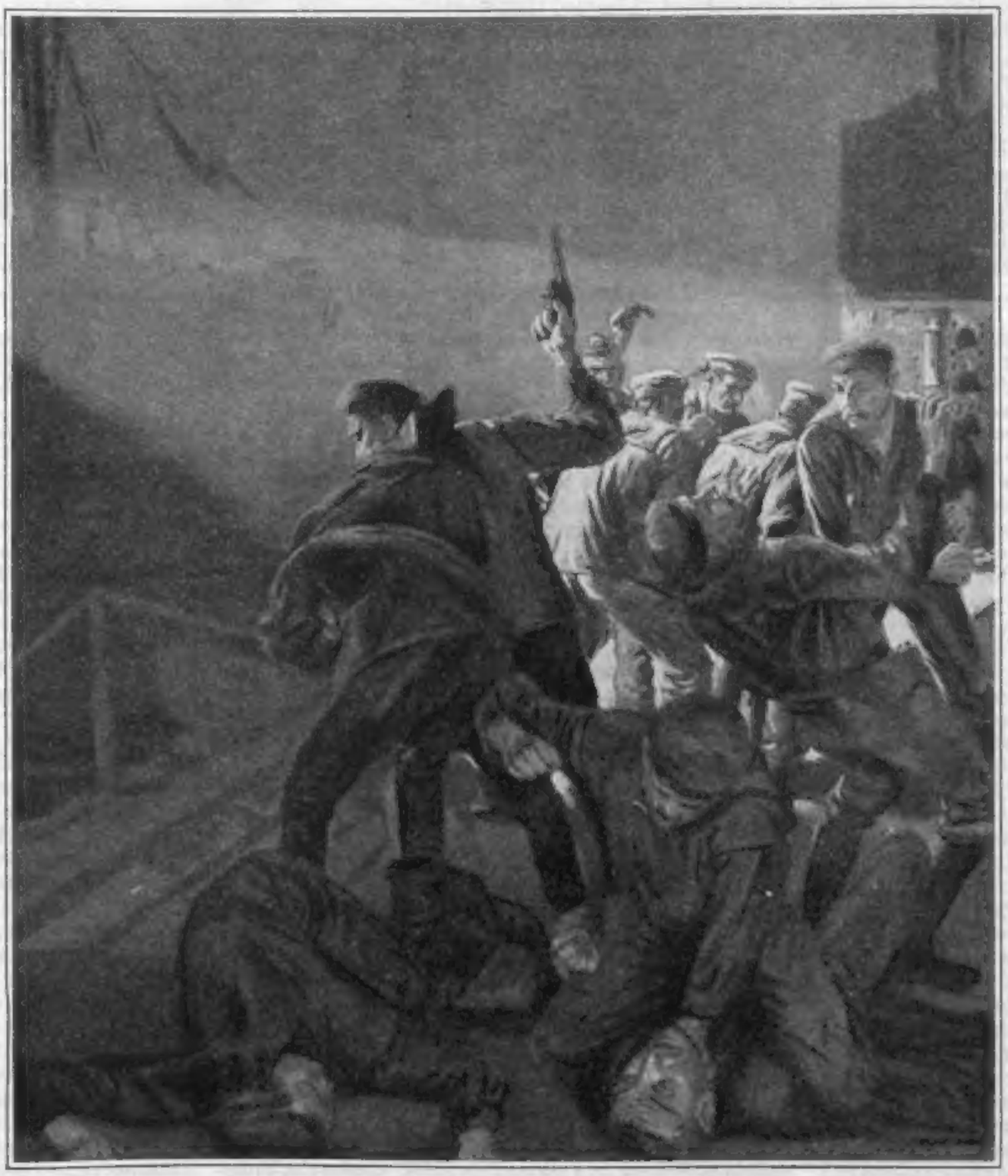
"I am not in charge of the shipping end, Mr. Ricks."

"No; but you've got a tongue in your head, haven't you? Here you've been practically in charge of the Blue Star for more than six months—during the entire period Matt was at sea in the Retriever and we thought he was a goner. Why, dog-gone you, Skinner, even when you thought Matt was dead you didn't suggest increasing the fleet. I'm surprised, Skinner, my boy, that in my old age, after gathering a lot of young fellows round me to carry on the business, I've still got to be the bell mare!"

Mr. Skinner had nothing to say to this; if he had it is doubtful whether he would have said it, for he had been too long with Cappy Ricks not to know the signs when the old gentleman took the bit in his teeth and declared for a new deal.

"I'm going into my office to do some tall thinking, Skinner," Cappy continued. "Remember! No visitors until I've threshed this whole business out to my satisfaction. I'm not in to anybody."

Cappy retired to his office, sat down on his spine in his upholstered swivel chair, swung his thin old shanks to the top of his desk, bowed his head on his breast, and closed his eyes. Scarcely had he done so when the door opened and Mr. Skinner thrust his head in.



Not a Shot Was Fired—the Work Was Too Close for That

"Well, Skinner?" Cappy queried without opening his eyes.

"That boy, Isidore Pantoskey, has gone on strike, Mr. Ricks. He wants a hundred and fifty dollars a month and a jump from stenographer to assistant bookkeeper."

Cappy sat up like a jack-in-the-box.

"Skinner, what *is* the matter with you? How dare you bother me with the petty details of this business? If Isidore is worth the raise give it to him. If he isn't, don't. If he demurs, fire him!"

"I'll not fire him under any circumstances," Mr. Skinner declared belligerently.

"Why won't you fire him?"

"Because I didn't hire him. You did."

"Oh! Excuse me, Skinner. I believe I did. Let me see: Why did I hire that boy, Skinner?"

"His father owns the Empire Box Factory and we sell him an average of three hundred thousand feet of box spruce, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, every month."

"Oh, yes! Ike Pantoskey. Good man and a clever box manufacturer. Makes the trickiest business in the world pay dividends, and discounts his bills."

"Yes," Mr. Skinner complained; "and when he found he couldn't make a box man out of his son Isidore he sawed Isidore off onto you, and you sawed him off onto me."

"Well," Cappy reflected aloud, "I did it to oblige a good customer; and I'd hate like fury to offend Ike by canning his son. Tell you what you do, Skinner: You saw Isidore off onto Matt Peasley. Maybe Matt can make a shipping man out of him; put him down on the dock, checking freight or something."

"Mr. Ricks, I dare not. That worthless boy would be in Captain Matt's department about three days, and then Matt would fire him out of hand without consulting anybody."

"Then promote the incubus to purser of the Florence Ricks. By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, that's an idea! The Florence hasn't any guards, and we'll send Isidore out on her the next time she leaves San Francisco for the North. Skinner, when that boat is empty, headed north, with a stiff nor'west wind—such as we have four days out of seven all summer long—on her port counter, she does all the modern dances.

"Tip off the skipper to put her in the trough of the sea, and that Isidore will get seasick and quit in Seattle."

"Very well, sir," Mr. Skinner replied, and passed on into Matt Peasley's office, where he explained the conditions to Cappy's son-in-law, urging the latter, however, by virtue of his relationship by marriage, to make an issue of Isidore.

Gladly Matt complied. Cappy had scarcely closed his eyes and once more focused his mind on his plans before Matt stuck his head in the doorway.

"Well, well, well!" Cappy piped peevishly. "What now?"

"I don't want Isidore in my department," Matt Peasley announced. "What's more, I'll not have him! You brought him in here, and you kick him out."

"Oh, Lord!" Cappy sighed resignedly. "Send Isidore in, and then you and that infernal Skinner stand by and take a lesson in diplomacy. I'll show you how to get rid of Isidore without prejudicing our very pleasant and profitable trade with his father."

Accordingly Isidore was brought in. Cappy eyed him with paternal tenderness.

"Sit down, my boy," he commanded gently. "Mr. Skinner has presented to me your claim for promotion and more salary, and that claim is now up for cool, calm, sympathetic consideration. How long have you been with us, Isidore?"

"A year—and I've been working like a dog," Isidore complained.

"Hum-m! Ahem! Harumph-h-h! You will admit, Isidore, that there were three hundred and sixty-five days in this year of toil you have just completed?"

"Yes, sir."

"And there were twenty-four hours in each of those three hundred and sixty-five days?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you worked eight hours in each twenty-four, or a third of each day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Therefore, if you worked only a third of each day in the year you worked only a third of the year—say, one hundred and twenty-one days—like a dog."

"I believe that's right, sir."

"Now there are fifty-two weeks in a year and one Sunday in every week; consequently, out of those one hundred and twenty-one days that you worked, fifty-two of them were Sundays, which leaves but sixty-nine days in which you actually worked like a dog."

"But, Mr. Ricks, I ——"

"Not a peep out of you, sir, until I am through talking! Now then: We close up shop every Saturday at noon; with fifty-two Saturdays in each year, and you working half time, we must deduct twenty-six days more, leaving but forty-three days in which you actually worked like a dog."

Isidore opened his mouth to protest, thought better of it, and sat staring stupidly at Cappy, who continued blithely:

"Now during the past year you had two weeks' vacation. Therefore, we deduct fourteen days, leaving but twenty-nine days in which you actually worked like a dog."

Isidore's Adam's apple flew up and down at a dangerous speed.

Cappy rambled on:

"Now on each day of slavery you are allowed one hour for luncheon. Mr. Skinner reports that you take an hour and a quarter. Figure that up and you'll find that during the year you have used up at least fifteen days in eating, which, deducted from twenty-nine, leaves but fourteen days in which you actually worked like a dog! But we go further, my dear Isidore. Consider the thirteen national legal holidays—and what have you got left? One day, my boy—one day in which you actually worked like a dog. Skinner, my dear boy, did you permit this young man to remain away from the office to attend his synagogue during the two Jewish holidays in the past year?"

"Yes, Mr. Ricks, I did."

Cappy turned to Isidore:

"Isidore, you owe the firm a day's labor. Now then, answer me: Do you honestly think you're entitled to promotion and a raise? If you do, my boy, say so and we'll give it to you, though it strikes me we'd be justified in cutting your salary."

Isidore rose, pale with fury.

"Robber!" he shrieked. "I quit!"

"Don't do anything rash," Cappy counseled patiently.

"Bloodsucker!" howled Isidore, and fled.

Cappy turned to Mr. Skinner:

"Take him at his word, Skinner. Pay him off and let him go. Remember, he quit of his own free will." He glared at his general manager over the rims of his spectacles. "Skinner, my dear boy, you've been telling me for a year that Isidore was a born anarchist, and I've been waiting a year for you to think up a bright way to get rid of him. I'm surprised at your lack of knowledge of human nature. Didyouever see an anarchist who could assimilate a serious josh on the money question?

Cappy sighed. "God help you poor boys when I'm gone!" he concluded piously.

Matt and Mr. Skinner retired crestfallen. Ten minutes later Matt stuck his head in again:

"I have an offer of forty thousand dollars for our old bark Altair, Cappy. What do you think we ought to do?"

"Take it!" Cappy shrilled. "You jibbering jackdaw! Grab it! She's been a failure since the day I built her; never balanced, always burying her nose in the seas, and drowning a sailor about once a year. If we keep that ship

"They're Going to Put Bombs in the Bilges and Blow Up the Ship"

much longer she'll sail herself under some day and we'll be out the forty thousand. Altair! Fancy name! Skinner got it out of Ben-Hur. He'd been in the shipping game ten years then and hadn't learned that was the name of a star! We should have called her the Water Spaniel. Sell her, Matt, and we'll put the money into a steamer that can run foreign."

"If you can tell me where we can buy, even at three times her intrinsic value, a steamer that will run foreign, I'm willing to consider selling the Altair. Just at present she's earning big dividends; and until we can find a place to invest her selling price the money will earn six per cent instead of sixty, as at present."

"Clear out and let me think!" Cappy commanded, and Matt Peasley retired to Mr. Skinner's office.

"Have you noticed the old gentleman lately?" he inquired of Skinner. "Ever since his grandson arrived grandpa has been paying attention to business."

"He's dissatisfied with his own and our efforts thus far. He thinks he's been a piker and that you and I are his first-assistant pikers. He has ships on the brain."

"He's getting pretty cocky," Matt agreed; "but, at that, I guess he has a license to be. The way he disposed of Isidore proves he isn't ready for Rotten Row just yet."

"I've been with him twenty-six—yes, twenty-seven—years; and I know him, Matt. He's cooking up something prodigious—and it will soon be done. I've noticed that every time he does something smart he feels important for as much as an hour thereafter; and during that period he makes his decisions. That battle of wits with Isidore Pantoskey rather tickled his vanity, and ——"

The door of Cappy's office opened and Cappy stood in the entrance.

"Skinner," he ordered, "get me a letter of credit for about twenty thousand dollars. I'm going traveling."

"Where?" Matt and Skinner queried in chorus.

"To Europe."

"You're not!" Matt Peasley declared. "You're liable to be torpedoed en route."

"I know. But then, too, I'm liable not to be; and if I am, why, I'm an old man, and I'll only be cheating the devil by a few years or a few months. Come in here, you two dead ones."

They followed him into his office.

"We need some steamers," Cappy announced. "Every shipyard in the United States that could build the kind of steamer we want is full up with contracts for the next three years; so I'm going to Norway or Sweden or Denmark, or some nonbelligerent European country, and see whether I can't place some contracts there for a couple of real freighters. Then, too, I may be able to pick up good vessels over there at a reasonable price. Under the Emergency Shipping Act we can get them provisional American registry—and that's all we need. Before a great while Uncle Sam is going to turn his antiquated shipping laws inside out, and any foreign-built boats we may acquire now will be given the right to run in the coastwise trade also."

"See here, Cappy," Matt reminded the old man; "you're retired and I'm in charge of the destinies of the Blue Star Navigation Company. I don't want you working yourself to death."

"You mean you don't want me butting in. Nonsense! What's the use of having a nine-pound grandson if a fellow doesn't hustle up something for the boy to sharpen his teeth on when he grows up? Here I've been living from day to day, just marking time on the road to eternity and figuring life wasn't worth while because the stock was going to die out with me. Up till recently I was content with a little old one-horse business; but now, by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, boy, we've got to get out and shake a leg! Freighters! That's what we want. Big, well-decked tramps, flying the Stars and Stripes in every port on earth. Why, what kind of a nation are we getting to be, anyway? We're a passel of mollycoddles, asleep on the job. We haven't half enough ships to coal our navy. In the event of war it would take us a week to dig up ships enough to transport the New York Police Department. I tell you, Matt, when I'm gone you'll have to have something for that grandson of mine to do or he'll grow up into one of these idle-rich, ne'er-do-well, two-for-a-quarter dudes. You bet I've been doing a deal of thinking lately. We can't send that boy to college, and spoil him before he's twenty-five. We'll run that young man through high school; just about that time he'll begin to get snobbish and we'll take that out of him by sending him to sea as a cadet on one of our own ships. We'll teach him democracy—that's what we'll teach him. When he's twenty-one he'll be a skipper like his forebears and you'll be only about forty-six. Good Lord! To think of you two young fellows running my Blue Star ships—and not enough ships to keep you busy! Preposterous! I can't consider —— Well, Haskins, my dear boy, what's troubling you?"

Mr. Haskins, the secretary, had entered.

"I wanted to see Mr. Skinner a moment. I'll wait. Didn't know you were busy."

And he started to retire. Cappy checked him:

"Finish with Skinner, Haskins. He'll be in consultation here with Matt and me for an hour yet."

"I just wanted to know, Mr. Skinner, whether all those cablegrams to Captain Landry, of the Altair, are to be charged to general expense, Captain Landry's personal account, or to the Altair."

"It seems to me you should charge them to Captain Landry, Haskins," Mr. Skinner spoke up. "It isn't ship's business and it isn't Blue Star business. If he wants this office to cable him every day about his family ——"

"Here! What's this you're talking about, Skinner?" Cappy interrupted.

"When Captain Landry sailed for Callao his wife didn't accompany him ——"

"Lucky rascal! He told me he was expecting an heir."

"And he's still expecting that heir."

"Naturally," Mr. Haskins explained, "he's been anxious for news; and ever since his arrival in Callao he's cabled us every other day—latterly every day—asking whether the baby has been born, and whether it's a boy or a girl."

"A very pardonable human curiosity, my boy. Proceed."

"Unfortunately the baby appears to be held up on demurrage and I think we've spent at least fifty dollars cabling to Landry that the youngster has failed to report. I imagine the skipper has spent twice that sum inquiring for news ——"

"Of course! It's his first baby, isn't it? You must allow for human nature."

"I thought we would—for the first half dozen cablegrams; but after it became a habit it appeared that Landry ought to pay for his fancies."

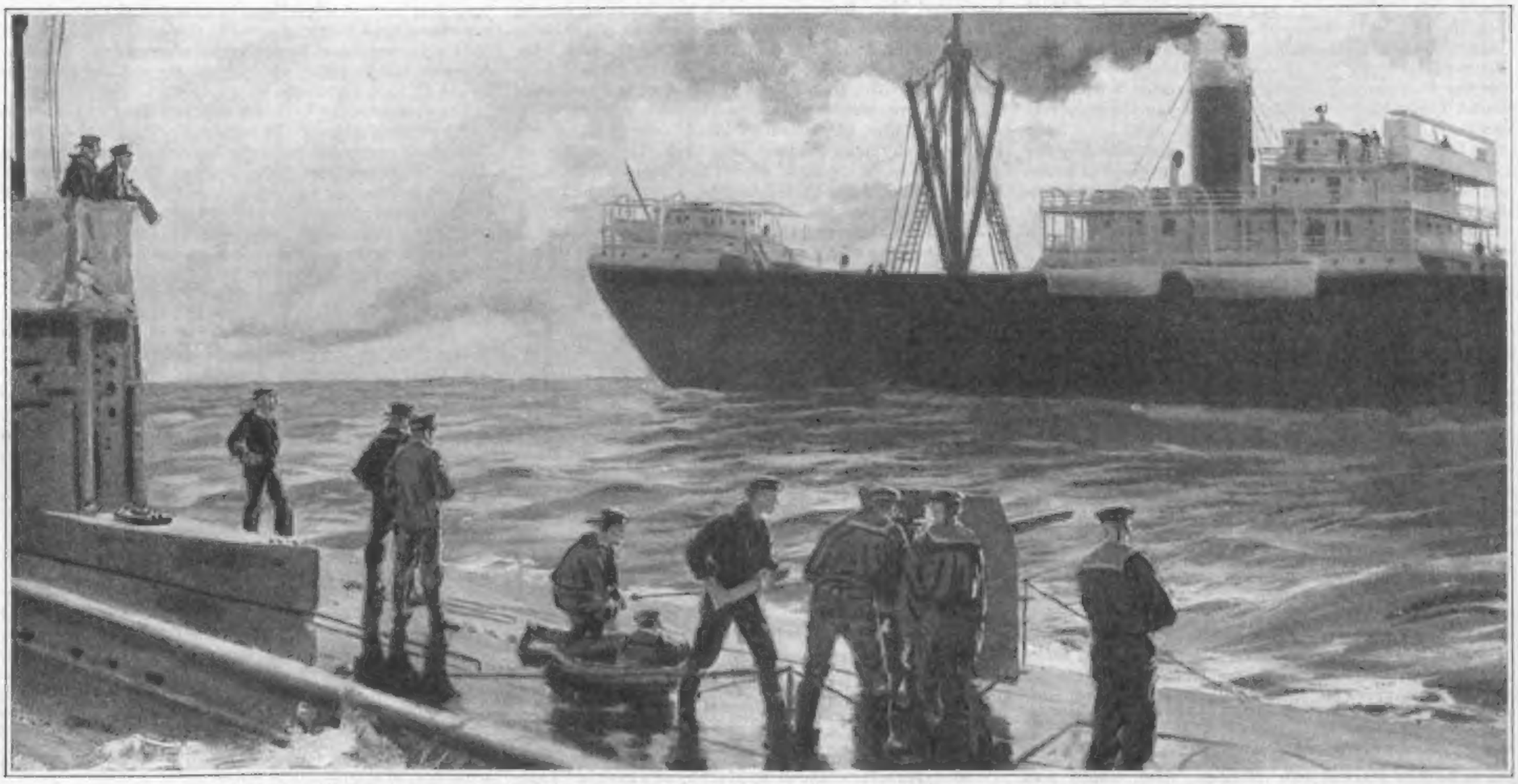
"He should," Mr. Skinner declared firmly. "Charge the cablegrams to Landry."

"Nothing doing!" piped Cappy. "Charge 'em to general expense. Dang you, Skinner, I despair of ever breaking you of that habit of operating on the cheap!"

"Oh, very well, sir—only the expense is getting to be quite an item."

"I'm just about to send him another cablegram," Mr. Haskins declared fretfully. "The Altair is due to sail from Callao and the baby is still unborn; it will be two months old, at least, before the skipper gets any further news."

"Let's see your cablegram," Cappy ordered, and Mr. Haskins passed it over. Cappy read it. "Holy suffering sailor!" he cried. "Why this concern isn't in the hands of a receiver is a mystery to me." He looked up at Mr. Haskins with blood in his eye. "Here you are, Haskins, trying to saddle a bill of expense on a poor, heartbroken, anxious, embryo parent-to-be. Knowing full well that he only makes a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, you admit to an endeavor to stick him for fifty dollars' worth of cablegrams from this end, not to mention those from his end. If you had spent



He Hove To and Informed Captain Michael J. Murphy That He Had Just Fifteen Minutes in Which to Save the Ship's Company

your time, sir, figuring out a way to cut down that cable expense, instead of discovering a rotten way to get rid of it —— Why, look here! You can use your code book and save a couple of dollars."

"Code book!" Mr. Haskins protested indignantly. "Why, who ever heard of a code book for cabling on baby business?"

"Use your shipping code. Here; hand me that code book. There's bound to be something to fit the occasion—there always is. Hum-m-m! Ahem! Harumph-h-h! Let us see what we shall see under the head of cargoes: Loading! Discharging! Demurrage! Ahem! That won't do. He'd be liable to confuse it with the ship's business. Harumph-h-h! Arrivals. Now we have it. Landry has been asking news of an expected arrival, hasn't he?" And Cappy ran his index finger down the page. "Here you are, Haskins. Hum-m-m! Afilamos—meaning: No new arrivals. Naturally Landry will say to himself: 'Well, for heaven's sake, when will that child arrive?' We should enlighten him on that point."

"We cannot."

"Very well, then. Say so. Here you are. Affumicata—meaning: We cannot guarantee time of arrival. Haskins, have you talked with Mrs. Landry's physician in order to get the latest ringside reports?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does he say?"

"Well, he says he thinks it will be twins, in a couple of days at the most."

"Good news! Here you are. Afilaba—meaning: Heavy arrivals expected shortly. Now then, Haskins, he'll want some news of his wife, won't he? How about her?"

"She went to the hospital this morning."

Cappy closed his eyes and pondered; then once more took up the code book. Followed a silence. Then:

"Bully! He'll understand perfectly, being a sailor. Desdoble—meaning: Is now in dry dock. And, of course, Landry will want to know whether his wife is in any danger. Danger! Danger! Ships are sometimes in danger. When? When they're wrecked, of course. Let us look under the head of wrecks. . . . No; nothing seems to fill the bill. Wreck, wrecked, worse, writ, write, wrong—ah, I have it! Wohlgemuth—meaning: There is nothing wrong." He looked up at Mr. Haskins. "Now there's the kind of a cablegram to send—even on baby business. Those four code words translated mean: No new arrivals; heavy arrivals expected shortly; is now in dry dock; there is nothing wrong. Literally translated it means: Baby not born yet; twins expected shortly; your wife now in hospital; everything lovely! I suppose, Haskins, you have carbon copies of all these cablegrams you've been sending?"

"Yes, sir."

"Code them all, so far as possible, and ascertain how much money you might have saved the Blue Star by the exercise of a little common sense; then charge the cablegrams, on the coded basis, to our general expense, and charge to your personal account the sum you might have saved by the exercise of the ingenuity and efficiency I have a right to expect of a man who draws down as fat a salary as you do."

Mr. Haskins withdrew, greatly crestfallen, and the despot of the Blue Star office turned to his trusted lieutenants.

"Well," he declared, "one after the other you have to come to the old man to be shown. I guess I've proved to you two boys this morning that I'm to be trusted with buying a few ships and letting contracts for a few more, haven't I?"

"I don't like the idea of Cappy Ricks on a steamer that's likely to be torpedoed. I don't want you to go to Europe alone ——"

"I'm not going alone. Captain Mike Murphy, our new port captain, is going with me. I wouldn't think of buying a steamer unless that splendid fellow O.K.'d the hull. And Terry Reardon, our new port engineer, will accompany me also. Terry has to O.K. the engines. Between the three of us, it's going to take a smart trader to sell us any junk, I'm telling you!"

"I ought to go with you," Matt suggested.

"You have your work at home, attending to the fleet. It isn't much of a fleet, I'll admit; but such as it is it requires some attention. I'll be the chief scout of this organization and see whether I can't rustle up some major-league vessels from some of these bush-league European owners."

"I've had a fine time getting good men to take their places in the Narcissus since you promoted Mike and Terry in my absence!" Matt complained. "Mike and Terry know her well—and she's such a big brute to handle."

"Where is the Narcissus, by the way?"

"Loading nitrate at Tocopilla and Antofagasta, Chile. This is her last voyage under the old charter."

"Got any new business in sight for her?"

"I won't have the slightest difficulty getting another nitrate charter and at a rate double what she's been getting."

"Every vessel taken off the nitrate run stiffens the freight rate in these days, when they have to have so much nitrate in the manufacture of war munitions," the astute Cappy declared. "If I were you, Matt, I'd find her a good outside cargo or two, and then slip her back on the nitrate business again. Freights may have advanced in the interim."

"I have a mighty profitable cargo offered me this morning, Cappy. An agent of the British Government called on me and offered a whopping price for carrying a cargo of mules and horses from Galveston to Havre. I think I shall turn the proposition down. It's too dangerous, Cappy."

"You mean we might have our ship blown up by a German submarine?"

Matt nodded.

"Well, we'd collect our freight in advance, wouldn't we? And the British Government will guarantee to reimburse us if the ship is lost, will it not? Well, then, where's the risk?"

"There's the danger to the crew."

"Any man that goes to sea knows he has to take a chance. Bet you Mike Murphy could take that cargo of livestock across and bring another cargo back. He's luckier than a cross-eyed coon. And another thing, Matt: If you accept that business we can kill two birds with one stone—yes, three—because Mike and Terry and I will cross over on the Narcissus and save the price of transportation from here to New York and from New York to Liverpool. Then, while the Narcissus is discharging and taking on another cargo, we'll go scouting for available steamers."

"It might be done, though I hate to think of it, Cappy. If we lose the vessel they'll pay us a million and a half for her, of course—and she cost us less than three hundred thousand a year ago. And, as you say, we collect the freight in advance. They're very anxious to get the Narcissus. She's a whopping big boat, and that's the kind of a vessel they need for a horse transport."

"Yes; and, by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, it will be a bully vacation, and a bully vacation is something I haven't had since the night of the big wind in Ireland. Moreover, I combine business with pleasure, which is always desirable; and, if that isn't excuse enough, I want to tell you it's cheaper to travel deadhead on our own boats than to pay for three round-trip tickets to Europe on a Cunard liner."

"But suppose a German submarine ——"

"Matt, all my life I've played a quiet, safe, sane, conservative game. I've always longed for adventure and never had it. Why, just consider a moment what a tiresome thing life would be were it not for the prospect of death at any moment! That's all that keeps us hustling, my boy—trying to put over a winning run before the game is called on account of darkness. Hell's bells! Don't try to scare me with a sheet and the rattle of old bones. Suppose they do blow us up? We don't lose a dollar; in fact, we make money—and we can take to the boats, can't we?"

"They only give you fifteen minutes ——"

"We'll have the boats swung overside, provisioned and ready, two days ahead."

"But they don't care how far out to sea they leave you. I spent two weeks in an open boat once and I know you can't stand two days. The exposure to the elements ——"

"When we get down to Galveston," Cappy interrupted triumphantly, "I'll have Mike Murphy buy a nice, staunch little secondhand motor cruiser, thirty-eight or forty feet long, with plenty of power and comfortable living accommodations for half a dozen people. Mike will arrange for extra oil and gasoline tankage, and we'll swing this cruiser in on the main deck and let it rest there in a cradle, with the slings round it, ready to lift overside with the cargo derricks at a minute's notice. I'll be as snug in that little cruiser as a bug under a chip—and we'll tow the lifeboats. So that settles it—and if it doesn't I'd like to know who's the boss of this shebang, anyhow!"

Mr. Skinner glanced covertly at Captain Matt Peasley and shook his head almost imperceptibly, as who should say: "Better give in to him, Matt. I know him longer

than you do; he'll have his way if it kills him." And Matt took the hint, with the result that some six weeks later Cappy Ricks, accompanied by his faithful port captain, Michael J. Murphy, and his equally faithful port engineer, Terence P. Reardon, cleared for Galveston aboard the Sunset Limited. And at Galveston began the only real vacation Cappy Ricks had ever had.

To begin with, there was the task of superintending the installation of the accommodations for the cargo of mules and horses. Cappy was particularly interested in the ventilating system below decks, for he was fond of horses and had resolved to deliver the cargo without the loss of a single animal. Of no mediocre turn of mind mechanically, he, assisted by Terry Reardon, made a few suggestions that the British veterinaries in charge were very glad to accept.

The real enjoyment of the trip, however, Cappy found down at the breaking corrals where the horses were detraining. They were all young and full of life, and fully ninety per cent of them had only been halter-broken. In the lot was many an outlaw whose ancestors had run wild for generations in Nevada; and as the delivery contract specified that a horse to be accepted must be broken, God save the mark!—as Terence Reardon remarked after seeing one passed as broken, following five minutes of furious pitching and squealing—Cappy Ricks was one of the first at the corral and the last to leave. Perched on the topmost rail, he piped encouragement to the lank, flat-bellied border busters who, a dozen times a day, risked life and limb at five dollars a bust.

Mike Murphy and Terence Reardon, who had ridden more than one China Sea typhoon and West India hurricane, marveled that men should take such risks for any amount of money. Privately they considered Cappy Ricks an accessory before the fact, inasmuch as Cappy hung up at least five hundred dollars in small prizes for the vaqueros. Whenever they had a "bad one" they could always induce Cappy to offer ten dollars for staying two minutes and five dollars a minute for each minute over the limit—which seldom reached two minutes. Also, Cappy was willing to furnish two silver dollars whenever some adventurer thought he could put a dollar between each leg and the saddle and have the dollars there when the horse surrendered. They ran in a couple of trained buckers on Cappy and depleted his bank roll considerably before he began to smell a rat.

To these plainsmen, charged with the destinies of the mounts for the young British soldier, Cappy Ricks was known familiarly as Cap. Before the last of the horses had been passed as broken and hustled aboard the big Narcissus, Cappy knew each horse wrangler by his first name or nickname, and had learned the intricacies of many hitherto unheard-of games of chance that flourish along the Rio Grande. He was an expert at cooncan, and pangingi fascinated him; then they taught him Mexican monte, and one worthless individual stole an ace out of the deck, whereupon all hands had a joyous hack at Cappy, who, when informed privately by his friend, Sam Daniels, foreman of the outfit, that he was in bad company and being skinned alive, went uptown and bought some specially constructed dice, which he introduced brazenly into a crap game, thereby more than catching even. He was the last man in the world a gang of wicked cowboys would suspect of guile; all of them, quite foolishly, thought he had more money than brains.

Eventually, however, the Narcissus was loaded, Cappy moved into the owner's suite, and his new-found friends bunked in a temporary deck house forward when they weren't busy below decks playing chambermaid to the cargo. And with Cappy's motor cruiser swung in the cradle, ready for launching from the main deck aft, the Narcissus slipped out of Galveston and went snoring across the Gulf of Mexico, bound for Brest.

Mike Murphy was not happy, however. He resented Cappy Ricks, who would persist in going below to inspect the cargo and in consequence smelled like a hostler. Moreover, Michael was the port captain of the Blue Star Navigation Company now and not the master of the ship; and the Narcissus wasn't out of sight of land before Mike made the discovery that the boatswain of the ship was absolutely inefficient, that the cook was wasteful, that the first officer was too talkative and the skipper too easy-going.

And these conditions, on a ship he had once commanded, irked Murphy exceedingly. Terence Reardon was in much the same state of mind. Being port engineer, he investigated the engine room and found that his favorite monkey wrench had been lost; there were two leaky tubes in the main boiler; the ash hoist was out of kilter; his successor in the Narcissus was carrying ten pounds of steam less than Terence used to carry; and that there was something not quite right with the condenser. The engine-room crew Terence characterized to Mike Murphy as a gang of "vagabones," and hinted darkly at sweeping changes when the ship should get back to the United States. Once he went so far as to state that he might have expected as much when, upon leaving the Narcissus to become port engineer, he had given her to his old first assistant; since he had never known a first assistant, barring himself, to make a good chief!

On the very day the Narcissus left Galveston the German submersible V-14 left her base at Zeebrugge, with oil and torpedoes sufficient to last her on an ordinary three weeks' cruise, and promptly headed for that section of the Atlantic where information and belief told her commander the hunting would be good. And it was—so good, in fact, that to the very great disgust of her crew she had just two torpedoes in stock when the man on watch at her periscope reported a large freight steamer to the west. Promptly the V-14 submerged and proceeded on a course calculated to intercept the freighter, which presently was discovered to be the U. S. S. Narcissus.

The captain of the V-14 almost licked his chops. He had heard of the Narcissus. The neutrality laws of the United States had prevented him from hearing of her by wireless when she cleared from Galveston, but he had been on the lookout for her, just the same, ever since a Dutch steamer from New York, with an alert German chief mate, had touched at Copenhagen, from which point the dispatches that mate carried had gone underground straight to the office of the German Admiralty. The information anent the Narcissus had been brief but illuminating: She had been chartered to carry horses for the British Government from Galveston to Brest, and the word to get her at all hazards had been passed to the submarine flotilla.

Captain Emil Bechtel, of the V-14, did not possess an Iron Cross of any nature whatsoever, and as he studied the oncoming Narcissus through the periscope he reflected that this big brute of a boat would bring him one, provided he was lucky. He remembered he had but two torpedoes left, and under the circumstances he paused to consider.

Clearly—since the Narcissus was laden with horses and mules for the enemy she was carrying contraband—she must not escape. On the other hand, there had been a deal of unpleasantness of late because President Wilson had been protesting the sinking of vessels without warning—and the Narcissus was a United States steamer. Consequently if he torpedoed her without warning the temperamental Kaiser might make of Captain Emil Bechtel what is colloquially known as the goat; whereas, on the other hand, should he conform to international law and place her crew in safety before sinking her, there was a chance that her wireless might summon a patrol boat to the vicinity—Bechtel had sighted one less than an hour before—and patrol boats had a miserable habit, when they sighted a periscope, of shooting it to pieces.

Then, too, it was just possible that the perfidious English had mounted a couple of three-inch guns on her after getting to sea—and the German knew a three-inch shell, well placed, would send his vessel to the bottom. Moreover, it was sunset; in half an hour it would be twilight; he had no knowledge of the speed of the Narcissus and she might try to make a run for it, thus forcing him to come to the surface and shell her should he miss with his torpedoes. Further, if he attacked her and she escaped, there was an elderly gentleman with whiskers back in Berlin who would do things to him if the Kaiser didn't.

There was, however, one course open to the German. To his way of thinking, during the existing diplomatic

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CONSIDER INDIANA

By Samuel G. Blythe

WE STICK loyally to the old stuff in our national politics. Long, long ago some person of imagination decided that it would give a needed fillip to a dead campaign to have a pivotal state or two. So this person announced portentously: "As goes this state, so goes the nation!"

That sounded well. It gave the editors something to pin their predictions on and provided them with a cradle for their statistics. The idea spread. A great many states were claimed as pivotal; but eventually, in politics as in everything else, virtue is its own reward—as shall be shown.

Of course this idea that there can be more than one or two pivotal states is absurd, no matter what local claimants may claim. When an election gets to pivoting all over the place it becomes difficult, if not impossible, for the political seers and editors and orators and managers to classify and analyze that other important essential of a presidential campaign, which is the trend.

Where would this country be, I ask you, if we could not analyze and classify the trend? What would be the excuse for National Committees and National Committeemen, and stump speakers, and campaign buttons, and banners, and posters, and swings round the circle, and campaign contributions—and so on—if it were not for the trend and what the trend means?

Why, fancy that situation! The people would go about their baseball and golf and munitions making, and keep on buying and selling war brides, and raising the cost of living, and striking—and thus and so. A whole heap of folks whose names are now in the papers every day wouldn't get a line, except when they had automobile accidents; and even that method of obtaining publicity isn't what it once was. It would be intolerable! There would be no way of conducting a campaign of education. Imagine that!

We must have a pivot and we must have a trend—positively must! And, given our pivot and our trend, the result usually can be discovered within a reasonable time after the ballots are counted—not invariably, but usually.

It is a good emollient for local pride to have a state known as pivotal. Many states claim that distinction, though quite spuriously. We hear politicians parroting the original as-goes claim, and we find it in the newspapers. Now that is due entirely to the great American idea of boost. The real as-goes privileges have been established by time, and awarded because of performance, reënforced by political persuasiveness. Truth, you know—in a political sense. When a political attribute has the sustaining support of time and veracity it has all the effect of a law. It is immutable.

Hence, when one desires to get a slant, as we say, on this forthcoming result at the polls, one naturally looks about for the real pivotal state. If one has a knowledge of what has happened and what is happening one puts a designating finger on a certain Middle-Western state and another on a certain Eastern state; and the rest of the clamor for concrete attention from various other parts of the country becomes inconsequential.

Wherefore, consider Indiana! She toils incessantly at her own sort of pivotal politics, and—heavens, how she spins! Indiana is positively and potentially pivotal—the peerless pivot of the political phalanx—which is what an Indiana man told me Indiana is; and it seems to be true.

I don't know how many years ago it was that Indiana established her pivotal perquisites and prowess. A good many, no doubt. Possibly Hendricks had something to do with it, or Turpie, or Voorhees, or Morton. Maybe it was before their time. The fact is that Indiana was established as a pivot; and the further fact is that Indiana has maintained that interesting position for a long, long time, and still pivots proudly in every national campaign—that is, the Indiana folks say she pivots, and they get away with it.

Moreover, Indiana is no hidebound or single-track pivot. She is versatile and comprehensive. She pivots for all parties and for all attenuations thereof. She is a Republican pivot and a Democratic pivot. For a time she held the Socialist pivot privileges, via Debs. And in this campaign, aside from her Democratic and Republican activities, she is doing a fine line of pivoting for the Prohibitionists, *à la* J. Frank Hanly, the only orator in the world who claps his hands six times a minute while he is speaking, no matter whether he speaks for an hour or for four hours—which he usually does.

Consider Indiana! Compared with that imperial if inconstant commonwealth, all other claimants for pivotal recognition are as fixed as the Hoosier predilection for bringing home the bacon, which is the most fixed of all our national political immutabilities. As goes Indiana, so goes the nation! You may bet on that—provided you don't have to designate at present how Indiana is going. It is too early for that specific alignment. Indiana never shows her hand until the time comes. Indiana continues in the game until the close. They are patient in Indiana, and prudent. Her ace is always in the hole.

Consider Indiana! As these admiring words are written, one Mr. Hughes, who is by way of desiring the bulk of the suffrage of this pivotal but still irresolute commonwealth, which generations of industrious Indiana politicians have persistently and profitably held up before the gaze of the remainder of America as so capricious as to need constant incitement and beguilement from all sides before her voting population will flock in pleasing numbers in any desirable direction—at this moment of obeisance to the astute gentlemen who have kept this situation well in hand all down the years since the Civil War, and to those who still keep

They're Not Dancing This One

it in hand—at this instant of congratulatory admission and entablature, one Mr. Hughes is making thirty-three speeches at thirty-three imperiled Indiana indwellings. And later in the campaign he will return to make thirty-three more—or sixty-six, or whatever number the situation is held to demand, at such number of interior pivotal points in the greatest of all pivotal pointers—Indiana.

We come—we go; but there stands Indiana, practical and pivotal! With no pretense of speaking by virtue of inside information, I make the bald statement that by the time this campaign has closed, amid such unparalleled scenes of enthusiasm as may be arranged, when we get down to brass tacks, on November seventh, it will be found that Mr. Hughes has made more speeches in Indiana than in any other state whatsoever, with the possible exception of New York; and I shall demand tellers on that. Also, that so has everybody else. So has everybody else since this present style of the game began to flourish. So will everybody else so long as the Indiana politicians can make it stick that Indiana not only must be coddled and propitiated and played up to, or Indiana will go the other way.

You cannot beat those Indiana boys. Nor could they ever be beaten. You cannot tie them, even. Always, when they go to a National Convention, they come home with something. It may be the grand piano or it may be only the doormat; but it is something. Always they get for themselves and for their state the most attention, both oratorical and auriferous. Always they hold themselves, on each and every side, as needful of encouragement and cultivation. Always they keep their state in a constant condition of flux—pivotal. Always they maintain their electoral vote to be in danger. Always they come home with the bacon, and always they keep the larder full of it after they get home, thereby diminishing the outside supply. But Indiana is a political law unto herself.

A Population of Politicians

LOOK them over, beginning, say, in 1868, almost half a century ago. Who ran with Grant in that campaign? Colfax; and Colfax came from Indiana. Who got a section of the Democratic electoral votes in 1872? Hendricks; and Hendricks was from Indiana. Who was the person who came with Tilden to the grips in 1876? Hendricks; still from Indiana. Who in 1880 was the other half of the ticket headed by Hancock? William H. English, should you have forgotten; and English lived in Indiana. Where was the running mate for Grover Cleveland secured in 1884? In Indiana; and his name was Hendricks. To what pivotal state did the Republicans turn in 1888? To Indiana, if it interests you; and the name of the presidential candidate was Benjamin Harrison. Likewise in 1892.

There were lapses in 1896 and in 1900, due entirely to errors of the heart and not of the head; albeit Debs held a small portion of the perquisites intact by running on the Socialist ticket—Debs, of Terre Haute. And in 1904 they came right back, those Indiana boys; and they have remained in that position ever since—pivotal and procuring therefor. In 1904 Charles Warren Fairbanks ran with Roosevelt—Charles Warren Fairbanks, than whom there is no than-whomer Indianian, albeit he moved in at a date somewhat subsequent to his natal one. Recognizing the inevitability of it the Democrats put John W. Kern on the ticket with Bryan in 1908, thereby thinking to pivot Indiana their way, but not succeeding, as the event showed. Still, the Indiana boys kept loyally at the job, for in 1912 Marshall—Thomas Riley Marshall, of Columbia City, Indiana—accompanied Mr. Wilson on that enterprise which resulted in the present hullabaloo.

And what do we observe at present? We observe Thomas Riley Marshall again proceeding with Mr. Wilson. And, more than that, we observe Charles Warren Fairbanks accompanying Mr. Hughes on the deed of high emprise in which that hirsute and judicial person is engaged. Both, it is needless to remark, are from Indiana.

May I inquire again: Can you beat those Indiana boys? I may; and I may also supply the answer to the query. You cannot! They are the star securers of our political universe. The reason for that is because politics in Indiana is not a diversion; it is a profession. Politics is not a mere employment; it is a gift.

People not familiar with the facts say that all Indianians are authors. There has been such talk in the press; and George Ade's Indiana Society, of Chicago, makes the claim annually. But it is not correct. Not all Indiana is authorial—only about 79.6 per cent; and that percentage has been decreasing gradually since the decline in vogue of the historical novel, albeit it may be coming back now through the medium of free verse.

However—and I state this without fear of successful contradiction—all Indianians are politicians. We hear similar claims from other states—Ohio, for example. But how absurd they are! Mere delusion! Words are empty in establishing a superiority of such nature. Deeds count! Results! Compare the radiant record of Indiana with the records of other boastful claimants. Indiana invariably wins. All Indianians are politicians; and most of them are good politicians. They are artists at it, compared with the artisans of other states.

Hence, they maintain the pivotal prestige. And they maintain it with exceeding skill. You never in your life heard an Indiana politician, on any side whatsoever, admit that Indiana ever was anything but "close"—both before the nominations were made and after—thereby holding Indiana in a persistently receptive mood; "close," and needing the encouragement and uplift of interior political recognition, nourishment and cultivation. To make such an admission would stamp an Indiana politician as a traitor—or, worse than that, a boob! No Indiana politician is a boob.

Why, back in 1904, when Indiana went for Roosevelt by ninety-three thousand plurality—which was a record for Indiana, so far as I know—Tom Taggart, then chairman of the National Committee that was conducting the sedate progress of Mr. Parker toward Washington—Tom Taggart, of Indiana—brought the pivotal characteristics of the state so cogently and acutely home to August Belmont, De Lancey Nicoll, William F. Sheehan, George Foster Peabody, and the other disciples of conservatism in politics who were guilelessly managing that campaign, that Tom took out with him large gobs—very large gobs—of what Mr. Belmont and the others were in the campaign for, practically speaking, on that very pivotal ground. Ninety-three thousand for Mr. Roosevelt was the figure. Tom's figure was bigger than that. He brought home the bacon.

So it goes. The Indiana boys never lose a trick. There she stands—Indiana, the great pivotal state.

"If," say the Democrats, imbued with the long-exploited claim, "we cannot carry Indiana, we cannot carry anything!"

"If," say the Republicans, "Indiana isn't safely Republican, it is good-by, Mr. Hughes!"

"Correct!" say the Indiana politicians. "Come across!"

Wherefore, what about Indiana in a presidential sense? Go back to 1896. In that year Indiana went Republican, and so did Indiana in 1900, and in 1904, and in 1908. In 1912 Mr. Wilson carried Indiana for the Democrats; but his total vote was thirty-one thousand less than the combined vote of Taft and Roosevelt. Not counting 1912, Indiana has been Democratic three times since 1868, and Republican all the rest. Those three times were 1876, 1884 and 1892—that is, each time the country went Democratic, including 1912, Indiana went Democratic; and each time the country went Republican Indiana went Republican.

Of course that episode of 1876 is open to argument, if you feel that way about it; but in any event the thing was so close that you can dig a national trend out of 1876—trend!—and Indiana was trending right along with the procession. State elections have gone this way and that. Aside from the Roosevelt plurality in 1904, neither side has won alarmingly. Taft carried the state in 1908 by some ten thousand, for example.

Politics an End to a Means

THUS, it will be observed that, though the Republican pivoters have a shade the better of it on results, there has been ample ground for the pivotal activities of the Democrats. Thus, too, politics is the universal sport, pastime, vocation, avocation, pursuit, pleasure, pain, perquisite and employment of all the voters of Indiana, regardless of age, sex or religious belief. They play politics constantly and interminably. Other states take vacations from politics, employ politics as a means to an end; but in Indiana it is an end to the means. It is universal. It is the popular recreation and the popular vocation. They never quit and they never tire.

Take this year of 1916 as characteristic. They have been dingdonging at politics in Indiana, the politics of this year, since January first; and they won't quit on November eighth—not the Indiana folks! On November eighth they will begin to line up for the next event, whatever it is. They are never fallow politically down there. 'Way back yonder they began campaigning for governor and for senators. They harried the state for months. Then came the primaries. Then came the election of delegates to Chicago and St. Louis. Then came the plans to keep Indiana where she belongs, with a national candidate or two within her borders. Then came the conventions; and then came Marshall again, and Fairbanks. And now, at this minute, they are at it unceasingly from one end of the state to the other. The great thing about a pivotal state is to keep it pivotal. That is what those Indiana folks know how to do.

And is Indiana pivotal? Possibly. In any event, Indiana is typical. So far as the result of this election is concerned, it is undoubtedly true that if Mr. Hughes does not carry Indiana he won't carry enough states to be elected. Figurers will tell you that Hughes can win without Indiana. So he can. So could any candidate. But the fact of it is that Hughes will not win without Indiana, in all probability. Nor will Wilson. When you come down to it the Indiana politicians, who have so assiduously cultivated the doctrine that the people of Indiana are *sui generis* in

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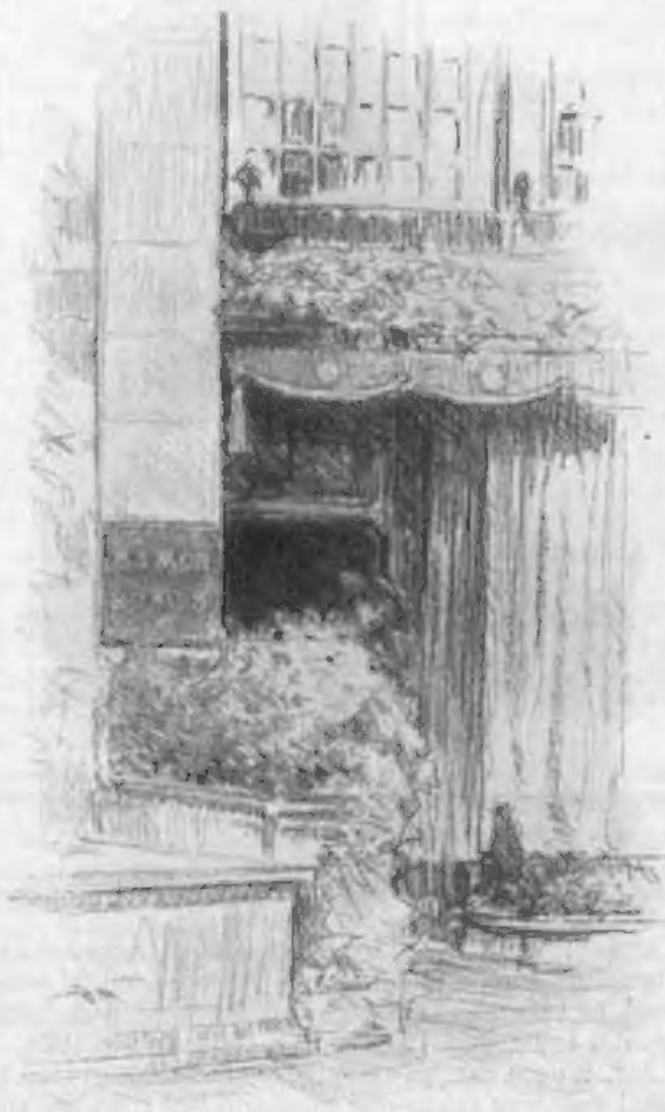
SUGGESTED SIMON

A NEW YORK EVOLUTION

By John Crowfoot

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ



ON OCTOBER first, 1903, John Simon Simonton was promoted to the position of salesman in the ladies tailored-suit department of Lowman & Company. On October second of the same year he acquired a small flat pencil, given away as an advertisement, and began using it daily on his cuff. The abbreviated notes he inscribed on his linen were not inspired by an incipient literary ambition; they were merely a detailed record of every suggestion made by a discerning customer.

When Simonton got that promotion into the seventh heaven of salesmanship, his wife settled back on herself as though all justifiable ambitions were satisfied. The raise in pay put the couple within the range of middle-class affluence, and it seemed to her that it would be flying in the face of Providence to expect more of a counterjumping husband rapidly approaching middle age. She was a wise woman, but not wise enough to know that a man with a single idea never grows old. John Simon Simonton had a single idea and its keynote was suggestions.

He did not hunt suggestions day and night; he merely waited watchfully for them to come to him, like a spider in its web watching for flies and quick to pounce. For instance: When a lady said, "That's a lovely blouse in cerise, but impossible; it's just off the permissible shade," he made a one-word note on his cuff. At night, when he transcribed that note in his book of suggestions, the single word grew into a sentence, a poem: "There is a permissible tone of every color, and well-bred women will have no other."

It was not long before the notebook attracted the attention of Mrs. Simonton. It not only attracted her attention but roused her curiosity, interfered with her theater plans and put her continually on edge with the thought that her husband, whom she had always looked upon as soft and malleable, had an unexpected core—what one more kindly disposed would have called a backbone. Simonton would give in to her readily on every point but one: On anything affecting the notebook, its composition or the time it demanded, he was absolutely obdurate; nor could he be persuaded to translate its cryptic sentences or purpose.

Things went on thus for two years. The notebook grew slowly but steadily; so did Simonton. At the end of two years he had grown so much that he became, as a whole, perceptible to Lowman's most exclusive customers. They even knew his name. They knew, also, that he could sell them more things for more money, and at the same time give them more satisfaction, than all other salesmen rolled into one. Most of them woke to Simonton as a more or less sudden revelation; but not so Mrs. Beaming.

Mrs. Beaming was an absolute contradiction to her name. She had been a widow so long that people thought of her as an old maid. Her features were hard and set in long, leathery wrinkles; her hair had balked obstinately halfway to a becoming gray; and her whole figure was what, in a horse, would have been termed a bit rangy. However, Mrs. Beaming really had been married; and there is nothing on earth quite so humanizing as marriage. She had shrewd black eyes with a sparkle in them. To those eyes Simonton was not a sudden revelation; he was a development.

One afternoon Mrs. Beaming came to Lowman's early, quite half an hour before the usual afternoon rush of customers, and found Simonton alone, his two assistants out to luncheon. She got him started on an exhibition of black chiffon blouses in severe lines; and when a businesslike array of them was displayed, piled on the glass show case, she pinned it with her angular elbow and looked Simonton in the eyes.

"How are the notes getting along?" she asked.

"Eh!" said Simonton. "Beg pardon, ma'am?"

"You know," said Mrs. Beaming—"your collection of suggestions."

Simonton blushed.

"Two books full," he said, dropping his eyes as coyly as a débutante confessing to a diary. "One small one and one larger—much larger."

"How much have you saved?" was the next question fired by Mrs. Beaming.

"Four thousand three hundred and eighty dollars," replied Simonton as promptly.

"How much do you need?"

"Well," said Simonton, his back suddenly straightening, "it all depends. If I'm content to open in the side Forties I can begin on ten thousand; but if I want the Avenue—there you are again! Below Forty-second Street and on the wrong side, cheap; on the right side, not so cheap. Above Forty-second Street and on the right side——" His eyes looked up, grew large, stared straight at Mrs. Beaming.

"Fifty thousand dollars!"

At those words, the first spoken thought of his mighty ambitions, Simonton's flush grew deeper. Why had he blurted them out? What his wife had not been able to worm from him in two years' careful angling, this distant customer acquaintance had yanked out of him in five minutes as with a bent pin and a piece of string. Another customer appeared in the middle distance. His heart sank within him.

Mrs. Beaming pushed from her the heap of blouses.

"I suggest," she said with a slight emphasis, "that you—how is it you say it with salesmen?—chuck your job this afternoon and call on my lawyer to-morrow morning."

She gave him the address and departed. That was one suggestion which Simonton did not need to write on his cuff to remember. However, he did not resign his position that afternoon; he merely announced that he was going to take a few days off.

The next morning found him in the office of an exceedingly youthful lawyer with exceedingly wide-open eyes. He gave the impression he had been born that way. He put Simonton through the third degree with all the zest of a vivisectionist, but in the end lent him fifty thousand dollars of Mrs. Beaming's money at ten per cent.

Simonton did not cavil for a moment over the rate of interest. He was glad it was ten per cent. No interest would have been insult; five per cent would have been charity; but ten was a bulwark to his self-respect. All documents signed and Mrs. Beaming's certified check safely buttoned in close proximity to his heart, which was beating an entirely fresh tune that morning—the tune of a new youth—Simonton turned to leave the room.

Just as he laid his hand on the doorknob the young lawyer spoke.

"John Simon Simonton," he read from the contract form before him. "Sounds like a plagiarism to me. No individuality! Pity you weren't christened just Simon Simon. Think of it! Every time you wrote your name you'd advertise yourself twice!"

Simonton, still gripping the doorknob, turned in his tracks.

"There's a legal process for changing one's name, isn't there?" he asked. "What's your charge—a round figure?"

"Eh?" grunted the lawyer, stared, and suddenly smiled. "Sure!" he said. "But, say—don't call me as quick as that again. It makes me feel like a shorthorn."

Simonton walked back into the room, a far-away look in his eyes.

"Simon Simon!" he breathed. "What'll it cost? I'd like to pay in advance."

The lawyer laughed, named an approximate figure, but waved away Simonton's money.

"I'm not worrying," he said; "and, what's more, if you find you can still use five thousand at ten per cent, come to me. I've got a bit of my own that's been waiting to settle on a real live wire."

Already feeling like two men in one, Simonton made his way to the headquarters of a certain real-estate agent, and after a short but successful engagement with the scouting vanguard of the office staff he found himself closeted with the principal.

"You control the leases of the building going up on the southwest corner of the Avenue and Nth Street?" he asked.

The agent said he did and produced documentary evidence; whereupon there ensued not a skirmish but a full-grown battle, which developed up to luncheon, round luncheon, and well into the afternoon. In the end both sides got what they wanted—the agent a good price for a long-term lease on the entire first-floor-up of his new building, and Simonton the right to occupy the said floor three months from date and thereafter for ten years with renewal.

"Now," said the agent with a weary sigh, "let's go out and wet it."

"One moment," said Simonton. "I want first-of-May options on the three floors above mine on successive years, and a tentative option on the ground floor five years from date at twenty per cent advance on its last rental."

The agent fell back into his seat, stared at Simonton and gasped:

"Say, you're some little fourflusher! Who the hell are you, anyway?"

Simonton did not take offense.

"I don't mind answering impertinent questions when I'm borrowing money," he remarked blandly; "but I'm paying cash to-day."

Two hours later, as the agent made out the new contracts, he said he felt like a wet rag; and he certainly looked it.

"By the way," he remarked facetiously, "you've missed the loft."

Simonton started in his chair and flushed. He didn't know city buildings had attics.

"The loft is included, of course," he affirmed; "and—and the roof rights."

The agent cast him one eloquent glance, opened his mouth, closed it and wrote: "Including loft and roof."

"We can really go out and have a drink now," he said gently. "We need the cellar ourselves for the heating plant."

The next two days were the busiest of Simonton's life and the most feverishly happy. For him they marked the threshold to the great adventure, the big gamble dreamed of by all men but dared by few. One can lose a vast stake; one never loses the sensation of having staked it. He spent the two days on the first-floor-up of the new building, accompanied by an expert interior architect. The architect

"Why Don't You Make It 'Admission by Card Only'?" Suggested an Enthusiastic Young Thing

knew everything about interior fittings; Simonton taught him seventeen things from the salesman's point of view about their arrangement.

On the fourth day of his absence from his job at Lowman & Company's, Simonton received a telephone call from the general manager. Would he please come round? The general manager had something of interest to tell him.

He presented himself so promptly and looked so meek that the general manager changed his mind at the last moment and, instead of offering the best salesman Lowman's had ever bred a bonus on the business he had done in the past year, he promised it to him on the next. Simonton smiled happily. The general manager felt a glow of satisfaction; he took it for a smile of gratitude.

The supposedly flattered salesman returned to his job. If he had been offered a fair bonus on what he had done for the firm he should have felt forced to show his hand at once; but, as it was, he smiled and without a qualm casually informed certain choice customers—who had missed him during his short absence, and said so—that he was opening for himself and told them when and where. He said it was a great secret and that he trusted them. He said he wanted to make it absolutely the most exclusive opening New York had ever seen.

"Why don't you make it 'Admission by card only'?" suggested an enthusiastic young thing.

Simonton's cuff shot out to meet his pencil.

"I shall, ma'am," he said; "and yours will be the first invitation issued."

"Send me the first dozen, please," said the young lady.

She was a born booster.

At the end of two months and three weeks Simonton drew down his pay for the last time in his life and suddenly resigned. He did not write a letter about it; he just stuck his head into the general manager's sanctum and said:

"Say, I've quit!"

For a moment the general manager looked as if he had been hit with solid shot; then he sprang up from his chair and accompanied Simonton to the elevator, down the elevator and to the street door, talking all the time. In five minutes he raised his pay three times; but Simonton throughout was content to say:

"No use talking about it. You'll see all I can tell you in the morning papers."

The general manager reported at once to those higher up that Lowman's had evidently lost Simonton beyond recall; that he must have come into a million dollars; and that they could all read about it in the next day's morning press.

Simonton returned to his wife that evening just as he had returned to her for several hundred evenings on end. Ever since she had made up her mind that the little man had gone as far as Nature and circumstances intended him to go, Mrs. Simonton had settled down, which with a woman means that, no longer having reasonable ambitions, she really doesn't mind much if she does get fat. This is ordinarily the most trying period of married life, for it spells monotony, boredom, avoirdupois.

All men resent this period; few have kept back a punch to unsettle it.

Not so Simonton. On this memorable evening he found his wife seated in a thickly upholstered chair looking a bit frowzy and not minding it. She was sewing; and when she sewed she usually found she was really too busy to spruce up for dinner.

"My dear," said Simonton, "I've chucked my job."

Mrs. Simonton's sewing and her two plump hands dropped into her lap. Her eyes popped over the horizon of her glasses and her mouth hung open for an infinitesimal moment. Then her jaw snapped into action.

"What did you say, John?"

"I've left Lowman's."

"Chucked your job! Left Lowman's! What do you mean? What are you going to do? Who is there above Lowman's? And if there was, who'd give you twelve years' standing with the firm? Head salesman! Head salesman you were! Have you been picking quarrels with your bread and butter after all these years? Answer me!"

"I'm going to work for myself for a while," said Simonton placidly.

"Work for yourself!" cried Mrs. Simonton. "Work for yourself! What about me? Couldn't you have consulted your wife at a time like this? Do I exist, or don't I? Am I your housekeeper, or am I Mrs. John Simonton?"

"You're not," said Simonton calmly.

"Not!" gasped his wife. "Not what?"

"You're not Mrs. Simonton."

There is nothing on earth that will galvanize our great middle class, as a whole or in its component parts, like an aspersion on its marriage lines. To have doubt, even breathe on the validity of her certificate of marriage was to Mrs. Simonton the equivalent of "Woman, you are damned, body and soul!" She sank back in her chair and moaned. Her eyes wandered about the room as though she would take a long farewell of each too familiar object before withdrawing from the shelter of an ambiguous roof.

"John," she gulped, looking at him through watery eyes that showed a gleam of the kindly affection she really felt for him but had almost forgotten, "have you divorced me?"

Simonton jumped in his seat.

"Great Scott, Maria! What's come over you? Divorced you! How could I and you not know anything about it? I've simply changed my name. For the last two weeks, by the order of the court, you've been Mrs. Simon Simon. That's my name now," he went on dreamily—"Simon Simon; and I'm opening for myself on the right side of the Avenue to-morrow."

Mrs. Simon Simon stared at her husband as though she indeed beheld a strange man.

In the midst of a vague relief she felt a new trouble pressing upon her.

"You're crazy!" she whimpered. "What's to become of us? Oh, what's to become of us?"

Simon shrugged his shoulders.

"No use talking about it," he remarked for the fifth time that day. "You'll see all I can tell you in the morning papers."

"The morning papers!" moaned Mrs. Simon. "He's crazy!"

Surely This Ex-Salesman, Turned Arbiter of Female Fashions, Was a Lucky and a Happy Man!

She knew she wouldn't sleep that night, but she did; it was one of the habits she couldn't break. She woke to find Simon standing, fully dressed, by the bed, his eyes big and luminous, his arms burdened with a dozen morning editions. He started opening them, each at a certain page, and throwing them on the bed.

Mrs. Simon picked up a sheet as though to humor him. In the midst of a vast expanse of white she read the following conservative announcement:

SIMON SIMON
Fifth Avenue at Nth Street
Formerly Mr. John Simon Simonton
of Lowman & Company
TAILORED SUITS TAILORED HATS
IMPORTATIONS
FROCKS DRESS HATS
Opening March twenty-eighth at three o'clock
Admission by card only
Apply to
Simon Simon

Mrs. Simon stared wonderingly at her husband. Her blood stirred. It was one thing to go down to ruin before a storm in a teacup, quite another to be overwhelmed by a cataclysm in the full blaze of the public eye.

"But, John!" she said at last a little tremulously. "What'll Lowman's say? 'Formerly Mr. John Simon Simonton, of Lowman & Company,' sounds like you're saying you was a partner."

"Were, my dear—not was," corrected Simon. "You needn't worry. I'm not missing anything. I consulted my lawyer and he said to go ahead; that the janitor could chuck his job and advertise 'formerly of Lowman's' if he wanted to."

When the general manager read the advertising section of the morning papers he thought just what Mrs. Simon had thought; for it is not only great minds that run in the same channels. He thought that Simon Simon was crazy. He changed his mind when he learned that Lowman's best tailor, best saleslady, best stenographer and three best-looking honey-pot girls had left with the former best salesman without bothering about the formality of resignations. Thinking of resignations he foresaw that somebody would probably ask for his own very shortly.

For one week Simon Simon had reason to believe that the stress of success would kill him before he got started. He had no time to eat or drink, and he forgot the face of sleep. Applications for cards of admission to his opening poured in at such a rate that the young lawyer with the wide-open eyes, dropping in on his way down the Avenue, said it was like a bankers' rush for a new national loan.

"Say," he suggested, "some of these people are asking for a dozen cards! Why don't you make an allotment?"

"An allotment?" repeated Simon vaguely.

"Sure!" said the lawyer. "This sort of thing: 'Simon Simon regrets that the rush for cards of admission to his opening necessitates an allotment to applicants'—and so on, and so on."

"I've got you," murmured Simon.

In the end his bluff developed into a full house, aces up. He found that, having announced in a spirit of brag that he would not crowd his rooms, he was under an obligation not to do so. He was forced to issue first and second day cards.

(Concluded on Page 30)

An Alley of Flashing Spears

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

YOU will read about it all in The Book of the Old Man, which is Tu Fu's; of Ming Huang, greatest of the T'ang emperors—wise, strong, a marvelous polo player, the idol of his people; and you will read there of Tai Chen of the Thousand Songs. You will read how, under him, the land grew and prospered; how heavy kine and fatted oxen and stout ponies trampled the grassy plains; how the fruit trees flourished and the hibiscus dotted the gardens with stars; how the rivers were heavy with fish. The suns rose golden and the moons were silver, and the people sang beneath the city walls.

And then Ming Huang, the Son of Heaven, met Tai Chen, the lute girl—"a rose aflame," a T'ang poet calls her, "tall as and swaying like a reed; her hair a dim cloud and her face a flower"—and loved her. In Chang-an, the triple-walled, they dwelt together, oblivious of time and season, of imperial polity, of sedition without the gates. Drums and bells rolled musically from the marble towers. In the house boats on the river tragedies were played and great epics recited. In the royal park jasmine flowers scented the air. Poppies flamed scarlet against the blue of the water. And beside them Li Po, the Wine Drinker, great among T'ang poets, sang of their love and beauty in oblique immortal rimes.

And all this time An Lu-shan, the swart, ambitious Tartar general, plotted fast and successfully. To Chang-an came suddenly the news that ten thousand battle chariots were whipping over the plain toward them, led by the Tartar traitor, intent on Ming Huang's death. They gathered about them the royal guard and fled southward in panic, the Tartar hordes gaining with every mile.

The guard grew sullen and looked at Tai Chen with hostile, bloodshot eyes. They stopped in their flight and gathered about the emperor's tent. Stormily the leaders entered and stormily they reproached Ming Huang. The empire lay wasted and war covered the land like a cloud. A usurper claimed the throne while the Son of Heaven passed the time in revelry and love-making. Not one step farther would they flee; not one weapon would they draw for the Dynasty of T'ang until the Lute Girl had been sent out to die.

It was for Ming Huang to choose between his millions of groaning people and Her of the Thousand Songs.

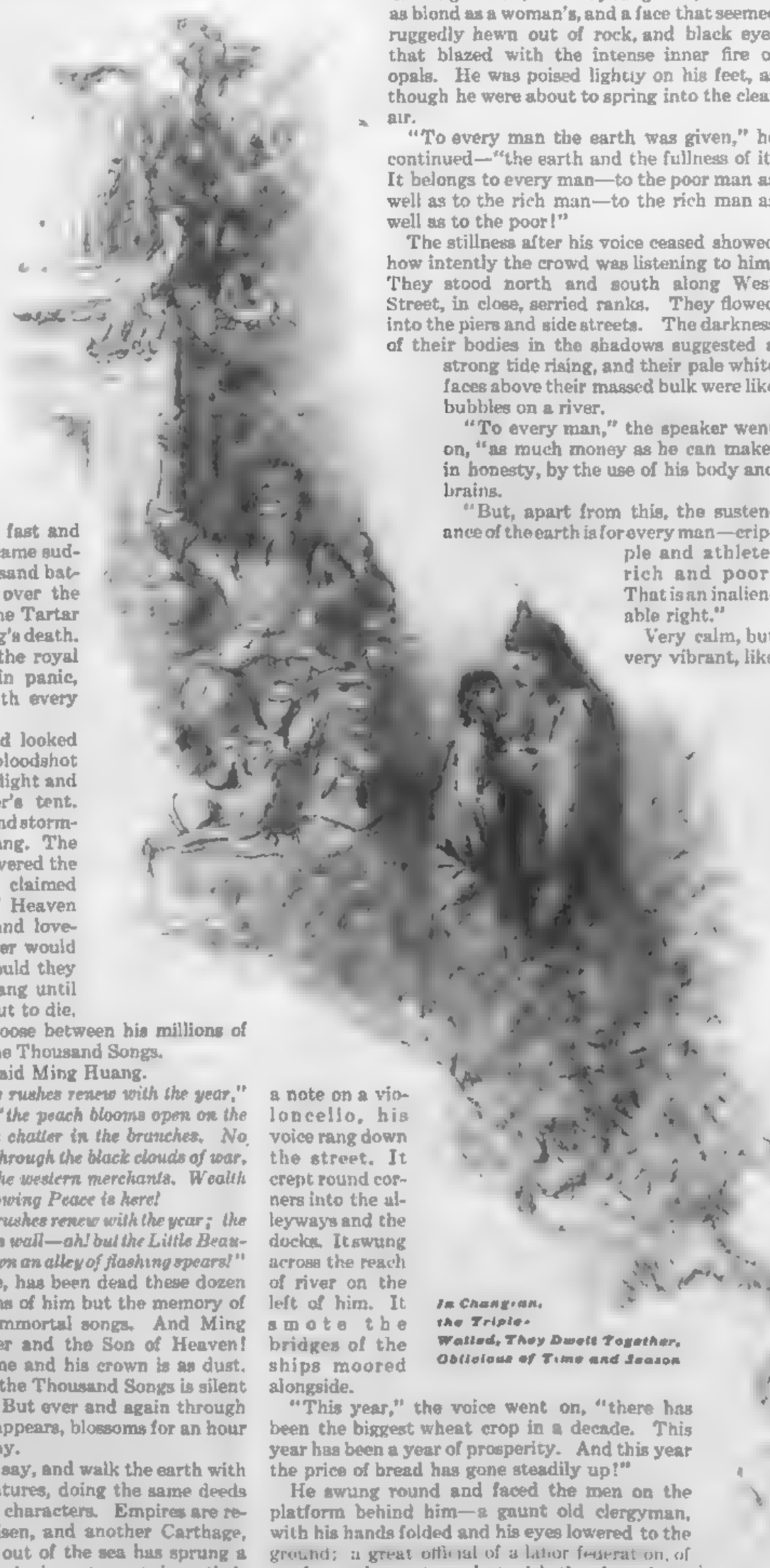
"Go outside, Tai Chen!" said Ming Huang.

"*The young willows and the rushes renew with the year,*" writes Li Po in his old age; "*the peach blooms open on the eastern wall and green parrots chatter in the branches. No longer lowering soldiery strike through the black clouds of war. The convent on the hill draws the western merchants. Wealth and happiness bud again; knowing Peace is here!*

"*The young willows and the rushes renew with the year; the peach blooms open on the eastern wall—ah! but the Little Beautiful One who crept moaning down an alley of flashing spears!*"

Li Po, the Drinker of Wine, has been dead these dozen centuries, and nothing remains of him but the memory of his drinking bouts and his immortal songs. And Ming Huang, the great polo player and the Son of Heaven! Death has called his last game and his crown is as dust. The jade lute of Tai Chen of the Thousand Songs is silent in the dim bowers of death. But ever and again through the centuries their tragedy reappears, blossoms for an hour of happiness, and dies in agony.

Men are born again, people say, and walk the earth with the same habiliments and features, doing the same deeds with their weak or purposeful characters. Empires are reborn. Another Rome has risen, and another Carthage, which must be deleted; and out of the sea has sprung a new Atlantis, lush and golden. And great events have their ghosts, too, like dead empires and dead men, though we see them not. Beside us a Cleopatra of the tenements may reënact the ancient intrigue of the Nile. And the pale apothecary next door may work for science with the flame that sped through Roger Bacon's veins. Even so.



In Chang-an, the Triple-Walled, They Dwelt Together, Oblivious of Time and Season

I

THE speaker's voice ceased for an instant; and as he stood motionless on the edge of the platform, under the great incandescent street lamp, he suggested a dim crayon drawing—a tall, vibrant young man, with hair as blond as a woman's, and a face that seemed ruggedly hewn out of rock, and black eyes that blazed with the intense inner fire of opals. He was poised lightly on his feet, as though he were about to spring into the clear air.

"To every man the earth was given," he continued—"the earth and the fullness of it. It belongs to every man—to the poor man as well as to the rich man—to the rich man as well as to the poor!"

The stillness after his voice ceased showed how intently the crowd was listening to him. They stood north and south along West Street, in close, serried ranks. They flowed into the piers and side streets. The darkness of their bodies in the shadows suggested a strong tide rising, and their pale white faces above their massed bulk were like bubbles on a river.

"To every man," the speaker went on, "as much money as he can make, in honesty, by the use of his body and brains.

"But, apart from this, the sustenance of the earth is for every man—cripple and athlete, rich and poor. That is an inalienable right."

Very calm, but very vibrant, like a note on a violoncello, his voice rang down the street. It crept round corners into the alleyways and the docks. It swung across the reach of river on the left of him. It smote the bridges of the ships moored alongside.

"This year," the voice went on, "there has been the biggest wheat crop in a decade. This year has been a year of prosperity. And this year the price of bread has gone steadily up!"

He swung round and faced the men on the platform behind him—a gaunt old clergyman, with his hands folded and his eyes lowered to the ground; a great official of a labor federation, of stocky workman type, but with the shrewdness of a big statesman in his face; a couple of minor labor leaders, with sincerity stamped in their thinking eyes; a group of public men and women, well dressed, a trifle uncomfortable before the grimed, muscular crowd.

"They have given reasons to account for this—the men at the bottom of the deal. Shallow, inadequate reasons. False, lying reasons. And when they were caught in the wrong they have shrugged their shoulders, saying a cent or two doesn't matter." His tones took on a savage emphasis, like the roll of a drum. "It matters to you, the men with the tired backs and the sweat in your eyes. It matters to the thousands with no one to provide for them. It matters to me."

He looked at the vanguard of the crowd at his feet—longshoremen, stevedores, garment workers, draymen. They looked back at him with expectant eyes, with silent, gaping mouths.

"I have given away"—his tones were more even—"on bigger things than this—on things where ten times as much was at stake. But on this I shall not give away. Not if it were a quarter of a cent! Not if it were the smallest shaving of the smallest copper coin!"

His voice became suddenly more serious than passionate. A look of tenderness came into his eyes.

"My people," he said, "for three years I have worked for you, and for three years I have served you well. And I have served well and honestly this city. When you wanted to strike I have got for you reasonable terms and agreements. There are no more bomb outrages. No more marching with red flags through the city streets. No more irresponsible attacks on men or property. When you were right I have fought for you. When you were wrong I have chidden you. All this has been done in peace and amity."

He stood before them for a few moments bowed a little. A little ripple of comment came from the crowd in a low rumble, like the roar of a muffled furnace or the distant rolling of thunder. It died away in long, shuddering sound waves. The speaker suddenly galvanized into passion. His right arm shot out like a piston. His face blazed:

"Sharpen your pencils, you reporters, and take down what I shall say to my people. And you, policemen, open your ears that you may hear it! Before I shall allow the bread for these men's mouths to be juggled against them; before I shall allow the fruits of God's earth to be peculated for revelry, for the debts of a profligate son, for a woman's gewgaw—I shall lead my people, five hundred thousand strong, to the homes of these men in this city. And I shall tear them from their pleasant firesides and from the arms of their wives. And I shall crucify them to their own doors!"

A shudder passed along the crowd about the platform, wavered down the streets and ebbed into the alleys. And then immediately following it came a dull, ominous roar, like the roar of a caged animal. The speaker raised his hand.

He was shaking and livid now. His voice sank to nearly a whisper; but it cut into every corner of the crowd, sharp and clean, like a knife:

"And in three days I will do this thing—even though I die!"

II

I SHOULD have been proud to know Nils Riordan's father, if any portion of what I hear of him is true. I hear it along the piers of New York, where stevedores load and unload great liners under green, crackling lights. I hear it on pilot boats, lurching and pitching in Ambrose Channel. I hear it in queer tobacconists' shops with faded Indians, and in forgotten groceries along the quays. A great poet they tell me he was, and a man with a brain as keen as a razor. I discount this, for these people are no judges of meter and rime and no great critics of mentality. But of this I am sure—he was a good man and a true one.

I can see him plainly before me—a tall, lean, black and curly-headed man, with alight, irregular features and shining black eyes; a twisted mouth, with a smile on it always, and a song. "A wonderful singer he was," the blind piper of Eighty-third Street told me, "with a voice so sweet that it would coax the birds from the trees! And he would give the last penny in his pocket to you—the heart of corn!" A great Irish gentleman I judge him to have been, for all his grimy overalls. It is about men like this that legends grow, as they have grown about that laughing Jewish writer of the East Side—on whom be peace!

And his mother, too, they remember there—even after five-and-twenty years!—the beautiful young Danish girl who loved Connor Riordan and married him. And they will tell you with wistful smiles how, when Connor Riordan was killed by a falling derrick on Pier Thirteen, his wife Gloria crept into Calvary to die on his grave.

Nils Riordan is a great man now. His name is spoken in Cabinet circles with great admiration and a little fear; it is revered wherever in New York men work with their naked hands. Professors of political economy mention him with respect to their students when commenting on the solution of problems of labor. But on the piers and along the shore of New York he is Connor Riordan's son; and that explains everything.

"No wonder he should be clever!" they say emphatically. "His father could have downed the greatest professor of any college. And good looks! You should have seen his mother!"

And here enters another factor in the equation that made Nils Riordan royalty by birth and by deed among the workers of New York—the Reverend Malachi Bowen, of the Church of All Saints, on Hudson Street, a gnarled old clergyman of no denomination in particular, who abhorred dogma as he abhorred the devil, and who preached a lesson of kindliness from the Sermon on the Mount to Jew and Catholic, Protestant and Chinaman. He still preaches, and he still walks the streets, visiting, with his kindly smile and with the pockets of his coat filled with pennies for the children and lumps of sugar for the horses. Williams College remembers him as a great Greek scholar. But he is a thorn in the flesh of the younger clergymen of the city, superb dialecticians, well-groomed men, who see religion as a walled city. Sometimes they protest to the bishop about Father Malachi and his sermons.

"Gentlemen," the bishop invariably replies, "if I had the courage of my convictions I should preach, think and do exactly as he does."

It was Father Malachi who stepped in when Connor Riordan and his wife died, and took charge of two-year-old Nils. No one protested his right to take the boy, though every woman for three miles of blocks would willingly have added the orphan to her own numerous brood. Quaintly the old clergyman took care of the child in his ramshackle bachelor quarters, feeding and nursing and clothing him; teaching him righteousness, mixed with the luxury of Greek. But the people of the neighborhood were not to be robbed of their share in the responsibility. The light collection bag of the Church of All Saints grew heavy and remained so. The lad grew up fair and straight-featured, like his mother, but with his father's black, flashing eyes. He had the cold, judicial brain of the Northern people, and through it ran his father's Gaelic blood, setting all afire.

Father Malachi sent the boy to Harvard. Nils protested, saying he wanted to go to work; but the old clergyman would not have it so.

"We can afford it," he said. "The people have been good to me. And what do I want with money, who am simple and old?"

At Harvard, Nils was not a spectacular figure or even a well-known one, for his work lay in the stodgy, serious realm of economics. He did not appear on the athletic fields, though strong as any man there. In students' societies and activities he took no part, for already there hung over him the shadow of great and weighty things to come—so big, so powerful, that their mere looming in the distance blotted out these minor things, as an ocean makes infinitesimal a purling stream.

He returned to Hudson Street, with his degree crackling and important in his valise. That night Father Malachi took him up into the belfry of the little church. An early summer moon hung heavily in the sky, full and bloated and saffron. The first heat wave had struck the city, and the tang of it was in the atmosphere, heavy and ominous. Outside the tenements men and women sat gasping for air, like fishes out of water. Children played listlessly in the streets. Across the North River the ferries plied to the Jersey shore, blazing with light and hurtful to the eye with their suggestion of fire. Through the streets tram cars crawled clanging, mean shacks pulled by jaded horses. Along the quays the incandescent arc lamps shone in violet hazes. On the piers cranes rumbled and creaked, and men shouted in hoarse, guttural voices. A sense of terror struck Nils as he looked downward. So much work and so much life, and so little comfort!

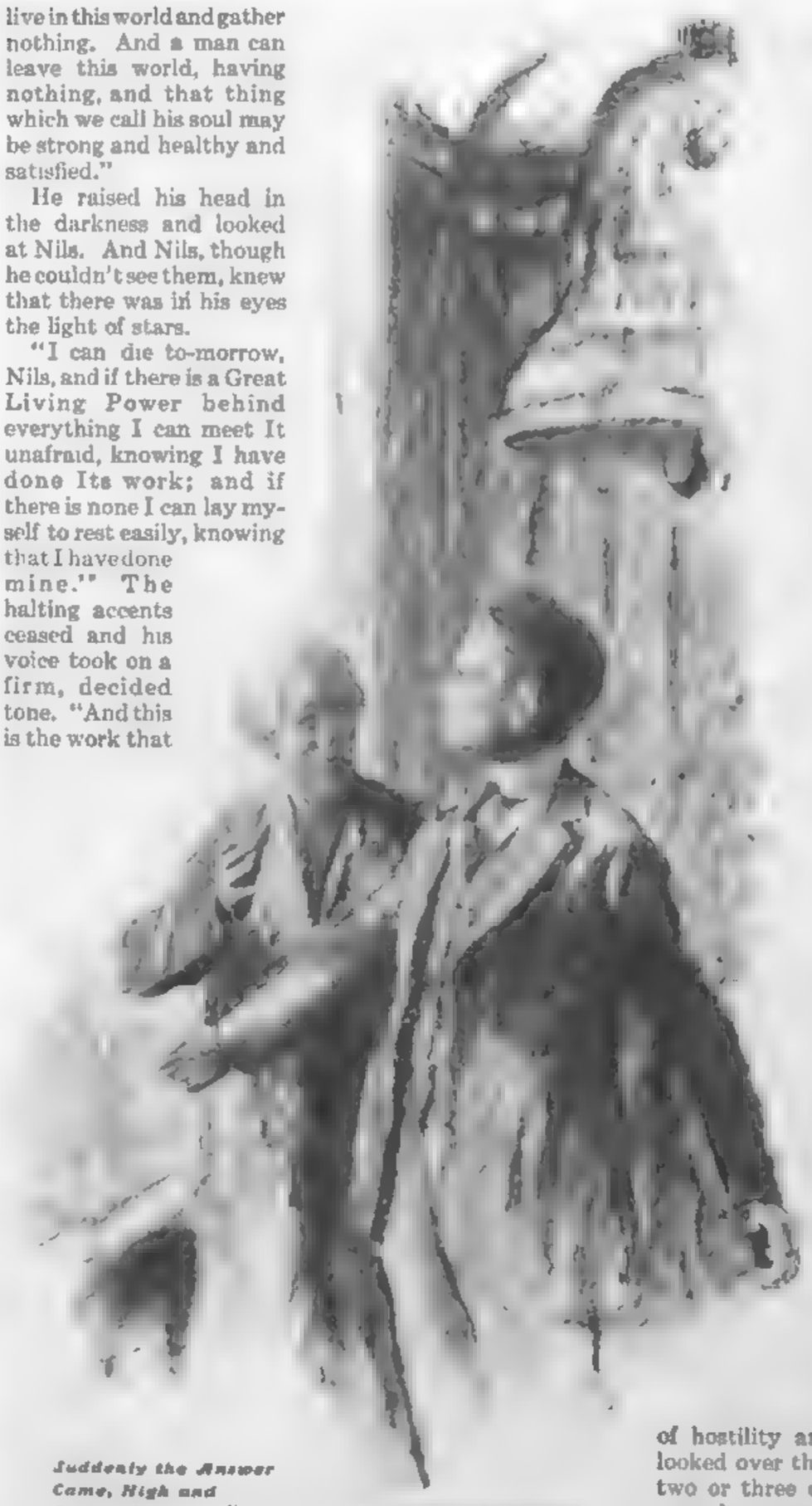
"There is a man's body—and a man's soul," the old clergyman said suddenly in the darkness. His voice was slow and halting. He paused for a minute. "And a man's soul! I have lived for sixty-two years and I don't know whether that soul is immortal."

He stopped again, thinking hard and choosing words in which to phrase his thoughts. Nils stopped breathing, nearly, so intent he was on listening. In twenty years he had often heard the old clergyman speak solemnly, reproving wrong and urging right; but to-night he felt he would speak most solemnly of all, bringing out the fruit of all his living for his threescore-and-two.

"A man can work for his body," Father Malachi went on. "He can accumulate wealth and comfort. He can build fine houses and live in them. He can have ease in old age." He paused again, and by some queer accident the noises in the street became hushed; the sound of the chattering cranes faltered and died, as though even the mute metal and stone were listening. "I don't like to speak of souls, Nils, for I don't know what a soul is. But a man can live in this world and gather nothing. And a man can leave this world, having nothing, and that thing which we call his soul may be strong and healthy and satisfied."

He raised his head in the darkness and looked at Nils. And Nils, though he couldn't see them, knew that there was in his eyes the light of stars.

"I can die to-morrow, Nils, and if there is a Great Living Power behind everything I can meet It unafraid, knowing I have done Its work; and if there is none I can lay myself to rest easily, knowing that I have done mine." The halting accents ceased and his voice took on a firm, decided tone. "And this is the work that



Suddenly the Answer Came, High and Full and Clear: "I Have Chosen, Father Malachi"

I have done, Nils: I have worked for the good of others, for the good of everybody all my life. I have forgotten myself and worried nothing about myself; and now, at the end of my days, I am satisfied. And when the time comes I am ready to quit."

A bank of cloud crept over the face of the moon and obscured it quickly. Beneath the belfry of the church the streets became darkened suddenly and the electric lamps seemed inadequate after the mellow light. And high and shrill came the voices of children, unable to sleep for the heat and still querulous at play.

"We are all little children, son, groping in the dark and hoping that the night will lift, and that at some hour we shall see the face of the sun. And it is the duty of the strong to care for the weak, and of the whole child to protect the crippled one. That is how I feel it after my two-and-sixty years."

The bank of cloud in the sky took on the form of a rough triangle and suddenly from the apex of it the moon shone forth as before, and the light of it, after the obscurity, seemed to flood the streets like a mist. Beneath them they could see clearly the life of the streets limned in faint whites and inky shadows—the men and women on the tenement steps, immobile, terribly patient; the listless children, with their pretense of play; the sweating gangs on the docks, standing out in harsh chiaroscuro under the blazing light of arc lamps; the jaded horses with the street cars and the tired men at the reins. The old preacher moved forward and caught the edge of the belfry in his gnarled hands.

"These are the little children of the world, Nils," he said—"unwise, improvident, obstinate, ill. There they are. Your people, Nils. These are the people who love you and who loved your father. These are the people whose generosity to the church here made it possible for me to keep you and to educate you."

Father Malachi turned to Nils and looked at him closely and nervously as he stood there in the moonlight, strangely pallid, very strong, like a die cut in metal. His voice became shaky.

"But though it was their money, son, freely and without thought of return it was given, and that is no bond on you. To every man there is his choice in this world, whether he shall work for himself or whether he shall, forgetting himself, work for others. Choose either way, Nils. Whatever you choose, we shall always love you—these people and I."

He waited, with his hands on the belfry, for what he felt was a great space of time, but what he knew was only a few seconds. Every moment seemed to be clicked off for him with infinite slowness by the clock of eternity, and all sounds were dulled to him. He seemed to feel through his body the flow of blood in each particular vein, and to hear the minute mechanism of his body pulse and quiver with the slowing movement of his life. Suddenly the answer came to him, high and full and clear:

"I have chosen, Father Malachi."

The old clergyman turned and looked at him closely. Little by little the tenseness of his expectancy relaxed. His hands unclasped from the belfry and there was again in his eyes the light of stars.

"You have chosen well, Nils," was all he said; but he said it very softly, and silently together they went down the stairs.

III

THE drawing-room had been nearly emptied of all furniture, and there remained very little in it except the huge piano at one end and the pictures on the walls, Cézannes and Hiroshiges; but there hung about it still the atmosphere of great wealth and comfort. It was in every cubic millimeter of the air. It was even in the hard, bare floor. It hung about everything, like the odor of sanctity, so that the ten rows of chairs, of ten chairs each, and the lectern and desk in front of them, which converted the place into a lecture room, seemed as much of a desecration as would a Punchinello show in a cathedral.

And as Nils Riordan swung toward the desk it all smelt hostile to him, as the air of a foreign country might seem hostile to an invading enemy. He passed through the hundred people, who were scrutinizing him closely, without any evidence of his feeling of hostility and discomfort. He reached the desk and looked over the assembly with a calm and cold eye. Only two or three of his hearers he knew by sight. The rest were known to him, or nearly all of them, through the society columns and the supplements of Sunday papers.

"As most of my hearers are women," he began gently—but there was a hint of savagery in his voice as there might be a hint of claws beneath the soft paws of a leopard—"I am going to speak of something that will interest them. I am going to talk about some children."

He had come at the request of a shallow matron, whose hobby was affecting an interest in art and social problems, to address an audience of society men and women on some question of labor. This afternoon function was a fad of hers, taking the place of tea and modeled on a French experiment she had seen described in a book of Marcel Prévost's. Nils had been preceded the foregoing week by a Russian male dancer, and for the week afterward a cubist sculptor was booked to perform. The labor leader would probably be rewarded by a check for a hundred dollars for a workers' charity. He grinned to himself up his sleeve with grim humor. Ordinarily he would have refused curtly, resenting her dilettante meddling in matters that were so close to his heart. It seemed raw and cruel to him, this assembly to hear him speak. He loathed slumming parties with a wholesome resentment; but he was going to make them pay for this—and pay very dearly.

"Families of fifteen children are not uncommon down in that district," he was going on in the course of his talk. "I have one in particular in mind. The entire earning capacity of this family is twenty-eight dollars a week. Four dollars a day for seventeen human beings. Less, if it will bring it home to you any closer, than a quarter a day for each living and human being!"

They were looking at him a little disappointed, a little baffled; and he smiled sardonically to himself as he guessed what they were thinking about. They had all heard of him as Nils Riordan, president of several labor organizations and director of a weekly paper called The Worker. They all knew of spectacular things he had done—of how he had broken up a dynamiting gang by walking into their resort and cuffing the leader about the ears; of how he had saved a great coal magnate's home from destruction and turned

viciously on him when the man had expressed his gratitude; of how he had broken up an agrarian conspiracy by threatening to crucify the leaders. They knew him as the man who had refused a seat in Congress because he wanted to be near his people. They had heard that to utter the least criticism of him among the workers of New York would be tantamount to suicide.

They had expected somehow—God knows why!—that he would appear before them like a wild man from a circus show; an apparition in a flannel shirt and a red tie, unkempt, probably unshaved, and ranting like a demagogue; with the truculent jowl and battered ears of a prize fighter and the look in his eyes of one of Morgan's buccaneers. And, instead of that, here was a young man, lean, wiry, with a fair, regular, strong Northern face, and eyes cold, like some black stone; and, instead of overalls, wearing a well-cut serge suit, a spotless collar and mellowly browned shoes; and, instead of mouthing blood and thunder, speaking in the calm, measured tones of a professor addressing a class.

As a show it was a flivver, they each voted silently, and inexpressibly below the standard of Madeleine's others. Nils again felt sardonically amused. They had come for thrills and were disappointed. Before they were out of the room he would give them a thrill they would remember for many bitter days!

"Remember always," he went on emphatically, "that these conditions I am telling you of are not accounts of starving Belgium or stricken Poland. They obtain right in this city. They are within four miles of this house. You can enter one of these tenements and see things for yourselves in twelve minutes in your automobiles."

As he went on speaking his eye swept the audience calmly and firmly, resting here and there on people of special interest to him. There was Mrs. Howard Van Zile in the front row, a haughty, patrician woman, who was examining him intently to see what was in him. And Richard Hammerling's wife, plump, a little dowdy, with cross-grained skin and bored eyes. He wanted suddenly to turn on her and tell her that her great grandfather had been no richer than any of these he was speaking about. A little farther back Lady Alice Fitz-Patrick leaned back fuming. She had come to America to collect for a British charity and the thought of any possible opposition made her furious. A thin, acidic old maid she seemed to him, for all her Geraldine blood. And back of it all was Mrs. Mifflin Bentley Swan, eager, watching her hostess' face—a swarthy, greasy-looking dowager who had earned her right to sit in this august assembly by subsidizing a dozen pet hospitals. And beside her was the Countess Flannigan, whose grandfather had started an immense fortune with the money taken from quay workers in his saloon.

A few men were here—nearly all of them of stern metal. Senator Booth, a shrewd, tense man, an implacable enemy of the labor leaders, but, for all that, Nils admitted, a statesman and a follower of high ideals from his own point of view. And, no less inimical, beside him sat Justice Thomas, a shriveled, caustic old figure, with a gray face hewed into innumerable lines, with colorless eyes and great pouches under them; a stern judge, Nils knew, and no friend of the people, but an open two-handed fighter, who asked for no quarter and gave none. They, too, and a few others, had come here to see what metal was in him and what power. And the sight of them was a relief to Nils after a glance at John Zabriskie Reid, tame cat and hired guest, and Richard Payne Schieren, who touted for tailors and wine merchants on the sly.

"The land that does not take care of its children"—he paused, and enunciated each word with the solemnity of a prophecy—"that land will surely die!"

A figure caught his eye as it flashed about the room—the figure of a woman, a demure, motionless woman, whose eyes seemed frightened. She seemed to sink into the mass of people about her, to be blotted out, to merge into her surroundings, as a chameleon fades against a wall.

And suddenly, as he looked at her, he was struck with a sense of shock to find how beautiful she was. Her pose, as she sat there with her hands on her lap, was that of a country girl modestly seated in a church; but when she raised her eyes to look at him, as she did infrequently, he saw in them the suffering look of a dumb animal. Her face was perfectly oval, like a face on a valentine, and her mouth was perfect, and her teeth and her nose and brow.

But the striking thing about her was the seeming transparency of her. Her skin was clear and had the false opacity of porcelain. Her eyes were amber-colored; they were nothing more than a liquid tint against the skin. The hair of her eyebrows and lashes seemed laid on in delicate brown by a faint-pointed brush. Her hair was a mass of russet shimmer. There was something frightfully unreal about her. She was, it appeared to him, nothing but an iridescent liquid. She might have been a painter's conception of a supernatural creature homing in mist, had it not been for her belted, flaring gown, with the white fox collar, like a priest's stole, about her neck, and her mannish tall silk hat. These things—and the agonized look in her eyes, like the look in the eyes of a spaniel that has been kicked and kicked and kicked until its spirit screams dumbly.

His glance stole toward her many times during the course of the lecture, until he was under the hypnosis of her face as a patient might be charmed by a flashing metal disk. His voice went on, strong and resonant, painting his subject in wide swathes of black and white, holding his audience, impressing some, irritating others; and as he spoke he suddenly identified the girl before him, and his heart jumped with pity. So this was the wife of De Courcy Delavan, the grass widow of that satanic rake who was the devil incarnate, if ever he walked up and down the world and to and fro in it!

And, with a hot surge of resentment, Nils remembered the explosive story of that strange marriage. He remembered how the multimillionaire, as savage as a criminal boy, crazed with money and seething with hatred of everything and everybody, had married the daughter of a Long Island squatter; had brought her to New York to insult the Fifth Avenue débutantes, flaunting her beauty in their faces. And when he had done that he left her as dramatically as he had married her, striking her viciously in the face in a box at the opera, and fleeing away in his yacht to Cairo and Port Said. He left her in possession of the great house on Madison Avenue and a sufficient bank account, because it amused him to see a squatter's daughter mistress of a mansion where his mother, a descendant of a Norman prince, had reigned, and which his father, a fine old gentleman and great philanthropist, had planned to be the home of his best friend's daughter.

The women of New York had taken her up as much, uncharitably be it said, for a rebuke to Delavan as out of pity for herself. Here was that strange flotsam of a woman, beautiful as few women have been beautiful, patronized by everybody, jeered at by servants, alone in the world, living in a great mansion, and dying a slow, horrible, golden death—as horrible as the fate of Midas the King! Here was Myrtle De Courcy Delavan, who had been Myrtle Squires!

"I want to give you a few cases in point," he proceeded, "with facts, dates and amounts. I will tell you the case of the family of Gian Battista Repetti."

And as he went on, with merciless detail, into epic fights of human children against poverty and disease, he noticed the eyes of Myrtle Delavan grow moist and swimming with tears. And suddenly his heart went out to her in a quick, generous flow.

He ended his lecture quickly and cuffed his notes together on the desk. He gazed about the room with a firm, calm eye. His glance caught the glances of Judge Thomas and Senator Booth as one steel blade might ring on others. It caught the rising hostess and dropped her back into her seat as a blow might. He leaned forward on the desk and his voice purred.

"You, this afternoon," he said, "are all here, I take it, because of a sincere desire to hear of conditions in these destitute districts. And you all, having heard of them, and sincere as you are, are naturally actuated by an eager desire to better things for these children."

His tones took on suddenly a keen, acrid fighting edge—an edge that braced the room like the shock of cold water:

"Sympathy is a queer thing. From the poor to the poor it is the dearest commodity on earth, for it means forgetting their own worries to shoulder vicariously the troubles of others. But from the rich to the poor it is an empty thing, as empty as air, and good only for their own souls."

He took up a sheaf of lists from the table and his eyes grew hard and cold:

"I have here in my hand a list of the people in this room—one hundred and two of them. Nearly all come of millionaire families. And the few who do not reach that height of wealth are wealthy enough to accede to my request. I spoke to you of the big seaside resort we are trying to buy for the children, to send them to in summer. From each person in this room I want one thousand dollars."

He paused for an instant and a sort of concerted gasp went through the audience. The eyes of the senator looked at him with puzzled wonder. About the judge's impassive mask a wry smile dawned.

"There are many among you," Nils went on, "who will do this thing without a second thought. And those who won't"—he swung back and drew himself up to his full height, and his voice cut the air like a whip—"I shall make their names a byword in this land."

He looked at them for a moment, his face tense, his eyes blazing. His voice rang through the drawing-room like the concerted volley of a thousand voices, reverberating from the mellow walls, buffeting from ceiling to floor, swirling about the chairs like the threatening swirl of waves:

"The people will remember those who heard their cry and never answered. For to-day I have cried to you for them. And the memory of the people is bitter and long. And hate will be about you always as you roll past them in your cars or walk by them in the streets. And hate is a bitter and a terrible thing. It makes the day fearful and robs the night of sleep. And hate will be yours. That I promise you."

The hostess stood up, with a scared protest forming on her lips. The look in Nils' eyes made her falter and wince.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he flashed at her coldly, and the words seemed to drive her back into her chair like a shot from a gun.

His eye crossed the glance of the shrewd old judge. There was a cold, reminiscent smile on the jurist's face, a wise, cynical smile, as of a man who sees inexperienced game fall into a trap. And suddenly Nils knew that he was thinking of the twenty-year sentence that had been passed on a daring holdup man that morning. He threw his head back and faced him calmly.

"Yes; I know what you're thinking of, Judge Thomas," he said, "and it doesn't cause me one tremor. No, not one!"

The jurist grinned—an unbelievable, boyish thing for so hard and wizened a face; he pulled a check book and fountain pen from his pockets. The senator did the same with a bellow of laughter. And then all at once Nils was flooded with a torrent of checks and promises, and the incident was over in a minute of laughter and smiles.

He turned to make his way out of the room and met, face to face, the amber-eyed wife of Delavan. He stopped unconsciously for he felt somehow that there was something she wanted to say to him, and there was something for him to say to her. For a moment they looked at each other—she with an unspoken, understood question in her scared eyes.

"Is it all so?" she asked timidly.

"Is it all so?" Nils repeated indignantly. "Will you come and see it with your own eyes? For years I have been wanting somebody to come down sincerely and have it brought home to him or her at first hand. Will anyone do it? Will you?"

Her eyes dropped and she said nothing, and bitterly Nils turned to go away. Once more he had made a plea in vain;

A Terrible and Ghastly Prisoner She Was, Without the Spirit to Walk Away Fearlessly

but faith had never lost its savor for him, and he was as disappointed now as the first time he had pleaded for an emissary to accompany him.

"I will," she said timidly, stung by the bitterness in his face; but there was in her eyes the look of a startled hare.

IV

BECAUSE she had been all her life at the beck of somebody—and the habit of obedience was as natural to her as the flow and reflux of her blood—and because she had all her life been contemned by somebody, she sat in that big house on Madison Avenue, obeying a husband to whom she owed no allegiance and eyed with pitying contempt by all with whom she came in contact. Idly and dully she sat and watched the days go by, with no thought of anything good that day, with no expectancy for the morrow.

Behind her chair at table the butler stood, a reverend, pompous man, who was always imagining to himself the father of his mistress, the ragged-shirted, straggling-bearded beach squatter. In the silver-and-blue dressing room her maid pictured the hovel out of which this millionaire's wife had sprung. Indignant surreptitiously, the footmen stood by the door or mounted the driving seat of her car. The women of her new world told her what to do, what to attend, what to read. Patiently she submitted to the titled sempstress who clothed her in marvelous gowns, and on those slim, fairy's feet of hers were put shoes that were like gloves.

No man dared speak to her of love or affection, for a man's life to De Courcy Delavan was as negligible as the life of a fly on the wall, and he would be glad of an excuse to kill a man. A terrible and ghastly prisoner she was, without the spirit to throw everything aside and walk away fearlessly, and without the strength of will to kill herself, had either of those things occurred to her.

As a drowning person might grasp at a floating windrow she had taken up Nils Riordan's invitation in the dull hope that here was something which might help her pass the terrible, lagging days; that might take her out of herself, as the phrase is. With the first flush of excitement she had known for four years—for the four incredibly long years that she had been married to Delavan—she started out now with the labor leader to investigate the submerged quarters. Aflame with a cold, white heat of accusation, Nils had sat with her in her limousine. Coldly he had taken her through sweatshops along lower Broadway, and showed her the girls pushing the flicking treadles and holding the stuff beneath the needles with scarred, nervous fingers.

"These are the live exercises in the problem of the living wage," he told her. "Oh—that fuss at the end of the room? That's nothing!" he commented bitterly. "Just one of them who has fainted from overwork."

"Oh!" she gasped scaredly, the air hissing inwardly through her teeth.

He took her into laborers' tenements at mealtime, and insisted on her taking in every poor and tragic detail. He spared her nothing. The women of the homes regarded her with angry suspicion. Nils quieted their resentment soothingly.

"I'm not trying to make an exhibition of you, Annie," he told one of them. "I'm as jealous of your feelings as you yourself are. But this is for the good of everybody. I think it will help us all."

"God bless you!" he was answered. "If you think so ——"

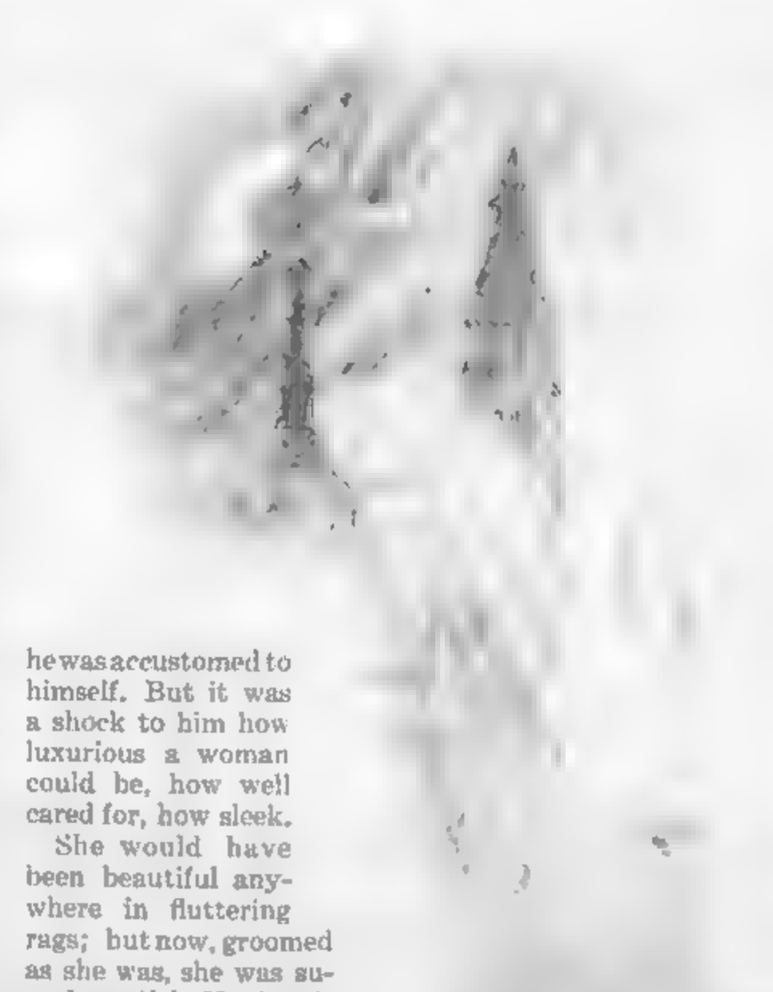
He took her to the East Side, to where the children swarmed like ants about the peddlers' pushcarts, babbling in liquid Italian and in slurred Slav and in singsong Yiddish. He ticked off the names of the streets on his finger tips.

"In summer, in this neighborhood," he told her, "you will never see one of those small white hearses off the streets. And every third tenement you pass has a white-crêpe knot on the door." He was sorry suddenly he had told her that when he saw her eyes brimming with tears.

He showed her the gray-headed, broken women who creep through the doors of office buildings when the day's work is past to scrub the floors. He showed her little shopkeepers who clung to their miniature stores, fighting hopelessly while life and commerce swept past them, leaving them high and dry, as on a sand bar, with no hope of a range of tide to take them off again. And men he showed her, too, the white-jacketed scavengers crouched over gutters; the sweating, cursing stevedores at the piers; the pale, anæmic clerks bolting their food at the lunch hour, compelled to steal nickels' worths in honor restaurants.

"It's ghastly!" she said. "It frightens me!" She pressed closer to his side, as though afraid these people might set upon and rend her.

He thought about her all the time now; and the more he thought about her, the less of her he understood. It was a puzzle to him how she, who had been born in squalor and had lived in poverty until four short years before, could be so moved and frightened by the conditions she saw. How she was changed now—the squatter's daughter! How she had merged in luxury, who had once known only rags and tatters! Wealth was not unknown to him—at Harvard and in New York he had many wealthy friends. And comfort



he was accustomed to himself. But it was a shock to him how luxurious a woman could be, how well cared for, how sleek.

She would have been beautiful anywhere in fluttering rags; but now, groomed as she was, she was superbeautiful. Her hands had been tended until they were as soft as a snowflake, and as white. Her face had been massaged until it resembled nothing less in texture and color than an opening rose. Her teeth were like pearls leaving the chamois of a lapidary, and her hair had been treated until it was like gossamer ruddying in a rosy dawn. These things were the results of her maid's care—a matter of which he never thought, as he never thought that the four years had been as slow in passing as four decades, and that it seemed to her she had been living in this ease and luxury all her life.

This thought passed, and for days he thought only of the pain she had been and was in. Those tragic amber eyes haunted him. Pain was a thing he understood, for he had seen much of it about him, and the agony in her face called to him every moment. At times he would find himself starting up, with hot, angry curses on his tongue, when he reviewed the story, and at times he would sit brooding over it long and silently. And then subconsciously, filling the background of the tragic eyes, would come the details of the delicately cut, infinitesimally moving nostrils; the ruddy mouth with its curving under lip and beautifully bowed upper one; the sweet contour of her face. He remembered vividly the white, slender hands.

There had been too many interests in his life before now to admit of his thinking of and knowing women; and, now that for the first time he had been thrown in contact with one, he was appalled by the mystery and beauty of her. But the other things, the agony and the fear—his heart cried to do something to ease them. If he had seen these things in the eyes of a child he would have taken it up and petted and soothed it confidently. If he had seen it in the eyes of a man he would have known what to say and do. But before her, who had said nothing, who suffered mutely, he was powerless.

"It's damnable!" was all he could say. And he thought of the absentee husband; and his hands caught and moved sinisterly, with the imaginary action of encircling a neck and thrusting thumbs into a larynx.

"The Sun Is Going Out, Nils!" She Gasped: "the Sun Is Going Out!"

To her, who had known only one man—and he an emanation from hell, like the spirit that possessed itself of the Gadarene swine—Nils Riordan was a revelation. If her husband had been as Lucifer fallen from heaven, the labor leader was as Michael with the Flaming Sword. The man's personality enveloped her; it swept her along like a whirlwind. She understood little of what he was saying. She understood nothing at all of what was in him. She was thrilled by him. Everything he said or did she accepted as right.

She had once seen in a paper, in a magazine—in a book, perhaps—an allegory of Labor: a young man rising among clouds, mysterious as to face, heavily muscled as to body, with glory shining in a halo about his head, and thunderbolts flying from his arms and shoulders and chest. She remembered it now, and to her it typified Nils Riordan. The idea of seeing him, of being with him, became fixed in her, as an alienist might put it. Silently she sat and waited for to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, when she would be in his company for an hour.

So these two came together now and again—she clinging to him in spirit, with a maddened desperation, though in action motionless and dumb; and he yearning toward her, aching to do something for her, and as mute and inactive as she. They rode and visited tenements and workshops, settlement houses and prisons, charity bureaus and homes.

He had relented toward her of late, so manifest was her distress at the things she was seeing. He felt he should offset his campaign with something that would please. He wanted to show her, he told her, that, in spite of poverty and distress and the uncertainty of work, there were happy homes and happy people in these districts. He brought her to places where young married lovers were setting out to brave life cheerfully together; to flats where grandfathers, veterans of war often, spent their last days in dandling grandsons on their knees and chuckling in unashamed delight; to mean streets where swarms of children hung about hard-worked mothers like garlands of glory.

They were returning from the tour, walking across a little park at Tenth Street and Avenue A. She had left her car on Broadway at his request, for he wished the visits to be made with as little ostentation as possible, lest the feelings of the visited should be wounded. The dry crackle of frost was in the air and, though it was only late in the afternoon, the violet arc lights were lighting wanly. A gaunt band stand rose beside them and their feet struck the cemented way in little clicks. Across the avenue from them hove a line of delicatessen stores, kept by great blond men with purring Slovak tongues. There was little traffic, and the few pedestrians on the sidewalks pattered along swiftly through the cold. Suddenly, as he walked alongside her, he knew she was crying.

"What is it?" he asked affrightedly. "What is the matter?"

As he looked at her she brought out her handkerchief and covered her eyes, still walking. Her knees seemed to bend under her. She held the handkerchief with a grotesque gesture of arm and elbow that hurt him like a blow.

"You must tell me!" he nearly shouted in panic. "What is wrong?"

He stood before her and stopped her in her walk. She began sobbing in little gusts of breath that came through her teeth in pants, hard-driven. Suddenly she burst out wildly:

"I can't help it," she cried. "They are all so happy. They have no money. They have nothing to live on. But they have all got somebody. And somebody loves them. And I have got everything in the world. And I have got nobody—nobody—nobody!" The words came out as if something within her were being torn apart.

He was shaking as badly as she was. He caught her by the shoulders, with his hands trembling.

"Listen! Listen!" he cried to her.

"I've got nobody!" she cried on. "Nobody to be with me! Nobody to love me! Nobody! Nobody! Nobody! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!"

His grasp tightened on her shoulders. He shook her as he might shake a man in anger.

(Continued on Page 33)

THE MODERN SAMARITAN

How Charity Pays Its Way in Belgium

Watching the Burning Town

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

A BELGIAN who has not been in his own country since the fall of Antwerp, walked, the other day, into the London offices of the Commission for Relief in Belgium; and, seeing a big *ravitaillement* map on a wall, he stepped up to it, studied it for a moment in a puzzled kind of way, and then exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu!* What have you Americans been doing to my country?"

A *ravitaillement* map bears little resemblance to the pre-war map of Belgium, not being divided into provinces and the familiar subdivisions of provinces, but into sections for the simplification of food distribution.

Ravitailler means to revictual; and the sole occupation in life to-day of a large corps of Americans, directing the efforts of a small army of Belgian and French comrades and colleagues, is the *ravitaillement* of Belgium and Northern France, behind the German lines. In business reference they all use this word *ravitaille* exclusively. And, though some of the Americans may not pronounce it with a perfect Parisian displacement of its last few letters, the flat American "ravity," with a strong accent on the first syllable and a considerable insistence on the last, is understood and appreciated by the most Parisian of Frenchmen and the most Brusselian of Belgians.

Above all, and through all, are the initials C. R. B. Nobody ever speaks of "the Commission"; nobody ever thinks of giving the institution its full and mouthful title; but from one end of Europe to the other, and no doubt in the ports and markets of the world, it is known as the C. R. B.

How the Commission Works

THE words committee and commission always suggest meetings, long and learned discussions, arguments and counter-arguments, weighty questions to be put to a vote; and, to the initiated, politics—invariably politics. But in this respect, as well as in every other, the Commission for Relief in Belgium is in a class by itself. It has had just one meeting in all the two years of its existence. That was in London on the twenty-second day of October, 1914, when it established its policy and got down to business. It has neither constitution nor by-laws; its rules and regulations are dictated by its chairman as reasons for rules and regulations arise; and it is just what it has become—the largest business concern in the history of business, with an absolute head who happens to be the right man in the right place.

It is unique, first, because the occasion for its existence is unique, and everything unusual in its character is attributable to the fine human emotions this occasion has brought into prominence and expression throughout the world. Its affairs are all conducted on the strictest business principles, and it even "makes" vast sums of money—which I shall endeavor later to explain; but its detailed direction is in the hands of a number of American volunteers, who not only do not receive remuneration for their services, but who, in a great number of cases, pay even their living and incidental expenses out of their own pockets, as well as the salaries of their own secretaries.

The main offices of the C. R. B. are in London, occupying the greater part of the second floor of the London Walls Building. There is a large purchasing and benevolent department in New York, at 71 Broadway; the shipping-control offices are at Rotterdam; the distribution-control headquarters are at Brussels; there are eleven provincial offices in various locations in Belgium, six district offices in Northern France, two thousand seven hundred and seventy-five communal offices in Belgium, and one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two in Northern France; while regional or milling-zone offices are wherever mills exist in Belgium that are large enough and sufficiently well-equipped to be operated.

Added to all this there are volunteer purchasing agents in the Argentine Republic, in China, in India, in nearly every state in the United States, in Canada, and everywhere that the services of a purchasing agent may happen to be required. And there are some four thousand benevolent subcommittees, representing practically the whole civilized world, doing their work under the precise direction of the London headquarters.

Belgian national coöperation in Belgium is organized under the name of the Comité National de Secours et d'Alimentation; while the French coöperating body is known as the Comité d'Alimentation du Nord de la France, with headquarters at Lille. They are usually referred to as the National Committee and the French Committee. Each of them has in its membership American representatives of the C. R. B., and each, in common with the C. R. B., is under the patronage of the American, Spanish and Dutch Ministers to Belgium. They are interlocking organizations, designed for the easier departmental dispatch of a very complicated business.

Effective Mr. Hoover

OUTSIDE of Belgium the C. R. B. is a semidiplomatic institution, and enjoys not only the patronage but the active and constant coöperation of the American Ambassadors in London and Berlin, and the American Minister at The Hague. Mr. Brand Whitlock, American Minister at Brussels, made the first loud, long-drawn-out and sorrowful sound that called the organization into being; while Ambassador Page was the first to hearken to the sound and take steps in orderly compliance with its demands. Ambassador Page's method was very simple. He sent for Mr. Herbert C. Hoover.

Mr. Hoover is a Californian and a mining engineer. He has a business of his own, with ramifications all over the world. He had the key to his London office in his pocket when Mr. Page sent for him, and it has not been in the lock of his own office door more than a dozen times from that day to this. Mr. Hoover had been acting as chairman of the American Committee organized in London to help rescue the thousands of American tourists who had been caught in the collapse and the crash of war in various parts of Europe. And, working with characteristic matter-of-factness, he dispatched this unusual business with a rapidity, and with an unconscious disregard for everything but essentials, which won for him a special distinction, not only in the eyes of his own rescued countrymen but in the eyes of everybody who witnessed his performance. It was just at the time when nearly all the Americans had been disposed of, and the American Committee was nearing the end of its usefulness, that Ambassador Page sent for him, and the simple little question the Ambassador asked was: "Now, what are we going to do about the Belgians?"

Mr. Hoover is a curious kind of individual, if I may be allowed a little of the kind of personal comment that he so particularly and intensely dislikes. A British Cabinet Minister said of him:

"How is it that the bluntest man in Europe is able, without apparent effort, to handle a situation involving more irreconcilable elements than any other situation in this war?"

Nobody knows. Ask any man in the organization why he is giving up six months or a year or two years of his life to the performance of unpaid, and what must sometimes

Throughout, the Children Get the Best of It, Which Is Some Comfort

seem to be unappreciated, service, and nine chances in ten he will say: "Oh, I don't know. Mr. Hoover asked me to."

It may not be quite seemly for an American to make the statement that in no other nationality than the American does the spirit exist upon which such an institution as the C. R. B. could be founded and maintained; it may not be quite seemly for an American to declare that American initiative and American genius for large enterprise were two elements indispensable to the success of the undertaking. But for all Americans to refrain from such unseemliness would be to redeem our reputation for boastfulness not one jot, and to remain forever in obscurity in this connection.

There were diplomatic difficulties to be overcome in the inception of the Commission for Relief in Belgium that seemed to be altogether insurmountable. They still exist and are a source of endless worry and negotiation. Why should England permit anybody to ship food into Belgium when by so doing she relieves the Germans of the drain upon their own resources that their obligation to feed the civilian population entails?

Captain Lucey Finds Some Wheat

TO BEGIN with, there were citations of Hague Convention provisions and tenets of international law innumerable; but Mr. Hoover introduced through all the discussion a monotone which recited and kept on reciting that, Hague Conventions or no Hague Conventions, rights or no rights, while all this argument was in progress seven million Belgians were rapidly approaching the reckless and rioting wholesale horror stage of the worst famine in the history of the world. There could be no question about Germany feeding them, because Germany would not; and Belgium was within two weeks of being absolutely empty of bread. What were they going to do about it?

Mr. Hoover negotiated the 1914 Anglo-German "treaty," which provided that the Belgians should be fed from overseas, under neutral supervision and control, and the Germans should undertake to exempt all imported civilian food supplies from requisition. They had already commandeered everything in the country, including the great stores of wheat at Antwerp and such part of the 1914 harvest as had not been destroyed in the broad sweep of the advancing armies.

The C. R. B. did a great deal of business before it had its first and only meeting, the situation in Belgium being such that immediate action was imperative. Mr. Hoover at once called into service the men with whom he had been associated on the American Committee; and within seven days after the preliminary diplomatic negotiations were disposed of, and a temporary financial basis arranged, there was food on its way into Belgium from Holland, and a cargo of wheat had been purchased on the high seas, while a world-wide cabled appeal had received such quick response from nearly every state in the United States, from Canada, from Australia and New Zealand, and from the English people in England, that a short lease of life, at least, was assured to the organization.

This was early in October, 1914.

Then, one Thursday evening, in the office of the Savoy Hotel, Mr. Hoover met Captain Lucey, retired from the United States Army and in business in London.

"See here, Lucey," he said; "we need a man to go to Rotterdam at once. We have a cargo of wheat coming in and we have nobody over there to receive it and get it into Belgium. I want you to go over, open some offices, make an arrangement with a lighterage concern, get some canal barges, look over the canal routes into the different parts of Belgium and get ready for big business generally."

The startled man merely caught his breath and said: "All right; but I'm afraid I can't go at once."

"When can you go?"

"Well, I don't think I can get away before Saturday."

That was the spirit. Captain Lucey felt apologetic for requiring just one day to detach himself from all his personal affairs and place himself at the indefinite disposal of this new and unfamiliar demand. He went to Rotterdam on Saturday and assumed charge of that end of the business, with all the initiative and self-reliance necessary in the character of a departmental manager.

Refugees Leaving Antwerp

More Than Three and a Half Million Belgians are Dependent on Bread Lines and Free Canteens

That was two years ago, and Captain Lucey is still "on the job," having been transferred from Rotterdam to organize the Brussels office and the distribution details in Belgium, from Brussels back to Rotterdam, thence to London, and eventually from London to New York, as director of the New York office.

There is one very American story about Captain Lucey which has never been told, and which, I believe, is to a certain extent "still loaded," as they say of stories that cannot yet be told for fear of consequences.

After he had made the preliminary arrangements in Rotterdam, and had installed a staff in the new offices, he started off one day to inspect the canal routes into Belgium. Just south of Rosendaal, within the Dutch border, he found a number of Belgian barges tied up along the canal, which, on examination, were found to contain nine thousand tons of wheat.

"Suffering cats!" said Captain Lucey, or something to that effect.

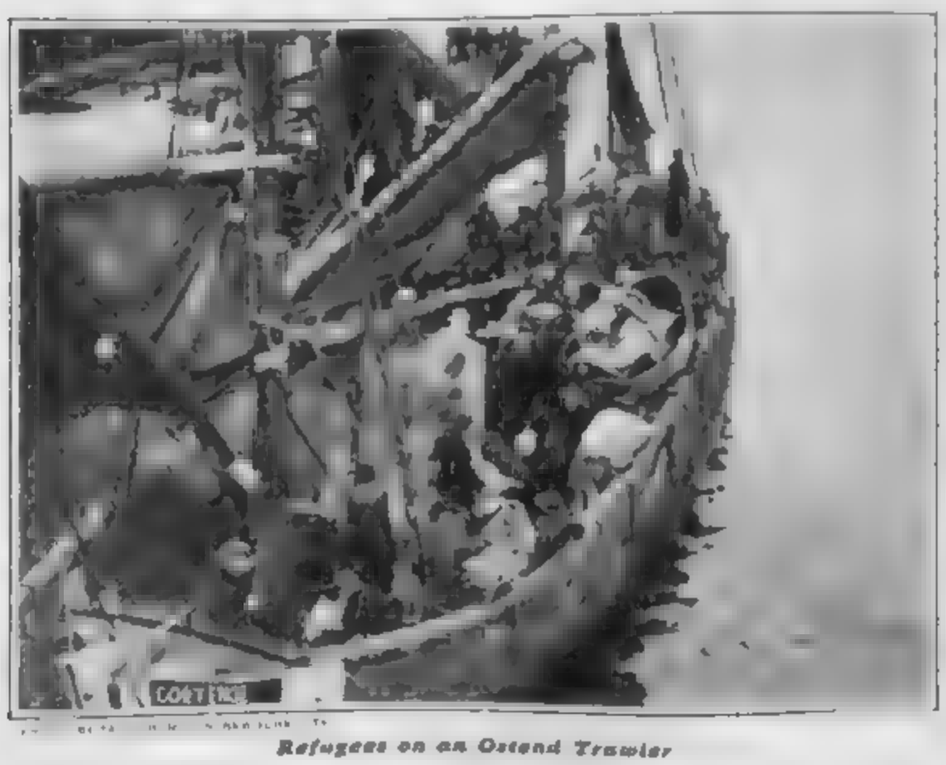
Then he asked the bargemen where they had come from. From Antwerp, during the bombardment. Who were their owners? They answered that question also. Where were their owners now? *Le bon Dieu* only knew!

"Well," said Captain Lucey, "everything is all right now. Just you get along as fast as you ever did anything in your life; get those barges of wheat up to Rotterdam and report to my office." And he gave them precise directions.

They were babes in the woods, lost, frightened and tired; and here was a man with a note of authority in his voice. They obeyed, and Captain Lucey lost neither time nor motions in getting that wheat transferred to Dutch barges and on its way back into Belgium. He recorded it merely as nine thousand tons of wheat; and it became a deep mystery in the London offices, where nobody had any record of the purchase of such a cargo. The truth, however, was finally revealed—though not by Captain Lucey. He was too busy. When, with a mixture of wrath and amusement, Mr. Hoover cabled him, "Where is that nine thousand tons of wheat you took?" he cabled back: "Safe, by this time, in the stomachs of deserving Belgians."

This is the only "irregularity" ever committed in the name of the C. R. B.; but so dire was the need of the moment and so complete was the disorganization of everything that it seems, in retrospect, to have been a most admirable performance, and for a long time the C. R. B. has been carrying a special reserve in the bank for the indemnification of the owners if they should ever be discovered.

Disorganization no longer reigns in Rotterdam. From that first emergency ship a fleet of seventy-two ocean-going steamers has grown, all, by this time, under the charter and control of the C. R. B., carrying the C. R. B. flag, and exempt under international agreement from all the war restrictions on commerce. And in addition to the seventy-two ocean-going ships there are two other fleets, one of five hundred and sixty-two canal barges and the other of sixty-two powerful tugboats.



Refugees on an Ostend Trawler

The Commission's Floating Elevators

FOR handling wheat the C. R. B. has its own floating elevators, chartered from the city of Antwerp, where they were tied up and made useless by the war, and whence they were towed through the Belgian and Dutch canals to their moorings at the C. R. B. docks at Rotterdam. There are C. R. B. ships, the C. R. B. docks, the C. R. B. barges, the C. R. B. tugs, the C. R. B. elevators, the great C. R. B. warehouses—as a matter of fact, to the casual observer the harbor of Rotterdam seems to reveal very little in the way of activity for which the C. R. B. is not responsible. And there is a swift little sharp-nosed motor launch, named the Hoover, which scoots round through the intricacies of the Rotterdam waterways with an air which seems to indicate that it has pressingly important business somewhere all the time.

The officers at Rotterdam find it necessary to employ a large clerical staff, an outside force of nearly three hundred dock laborers, inspectors, packers and inventory clerks, and more than twenty-five hundred bargemen. And no wonder!

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REVERSE ENGLISH

By Clyde A. Bruckman

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SURPRISED! Say, the boys out here in the old league was knocked cold when Brennan won them two games for the Moguls in the world's series this fall. Everyone knew the Moguls was lucky to win the flag in the National League and let it go at that, but when they rose up and took the big series from a stronger club, with Brennan pitching a shutout in the last game, it was too much for the boys to figure.

"He's a great young pitcher," they would say to me; "but the best pitcher in the world couldn't go in an' do what Brennan did, unless he kept in condition. He was bad enough out here with our club last year, but what do you suppose he's like up there in the big cities where he's drawin' down twice as much dough as he was here? If he's done anything with his habits it's a cinch they're worse. It's born in him an' you can't change them kind."

They figured it from every angle but never even fouled the right guess. There was one bet they overlooked—any man can change his signs!

I stood round and heard the guys dope out the series until I got palpitation of the brain. I happen to know the inside story on Brennan, and I want to set these wise birds right for once in their lives. There was a reason, a mighty good one, too, why Brennan was able to win them games, and I want to get it off my chest so I can breathe free and easy once more. It may sound like a moral lesson, but it ain't meant for such. I leave the moral stuff to Billy Sunday. I don't want to horn in on his game. I'm just a ball player with some information that needs air.

Mebbe Brennan never would have joined our club if things hadn't broken so tough season before last. We won the pennant, but I'll bet the doctors are still treating some of the fans for nervous trouble. We started out that spring like we was going to ice the flag by July. The club was in great shape and the breaks rolled our way in bunches. Everyone on the club was banging the ball hard, and our fielders stole base hits like they was all descendants of Jesse James. By September we was so far in the lead that it looked like two leagues. Then things began to happen.

Hank Gilman, our shortstop, busted his right leg sliding into the plate. We might have stood this without rocking the boat, but our pitchers started going bad and then worse. Dad Sloan went to pieces overnight and wasn't worth a broken bat. The trainer soaked Dad's arm in oil and worked on it hours at a time, but it was like trying to take the gnarl out of an oak tree. Jake Gowery, our manager, started Bill Schultz five times in two weeks, and five times Bill walked the game away. He never threw a called strike in any of them games, because every time he got the ball over, the batter would hit it to places our outfielders had never been before; so Jake slipped Bill the blue tag and a letter of recommendation to a medicine show that was looking for a wild man.

We hit the greased trail going ninety miles an hour. Our season doesn't close till the last of October, and by the second week in that month we had slipped down to a three-game lead over the Seals. A three-game lead ain't to be sneered at in no league, but it looks about as thick as a piece of lunch-counter butter when you're slipping and the other guys are coming. A couple of soft series the last two weeks while the Seals was playing the toughest birds in the league outside us leaders was all that saved us. We took the old flag by a half a game when the Seals dropped their last battle while we was beating the Oaks, three to one.

I was glad when it was all over. The men were getting so nasty you couldn't dress in the same clubhouse with 'em. Jake was like a madman most of the time, and he soon had the rest of us that way. I guess no team ever won a flag and felt worse about it than we did. Pennants sound well, wear well and look well, but they're tough on the nerves.

That winter the club owner and Jake started sorting us out. It ain't a custom to break up a pennant-winning team, but we couldn't have won a flag in the Alaska league, the way we was going the last six weeks of the season. Jake knew it, and so did the owner. They was out after new men to build up the weak spots, and there was more of them on our ball club than there is spots on a leopard.

I hit .296 that season and led all the third sackers in fielding, so I didn't worry much about my job. But with a lot of the boys it was a different story. Dad Sloan was given his outright release; they shipped Ham Tober so far into the bushes that we ain't heard from him since; they dragged Pete Conroy off second base and mailed him to the Northwestern League with their regards. Jake studied his pitching staff for a week, and when he got through there was only old Dave Hauger and Slim Fraley left. You wouldn't know the old place now!

Then Jake started getting players from the big brush and signing up some bushers from semi-pro teams in Southern California. I picked up a paper one morning and read where Jake had signed a young pitcher by the name of Filbert Brennan. Right away I'm off that busher. I've stood for Claire, Franz, Harold and Percy; but for Filbert—no, no! His folks admit he's a nut when they tack that label on him. I met Jake on the street one day. He was all smiles again. "We're gonna have some club next season," says Jake, shaking hands and offering me a bum cigar. "That so?" I says.

"You Better Live Light From Now on 'Cause It Costs Money to Throw Away Games on My Club"

"Yep," says Jake. "I gotta lot of good men comin' from the East and I've picked up some promising kids round here. I got a letter from old Hank Spearman yesterday—you remember Hank, the old Cub catcher? He's been handlin' this young fellow Brennan down in Phoenix, Arizona. He's had the kid under his wing for two years an' he thinks he's ready to step in an' win some games for us. Then I got ——"

"Yes, I know, Jake!" says I, interrupting him. "But what do you want with a fellow named Filbert? I ask you, did you ever hear of a player named Filbert that was any good? He might look like a ball player, an' wear his clothes like one, but that would let him out. He wouldn't be no regular pitcher. There's always somethin' loose somewhere in them birds with funny names; they're just empties."

"Mebbe so," admits Jake, "but Hank wouldn't give me a bum tip on this kid. If he's got the goods we can name him over. I'll send you down to the depot an' let you watch the Pullman cars go by, until you find a name to suit him."

"I couldn't do no worse than his folks did, at that."

"Mebbe not," says Jake as he left.

That spring I went to the training camp a week ahead of the regular squad. I had put on a lot of weight during the winter, and I wasn't taking any chances on being fat and slow when the season started. Two days after I got there the hotel bus drove up from the depot and unloaded a big fellow with one suitcase for ballast. It was Filbert Brennan.

His name may have been Filbert but he didn't look it. Somehow I was expecting one of them skinny birds with English clothes and rubber collars that carry no fire insurance. He gave me the double cross there, because he was a big fellow both ways. He was dressed right and well. I ain't much on judging ages, but I'd say that twenty-three would hit him about two feet fair, and he looked like he might have something in his head besides the lining. I put him down as a big good-natured kid; a bit restless and full of pep, but on the whole a fellow you'd like to have on the ball club.

Before Jake was up the next morning the clerk came and pounded on his door. I roomed next to Jake and I went out in the hall to see what the fuss was about.

"What's the trouble?" asks Jake, sticking his head out the door.

"One of your men is layin' out in the yard," explained the clerk, all excited like he'd cleaned the sacks with a triple.

Jake shut the door and hurried into his clothes. I was in the hall talking with the clerk when Jake came out and we went downstairs and out into the yard. I had a hunch it was Filbert, and my hunch was right. He was rolled up in a pair of blankets—Indian style—sleeping out under a palm tree.

"Can you beat that?" asks Jake, pushing Brennan with his foot. "What's the idea?"

Brennan opened his eyes and looked round. He yawned and stretched lazily.

"Nothin' wrong," he said. "I'm used to sleepin' outdoors, so I came out here. These hotels is too stuffy."

"That may be," says Jake, "but let me tell you somethin': This is a ball club an' not a circus. If you can't sleep in a hotel like regular people, let me know an' I'll get you a stall with the rest of the livestock. Besides, it ain't safe for you out here; there's squirrels in them trees over there.

"There's just one thing that keeps me from lettin' you go right now an' that's because Hank Spearman is an old friend of mine an' your trial is a favor to him. You're lucky to get a chance with our club, an' you can cut that nonsense or pack your stuff an' get out, the sooner the better! I ain't got time to fool with guys that shirk or break trainin' rules. Get me right. I don't mind if a player has a beer or two later in the season when the strain begins to tell on them, but in spring trainin' you must cut it out. Get my sign now, because I ain't going to hang it up again."

That afternoon Brennan and I took a walk after the workout. He spent most of the time asking questions.

"What do you think of Jake, jumpin' on me like that just 'cause I tipped over a few last night?" he asks.

"Jake was right," says I. "He knows how to get his men in shape. He don't care if you take a few beers after a game in summer."

"Aw, beer! Say, we use that for chasers down in my country. We drink the straight stuff an' then some more to take the taste away. It keeps your nerves on edge."

"Don't worry about your nerves! There's plenty of hitters in this league that will keep your nerves so sharp they'll cut your uniform."

"I guess you have pretty good times on the road, don't you? Take in all the shows an' have some swell feeds. Gee, I was in San Francisco once an' I sure had some time. Wait till I hit that old town again!"

I had to laugh. That's the way with these kids breaking in. They think that ball playing is all gravy. The first few trips are a novelty to them, but it soon wears off and becomes as monotonous to them as it is to the old-timers that have been making the jumps for years.

"It ain't all bells an' joy, kid," I says. "There's a lot of tough sleddin' between here an' the top. There's mornin' practice an' a mess of double-headers later in the season, when it's so hot you get bleary-eyed tryin' to see what's comin' up to the plate. If you want to get any place in the game you can't hit the high lights! You gotta go straight, an' keep on goin' that way or you'll find some fellow that's takin' care of himself sittin' in for you. Don't think you know it all, because there's always some one that knows just twice as much as you do! Think it over, kid!"

By the time the regulars hit camp, Brennan and I was good friends. He moved his stuff into my place and we became roomies. I liked the kid. He had some queer ways, but you couldn't get sore at him because the way he pulled his stunts was a scream. He could make a piano call him uncle in three different languages. He did all his playing by ear, and I'll say he had some ear. His big fault lay in his restlessness. His mind would travel from here to China and back while you winked your eye. He had done everything from riding the range to tracking outlaws in the Arizona hills.

There was lots he didn't know, but what he knew he knew well. Put him in a unie and you had one of the smartest kid pitchers that ever broke out of the sticks. He knew his trade from the seams on the ball to the signs on the fences. I never knew Hank Spearman except by reputation, but if the old boy caught like he coaches he must've been a whale. Two years under Spearman's care had given Brennan a big-league education free of charge. Along with a baseball noodle the kid packed a real fast ball and a good curve ball. His slow one wasn't anything to cheer about, but there's only one perfect man in the game—and he ain't no right-hand pitcher.

The kid was one of them side-arm pitchers. He was a rank low-ball heaver, keeping his hook breaking down around your knees. I'd rather bat against one of them German guns than against them side-arm birds. You ain't going to clout many over the fence when they're working, take it from me! Jake was interested in the kid from the start. After the first break Brennan kept straight enough, but his roving nature kept him in some mixup all the time.

His worst break came the second week we was there. It must've been about midnight, when I woke up and heard loud piano playing somewhere downstairs. Brennan was not in bed, and right away I knew who was making all the noise.

I slipped on some clothes and got down in the parlor of the hotel just in time to find the night clerk, Jake and some of the players arguing with Brennan. He was insisting on playing Tipperary over again, because he couldn't get one or two of them lines of the chorus just right. I got him back in our room before any killing took place, but Jake was sore as a goat.

"You make me sick," says Jake; "but if you pull another stunt like that you'll be a whole lot sicker. I don't care if you can pitch like Alexander, you won't get by on my team, pullin' that stuff. I ought to knock you on your fair young ear. I gotta have discipline on my club even if we don't finish nowhere."

"How'd I know these people didn't like music?" says Brennan. "It ain't my fault they don't like it. Gimme time to get next to these people!"

"I'll give you time an' somethin' else the next break you make. What you need is a padded cell an' a keeper."

Every day it was the same old story with some new stunt breaking loose. The kid made a circus out of a training-camp grind, furnishing everything but the tent. He was admitted as a regular before the training season was half over, and the boys was calling him Bugs. At that, I'd rather be called Bugs than Filbert, if it was me. Jake stood for his rough stuff because he knew Bugs was a great young pitcher in the making, if someone didn't kill him before he got made.

We opened the season at home that year against the Seals. I was still on third, in spite of the efforts of all them recruits to take the bag out from under me. A new man named Jitney Harper was on second base and Rube Burch was playing leftfield in place of Ferris, who had been shipped to the Western League. Gilman's bum pin had mended up fine and the whole club looked to me like a repeater, sure.

Slim Fraley worked the opener against the Seals, and Slim never had more in his life. He was built along the lines of a pipe cleaner, standing six and a half feet tall and running mostly to arms, legs and freckles. Some of the players claimed that Slim had a job as a paper knife during the off season. He held the Seals to five scattered hits and one run while we galloped round the bases faster than Eliza ever crossed the ice. The game got so one-sided it looked like a parade, but it sent the rooters home happy and predicting pennants.

By Saturday the series stood two and two, and Jake gave Bugs his first chance to work in a regular game.

"Think you can beat them birds?" asks Jake.

"Lemme try 'em—that's all I ask!"

"Go in an' try 'em then, but watch your step!"

There was a big Saturday crowd in the stands, which ain't exactly soothing to a busher's nerves. Bugs came out of the pit and got his first full slant at the crowd when he started to warm up. Right away I saw that he was getting nervous. We all chattered encouragement when he went out on to the hill, but he needed something stronger than words to steady his nerves.

He got by the first inning without any damage, because I pulled one out of the Alps with a runner on second and made a double play. When the second round started there was one of them feelings of unrest in the air. Bugs walked the first batter with four wide ones. He showed that this wasn't an accident by doing the same thing to the next man. Then he dusted off the third bird with a fast one, filling the sacks with no one down. Jake rushed Slim down to the bullpen to warm over; while the Seal coaches stood on the lines and told Bugs a great deal about his life, his ancestors and where his next stop would be.

"They call you Bugs, I hear," shouts McVey, the Seal manager. "You're too wild to be a bug. If I didn't have no better control I'd lead the pill over the plate, just to see how it looks!"

"I don't see you up there doin' any hittin'," says Bugs.

"I can't. I got accident insurance an' the company won't let me bat when you're pitchin'. That's what they call a big risk an' it costs too much dough for me.

"If you was on my ball club I'd let you pitch to-morrow and call it Nut Sunday."

Bugs was sore as a wet hen by this time and it seemed to do him a lotta good. He fanned the next batter and made two more ground out, only the runner on third scoring on the second out. The Seals kept that one-run lead until the eighth when their pitcher walked Harry Todd. Toddy stole second and scored when I sent a drooping liner to left for two bases.

The tie rolled along into the thirteenth inning with it getting darker every minute. Some lucky stiff on the Seal club made a triple down the right-field foul line in the first half of the thirteenth with two dead. That didn't worry us none because Davis, their catcher, was up, and he hadn't got a foul off Bugs all day. McVey had a hunch that Davis wasn't liable to knock down any fences, so he sticks in a pinch hitter to wreck the ball game. The pincher took one strike and missed the second one a foot. With two and nothing on him the batter was looking for Bugs to waste one. Dutch figured the batter was expecting a bad ball, so he signals for a high hard one over the inside corner. Bugs wound up to shoot over the hard one. Anybody in the world could've knocked me dead with a match after what happened then. Right in the middle of Bug's windup, the whistle on the factory back of the park started blowing. Bugs hesitated a second in his windup, then sortta dropped his arm for a minute while the whole San Francisco ball club swarmed out of the pit yelling "Balk! Balk!"—and balk it was. Even Jake didn't have the heart to crab at the decision. To make it real good Bugs fanned the pinch hitter on the next ball.

Jake exploded when Bugs reached the pit.

"Tryin' to throw the game or have you got a date? You better live light from now on 'cause you're gonna find your check has shrunk some when you get it. It costs money to throw away games on my club. Why, you poor simp, what was the big idea?"

"I forgot," says Bugs.

"Forgot what?"

"I forgot where I was. I thought I was back in the mine in Arizona. When that whistle blew everything just kinda faded away. Back to the mine we used to quit when the whistle blew at five o'clock. I felt like the day's work was done."

"It is," snarls Jake, as our third man lifts a sick fly into the shortstop's paws for the last out. "You make another boner like that an' I'll ship you so far into the sticks even Doc Cook wouldn't be able to find you. Your rovin' mind is goin' to rove you out of a job or I'll miss a bet."

By August, however, Bugs had learned how to pitch before a crowd without getting heart failure or nerve trouble. He developed a slow ball and a habit of staying out late at nights. I talked to him until I was lame in the throat, but it didn't do no good. Jake must've suspected something was wrong, because Bugs was the rankest in-and-outer you ever saw. One day the batters couldn't do nothing but stand there and guess when the ball went past, and next time he pitched they'd all but cripple our infielders.

Even so the middle of August found our club running wild in the league. We started clicking the old apple against the fences and gathering in all the breaks as we went. The other clubs couldn't beat us—no way they tried. If our runners missed a sack the umpires would have dust in their eyes and never see it. If our pitchers didn't have nothing but their courage, the other fellows would hit 'em all right at our fielders. Every time a pitcher winked we scored a run, and our club could've stole bases with William J. Burns doing the catching for the other side. Even Bugs went out and won four in a row.

We went up to San Francisco the last week in August for a seven-game series, starting on a Tuesday. It was murder! We all but ruined the health and happiness of the people up there. The Seals wasn't any too strong that season, and what we did to 'em made the doctors and undertakers in the stands shed tears of joy. Jake had told Bugs, going up on the train, that he was due to work the opener. Half an hour before the game we started looking for Bugs, but we couldn't find him no place. Several of us had seen him in uniform out in centerfield not over fifteen minutes before the game started. Along about the fifth inning a little gate in the centerfield fence opened and in came Bugs. He walked in with Harry Todd and was making gestures and talking like he was trying to auction off something.

"Gee! You ought to seen the fire!" says Bugs, when he reached the bench. "It was a pip! Apartment house went up an' they didn't save nothin' but foundation. Some fire!"

"Yea?" says Jake. "Just make that 'some fine' an' you'll have what's comin' to you all spelled out. That's goin' to cost you fifty and it ought to cost you a thousand. I might've known, when I saw that smoke over there, that you'd be on the job. Go on, get in the shower 'fore I kill you. You work to-morrow and you win, or you'll be goin' back to Arizona for your health. That fine goes!"

It didn't make much difference, because we won the ball game when the Seals' centerfielder, Hammond, pulled a tendon, starting after a long fly, and the pill fell safe for a homer, giving us the winning run in the ninth.

The next day Bugs worked and the support we gave him was a crime. I threw one into the bleachers and Jitney Harper booted two. All we did was charge 'em and trust to luck. Bugs only allowed 'em four hits, but going into the eighth they had us beat four to one. Big Chuck Simmons had been laying us low all afternoon with a good fast ball and a spitter that broke so sharp it made you dizzy to look it over. Chuck had got rid of two men in the eighth before Bugs came up. Bugs was a good hitter for a pitcher or anybody else. With two-and-two on him he ticked a spitter so that it twists about ten feet in front of the plate. The catcher whipped off his mask and grabbed the ball, while Bugs went tearing down the line like he'd done something wrong and was anxious to get away. The catcher made a bad peg, but even then the first baseman got his foot back on the bag before Bugs went over the sack yelling "No! No! No!" What he said must've carried a lot of weight with the umps, because he called Bugs safe. The Seals crowded round the umps, and it was easy to see that they was not wishing him well, but the decision stuck.

Simmons got so wild arguing with the umps that he couldn't locate the plate when he started pitching again. He walked Flick and me, packing the sacks before McVey could send in a fellow named Harris to relieve Chuck and the situation.

Pete Flynn, our first sacker, came up, swinging a long black bat that had made many a pitcher's afternoon a lot blacker. Pete wasn't the greatest first sacker in the world, by a long ways. In action he was a cross between a hobbled giraffe and a mired truck, but he was steady, and he sure could crash 'em when hits was worth ten thousand bucks on the hoof.

"They tell me you got a curve," says Pete to Harris. "Let's see it."

Harris told some of the Seals, after the game, that he threw Pete a curve, but the last he saw it curved over the leftfield fence, taking the ball game with it. Bugs blanked the Seals in the ninth and it was all over.

That same luck stuck with us right through the series. We won the next day and on Friday and Saturday. Sunday morning Jake got so confident he stuck in a busher, from some little league, named Porter. He was so wild he couldn't have located the plate with a pack of bloodhounds, but even then we couldn't lose. McVey used four pitchers, trying to stop us, and we treated 'em all alike and won out, thirteen to nine.

In the afternoon Bugs went back at 'em. He made them Seals look funnier than a comic paper. A grasshopper, with a Charley horse in every leg, could've jumped farther than

(Continued on Page 70)

It Was Easy to See That They Was Not Wishing Him Well, But the Decision Stuck

PICCADILLY JIM

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XIII

MR. PETT and Jimmy Crocker left the subway at Ninety-sixth Street and walked up the Drive. Jimmy, like everyone else who saw it for the first time, experienced a slight shock at the sight of the Pett mansion, but, rallying, followed his uncle up the flagged path to the front door.

"Your aunt will be in the drawing-room, I guess," said Mr. Pett, opening the door with his key.

Jimmy was looking round him appreciatively. Mr. Pett's house might be an eyesore from without, but inside it had had the benefit of the skill of the best interior decorator in New York.

"A man could be very happy in a house like this, if he didn't have to poison his days with work," said Jimmy.

Mr. Pett looked alarmed.

"Don't go saying anything like that to your aunt!" he urged. "She thinks you have come to settle down."

"So I have. I'm going to settle down like a limpet. I hope I shall be living in luxury on you twenty years from now. Is this the room?"

Mr. Pett opened the drawing-room door. A small hairy object sprang from a basket and stood yapping in the middle of the room. This was Aida, Mrs. Pett's Pomeranian. Mr. Pett, avoiding the animal coldly, for he disliked it, ushered Jimmy into the room.

"Here's Jimmy Crocker, Nesta."

Jimmy was aware of a handsome woman of middle age, so like his stepmother that for an instant his self-possession left him and he stammered:

"How—how do you do?"

His demeanor made a favorable impression on Mrs. Pett. She took it for the decent confusion of remorse.

"I was very surprised when your uncle telephoned me," she said. "I had not the slightest idea that you were coming over. I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you."

"This is your cousin Ogden."

Jimmy perceived a fat boy lying on a settee. He had not risen on Jimmy's entrance, and he did not rise now. He did not even lower the book he was reading.

"Hello," he said.

Jimmy crossed over to the settee and looked down on him. He had got over his momentary embarrassment, and, as usual with him, the reaction led to a fatal breeziness. He prodded Ogden in his well-covered ribs, producing a yelp of protest from that astounded youth.

"So this is Ogden! Well, well, well! You don't grow up, Ogden, but you do grow out. What are you—a perfect sixty-six?"

The favorable impression which Mrs. Pett had formed of her nephew waned.

She was shocked by this disrespectful attitude toward the child she worshiped.

"Please do not disturb Ogden, James," she said stiffly. "He is not feeling very well to-day. His stomach is weak."

"Been eating too much?" said Jimmy cheerfully. "I was just the same at his age. What he wants is half rations and plenty of exercise."

"Say!" protested Ogden.

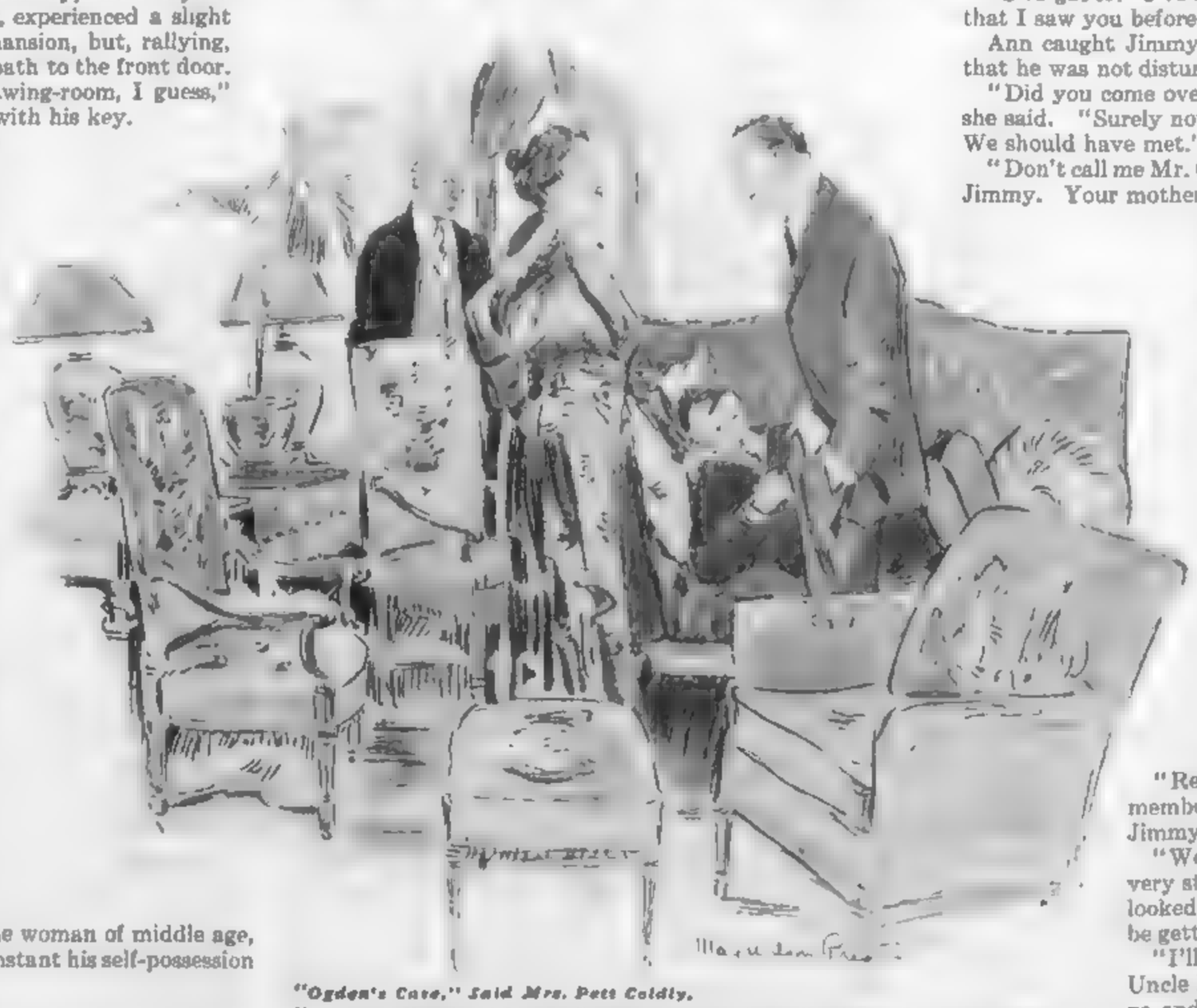
"Just look at this," proceeded Jimmy, grasping a handful of superfluous tissue round the boy's ribs. "All that ought to come off. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll buy a pair of flannel trousers and a sweater and some sneakers, and I'll take him for a run up Riverside Drive this evening. Do him no end of good. And a good skipping-rope too. Nothing like it. In a couple of weeks I'll have him as fit as a "

"Ogden's case," said Mrs. Pett coldly, "which is very complicated, is in the hands of Doctor Briginshaw, in whom we have every confidence."

There was a silence, the paralyzing effects of which Mr. Pett vainly tried to mitigate by shuffling his feet and coughing. Mrs. Pett spoke:

"I hope that, now that you are here, James, you intend to settle down and work hard."

"Indubitably. Like a beaver," said Jimmy, mindful of Mr. Pett's recent warning. "The only trouble is that there seems to be a little uncertainty as to what I am best fitted for. We talked it over in Uncle Pete's office and arrived at no conclusion."



"Ogden's Case," Said Mrs. Pett Coldly, "Is in the Hands of Doctor Briginshaw, in Whom We Have Every Confidence"

"Can't you think of anything?" said Mr. Pett.

"I looked right through the telephone classified directory the other day ——"

"The other day? But you only landed this morning."

"I mean this morning. When I was looking up your address so that I could go and see you," said Jimmy glibly. "It seems a long time ago. I think the sight of all those fellows in your office has aged me. I think the best plan would be for me to settle down here and learn how to be an electrical engineer or something by mail. I was reading an advertisement in a magazine as we came up on the subway. I see they guarantee to teach you anything, from sheet-metal working to poultry raising. The thing began: 'You are standing still because you lack training.' It seemed to me to apply to my case exactly. I had better drop them a line to-night asking for a few simple facts about chickens."

Whatever comment Mrs. Pett might have made on this suggestion was checked by the entrance of Ann. From the window of her room Ann had observed the arrival of Jimmy and her uncle, and now, having allowed sufficient time to elapse for the former to make Mrs. Pett's acquaintance, she came down to see how things were going.

She was well satisfied with what she saw. A slight strain which she perceived in the atmosphere she attributed to embarrassment natural to the situation.

She looked at Jimmy inquiringly. Mrs. Pett had not informed her of Mr. Pett's telephone call, so Jimmy, she realized, had to be explained to her. She waited for some one to say something.

Mr. Pett undertook the introduction:

"Jimmy, this is my niece, Ann Chester. This is Jimmy Crocker, Ann."

Jimmy could not admire sufficiently the start of surprise which she gave. It was artistic and convincing.

"Jimmy Crocker!"

Mr. Pett was on the point of mentioning that this was not the first time Ann had met Jimmy, but refrained. After all, that interview had happened five years ago. Jimmy had almost certainly forgotten all about it. There was no use in making him feel unnecessarily awkward. It was up to Ann. If she wanted to disinter the ancient grievance let her. It was no business of his.

"I thought you weren't coming over!" said Ann.

"I changed my mind."

Mr. Pett, who had been gazing attentively at them, uttered an exclamation:

"I've got it! I've been trying to think where it was that I saw you before. It was on the Atlantic!"

Ann caught Jimmy's eye. She was relieved to see that he was not disturbed by this sudden development.

"Did you come over on the Atlantic, Mr. Crocker?" she said. "Surely not? We crossed on her ourselves. We should have met."

"Don't call me Mr. Crocker," said Jimmy. "Call me Jimmy. Your mother's brother's wife's sister's second husband is my father. Blood is thicker than water. No, I came over on the Caronia. We docked this morning."

"Well, there was a fellow just like you on the Atlantic," persisted Mr. Pett.

Mrs. Pett was watching Jimmy with a suspicious eye.

"I suppose I'm a common type," said Jimmy.

"You remember the man I mean?" said Mr. Pett, innocently unconscious of the unfriendly thoughts he was encouraging in two of his hearers. "He sat two tables away from us at meals. You remember him, Nesta?"

"As I was too unwell to come to meals, I do not."

"Why, I thought I saw you talking to him on deck, Ann."

"Really?" said Ann. "I don't remember anyone who looked at all like Jimmy."

"Well," said Mr. Pett, puzzled, "it's very strange. I guess I'm wrong." He looked at his watch. "Well, I'll have to be getting back to the office."

"I'll come with you part of the way, Uncle Pete," said Jimmy. "I have to go and arrange for my things to be expressed here."

"Why not phone to the hotel?" said Mr. Pett. It seemed to Jimmy and Ann that he was doing this sort of thing on purpose. "Which hotel did you leave them at?"

"No, I shall have to go there. I have some packing to do."

"You will be back to lunch?" said Ann.

"Thanks; I shan't be gone more than half an hour."

For a moment after they had gone Ann relaxed, happy and relieved. Everything had gone splendidly. Then a shock ran through her whole system as Mrs. Pett spoke. She spoke excitedly, in a lowered voice, leaning over to Ann:

"Ann, did you notice anything? Did you suspect anything?"

Ann mastered her emotion with an effort.

"Whatever do you mean, Aunt Nesta?"

"About that young man who calls himself Jimmy Crocker."

Ann clutched the side of the chair.

"Who calls himself Jimmy Crocker? I don't understand."

Ann tried to laugh. It seemed to her an age before she produced any sound at all, and when it came it was quite unlike a laugh.

"What put that idea into your head? Surely if he says he is Jimmy Crocker, it's rather absurd to doubt him, isn't it? How could anybody except Jimmy Crocker know that you were anxious to get Jimmy Crocker over here? You didn't tell anyone, did you?"

This reasoning shook Mrs. Pett a little, but she did not intend to abandon a perfectly good suspicion merely because it began to seem unreasonable.

"They have their spies everywhere," she said doggedly.

"Who have?"

"The Secret Service people from other countries. Lord Wisbeach was telling me about it yesterday. He said that I ought to suspect everybody. He said that an attempt might be made on Willie's invention at any moment now."

"He was joking."

"He was not. I have never seen anyone so serious. He said that I ought to regard every fresh person who came into the house as a possible criminal."

"Well, that guy's fresh enough," muttered Ogden from the settee.

Mrs. Pett started.

"Ogden! I had forgotten that you were there." She uttered a cry of horror, as the fact of his presence started

a new train of thought. "Why, this man may have come to kidnap you! I never thought of that."

Ann felt it time to intervene. Mrs. Pett was hovering much too near the truth for comfort.

"You mustn't imagine things, Aunt Nesta. I believe it comes from writing the sort of stories you do. Surely it is impossible for this man to be an impostor. How would he dare take such a risk? He must know that you could detect him at any moment by cabling over to Mrs. Crocker to ask if her stepson was really in America."

It was a bold stroke, for it suggested a plan of action which, if followed, would mean ruin for her schemes, but Ann could not refrain from chancing it. She wanted to know whether her aunt had any intention of asking Mrs. Crocker for information, or whether the feud was too bitter for her pride to allow her to communicate with her sister in any way. She breathed again as Mrs. Pett stiffened grimly in her chair.

"I should not dream of cabling to Eugenia."

"I quite understand that," said Ann. "But an impostor would not know that you felt like that, would he?"

"I see what you mean."

Ann relaxed again. The relief was, however, only momentary.

"I cannot understand, though," said Mrs. Pett, "why your uncle should have been so positive that he saw this young man on the Atlantic."

"Just a chance resemblance, I suppose. Why Uncle Peter said he saw the man who he imagined was like Jimmy Crocker talking to me. If there had been any real resemblance, shouldn't I have seen it before Uncle Peter?"

Assistance came from an unexpected quarter.

"I know the chap Uncle Peter meant," said Ogden. "He wasn't like this guy at all."

Ann was too grateful for the help to feel astonished at it. Her mind, dwelling for a mere instant on the matter, decided that Ogden must have seen her on deck with somebody else than Jimmy. She had certainly not lacked during the voyage for those who sought her society.

Mrs. Pett seemed to be impressed.

"I may be letting my imagination run away with me," she said.

"Of course you are, Aunt Nesta," said Ann thankfully. "You don't realize what a vivid imagination you have got. When I was typing that last story of yours I was simply astounded at the ideas you had thought of. I remember saying so to Uncle Peter. You can't expect to have a wonderful imagination like yours and not imagine things, can you?"

Mrs. Pett smiled demurely. She looked hopefully at her niece, waiting for more, but Ann had said her say.

"You are perfectly right, my dear child," she said, when she was quite sure the eulogy was not to be resumed. "No doubt I have been foolish to suspect this young man. But Lord Wisbeach's words naturally acted more strongly on a mind like mine than they would have done in the case of another woman."

"Of course," said Ann.

She was feeling quite happy now. It had been tense while it had lasted, but everything was all right now.

"And fortunately," said Mrs. Pett, "there is a way by which we can find out for certain if the young man is really James Crocker."

Ann became rigid again.

"A way? What way?"

"Why, don't you remember, my dear, that Skinner has known James Crocker for years."

"Skinner?"

The name sounded familiar, but in the stress of the moment Ann could not identify it.

"My new butler. He came to me straight from Eugenia. It was he who let us in when we called at her house. Nobody could know better than he whether this person is really James Crocker or not."

Ann felt as if she had struggled to the limit of her endurance. She was not prepared to cope with this unexpected blow. She had not the strength to rally under it. Dully she perceived that her schemes must be dismissed as a failure before they had had a chance of success. Her accomplice must not return to the house to be exposed. She saw that clearly enough. If he came back he would walk straight into a trap.

She rose quickly. She must warn him. She must intercept him before he arrived—and he might arrive at any moment now.

"Of course," she said, steadying herself with an effort, "I never thought of that. That makes it all simple—I hope lunch won't be late. I'm hungry."

She sauntered to the door, but directly she had closed it behind her ran to her room, snatched up a hat, and rushed downstairs and out into Riverside Drive. Just as she reached the street Jimmy turned the corner. She ran toward him, holding up her hands.

XIV

JIMMY halted in his tracks. The apparition had startled him. He had been thinking of Ann, but he had not expected her to bound out at him, waving her arms.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

Ann pulled him toward a side street.

"You mustn't go to the house. Everything has gone wrong."

"Everything gone wrong? I thought I had made a hit. I have with your uncle, anyway. We parted on the friendliest terms. We have arranged to go to the ball game together to-morrow. He is going to tell them at the office that Carnegie wants to see him."

"It isn't Uncle Peter. It's Aunt Nesta."

"Ah, there you touch my conscience. I was a little tactless, I'm afraid, with Ogden. It happened before you came into the room. I suppose that is the trouble?"

"It has nothing to do with that," said Ann impatiently. "It's much worse. Aunt Nesta is suspicious. She has guessed that you aren't really Jimmy Crocker."

"Great Scott! How?"

"I tried to calm her down, but she still suspects. So now she decided to wait and see if Skinner, the butler, knows you. If he doesn't, she will know that she was right."

Jimmy was frankly puzzled.

"I don't quite follow the reasoning. Surely it's a peculiar kind of test. Why should she think a man cannot be honest and true unless her butler knows him? There must be hundreds of worthy citizens whom he does not know."

"Skinner arrived from England a few days ago. Until then he was employed by Mrs. Crocker. Now do you understand?"

Jimmy stopped. She had spoken slowly and distinctly, and there could be no possibility that he had misunderstood her, yet he scarcely believed that he had heard her aright. How could a man named Skinner have been his stepmother's butler? Bayliss had been with the family ever since they had arrived in London.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course, of course I'm sure. Aunt Nesta told me herself. There can't possibly be a mistake, because it was Skinner who let her in when she called on Mrs. Crocker. Uncle Peter told me about it. He had a talk with the man in the hall and found that he was a baseball enthusiast ——"

A wild, impossible idea flashed upon Jimmy. It was so absurd that he felt ashamed of entertaining it even for a moment. But strange things were happening these times, and it might be ——

"What sort of looking man is Skinner?"

"Oh, stout, clean-shaven. I like him. He's much more human than I thought butlers ever were. Why?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Of course you can't go back to the house. You see that? He would say that you aren't Jimmy Crocker and then you would be arrested."

"I don't see that. If I am sufficiently like Crocker for his friends to mistake me for him in restaurants, why shouldn't this butler mistake me too?"

"But — "

"And, consider. In any case, there's no harm done. If he fails to recognize me when he opens the door to us, we shall know that the game is up, and I shall have plenty of time to disappear. If the likeness deceives him all will be well. I propose that we go to the house, ring the bell, and when he appears I will say 'Ah, Skinner! Honest fellow!' or words to that effect. He will either stare blankly at me or fawn on me like a faithful watchdog. We will base our further actions on which way the butler jumps."

The sound of the bell died away. Footsteps were heard. Ann reached for Jimmy's arm and clutched it.

"Now!" she whispered.

The door opened. Next moment Jimmy's suspicion was confirmed. Gaping at them from the open doorway, wonderfully respectable and butlerlike in swallow-tails, stood his father. How he came to be there and why he was there Jimmy did not know. But there he was.

Jimmy had little faith in his father's talents as a man of discretion. The elder Crocker was one of those simple, straightforward people who, when surprised, do not conceal their surprise, and who, not understanding any situation in which they find themselves, demand explanation on the spot. Swift and immediate action was indicated on his part before his amazed parent, finding him on the steps of the one house in New York where he was least likely to be, should utter words that would undo everything. He could see the name "Jimmy" trembling on Mr. Crocker's lips.

He waved his hand cheerily.

"Ah, Skinner, there you are!" he said breezily. "Miss Chester was telling me that you had left my stepmother. I suppose you sailed on the boat before mine. I came over on the Caronia. I suppose you didn't expect to see me again so soon, eh?"

A spasm seemed to pass over Mr. Crocker's face, leaving it calm and serene. He had been thrown his cue, and like the old actor he was he took it easily and without confusion. He smiled a respectful smile.

"No, indeed, sir."

He stepped aside to allow them to enter. Jimmy caught Ann's eye as she passed him. It shone with relief and admiration, and it exhilarated Jimmy like wine. As she moved toward the stairs he gave expression to his satisfaction by slapping his father on the back with a report that rang out like a pistol shot.

"What was that?" said Ann, turning.

"Something out on the Drive, I think," said Jimmy. "A car back-firing, I fancy, Skinner."

"Very probably, sir."

He followed Ann to the stairs. As he started to mount them a faint whisper reached his ears: "'At-a-boy!"

It was Mr. Crocker's way of bestowing a father's blessing.

Ann walked into the drawing-room, her head high, triumph in the glance which she cast upon her unconscious aunt.

"Quite an interesting little scene downstairs, Aunt Nesta," she said. "The meeting of the faithful old retainer and the young master. Skinner was almost overcome with surprise and joy when he saw Jimmy!"

Mrs. Pett could not check an incautious exclamation.

"Did Skinner recognize ——" she began, then stopped herself abruptly. Ann laughed.

"Did he recognize Jimmy? Of course! He was hardly likely to have forgotten him surely? It isn't much more than a week since he was waiting on him in London."

"It was a very impressive meeting," said Jimmy. "Rather like the reunion of Ulysses and the hound Argos, of which this bright-eyed child here"—he patted Ogden on the head, a proceeding violently resented by that youth—"has no doubt read in the course of his researches into the classics. I was Ulysses, Skinner enacted the rôle of the exuberant dog."

"You're Quite Punctual, Lord Wisbeach, Here is an Old Friend of Yours, James Crocker"

Mrs. Pett was not sure whether she was relieved or disappointed at this evidence that her suspicions had been without foundation. On the whole, relief may be said to have preponderated. "I have no doubt he was pleased to see you again. He must have been astonished."

"He was!"

"You will be meeting another old friend in a minute or two," said Mrs. Pett.

Jimmy had been sinking into a chair. This remark stopped him in mid-descent.

"Another!"

Mrs. Pett glanced at the clock.

"Lord Wisbeach is coming to lunch."

"Lord Wisbeach!" cried Ann. "He doesn't know Jimmy."

"Eugenia informed me in London that he was one of your best friends, James."

Ann looked helplessly at Jimmy. She was conscious again of that feeling of not being able to cope with Fate's blows, of not having the strength to go on climbing over the barriers which Fate placed in her path.

Jimmy, for his part, was cursing the ill fortune that had brought Lord Wisbeach across his path. He saw clearly that it only needed recognition by one or two more intimates of Jimmy Crocker to make Ann suspect his real identity. The fact that she had seen him with Bayliss in Paddington Station and had fallen into the error of supposing Bayliss to be his father had kept her from suspecting until now, but this could not last forever. He remembered Lord Wisbeach well as a garrulous, irrepressible chatterer who would probably talk about old times to such an extent as to cause Ann to realize the truth in the first five minutes.

The door opened.

"Lord Wisbeach," announced Mr. Crocker.

"I'm afraid I'm late, Mrs. Pett," said his lordship.

"No, you're quite punctual. Lord Wisbeach, here is an old friend of yours, James Crocker."

There was an almost imperceptible pause. Then Jimmy stepped forward and held out his hand.

"Hello, Wizzy, old man!"

"H-hello, Jimmy!"

Their eyes met. In his lordship's there was an expression of unmistakable relief, mingled with astonishment. His face, which had turned a sickly white, flushed as the blood poured back into it. Jimmy, eying him curiously, was not surprised at his emotion. What the man's game might be he could not say, but of one thing he was sure, which was that this was not Lord Wisbeach, but someone he had never seen before.

"Luncheon is served, madam!" said Mr. Crocker sonorously from the doorway.

XV

IT WAS not often that Ann found occasion to rejoice at the presence in her uncle's house of the six geniuses whom Mrs. Pett had installed therein. As a rule, she disliked them individually and collectively. But to-day their company was extraordinarily welcome to her. They might have their faults, but at least their presence tended to keep the conversation general and prevent its becoming a duologue between Lord Wisbeach and Jimmy on the subject of old times. She was still feeling weak from the reaction consequent upon the slackening of the tension of her emotions on seeing Lord Wisbeach greet Jimmy as an old acquaintance.

She had never hoped that that barrier would be surmounted. She had pictured Lord Wisbeach drawing back with a puzzled frown on his face and an astonished "But this is not Jimmy Crocker." The strain had left her relieved but in no mood for conversation, and she replied absently to the remarks of Howard Bemis, the poet, who sat on her left. She looked round the table. Willie Partridge was talking to Mrs. Pett about the difference between picric acid and trinitrotoluene, than which a pleasanter topic for the luncheon table could hardly be selected, and the voice of Clarence Renshaw rose above all other competing noises as he spoke of the functions of the trochaic spondee. There was nothing outwardly to distinguish this meal from any other which she had shared of late in that house.

The only thing that prevented her relief being unmixed was the fact that she could see Lord Wisbeach casting furtive glances at Jimmy, who was eating with the quiet concentration of one who, after days of boarding-house fare, finds himself in the presence of the masterpieces of a chef. In the past few days Jimmy had consumed too much hash to worry now about anything like a furtive glance. He had perceived Lord Wisbeach's roving eye, and had no doubt that at the conclusion of the meal he would find occasion for a little chat. Meanwhile, however, his duty was toward his tissues and their restoration. He helped himself liberally from a dish which his father offered him.

He became aware that Mrs. Pett was addressing him.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Quite like old times," said Mrs. Pett genially. Her suspicions had vanished completely since Lord Wisbeach's recognition of the visitor, and remorse that she should have suspected him made her unwontedly amiable. "Being with Skinner again," she explained. "It must remind you of London."

Jimmy caught his father's expressionless eye.

"Skinner," he said handsomely, "is a character one cannot help but respect. His nature expands before one like some beautiful flower."

The dish rocked in Mr. Crocker's hand, but his face remained impassive.

"There is no vice in Skinner," proceeded Jimmy. "His heart is the heart of a little child."

Mrs. Pett looked at this paragon of the virtues in rather a startled way. She had an uncomfortable feeling that she was being laughed at. She began to dislike Jimmy again.

"For many years Skinner has been a father to me," said Jimmy. "Who ran to help me when I fell, And would some pretty story tell, Or kiss the place to make it well? Skinner!"

For all her suspense, Ann could not help warming toward an accomplice who carried off an unnerving situation with such a flourish. She had always regarded herself with a fair degree of complacency as possessed of no mean stock of courage and resource, but she could not have spoken then without betraying her anxiety. She thought highly of Jimmy, but all the same she could not help wishing that he would not make himself quite so conspicuous. Perhaps—the thought chilled her—perhaps he was creating quite a new Jimmy Crocker, a character which would cause Skinner and Lord Wisbeach to doubt the evidence of their eyes and begin to suspect the truth. She wished she could warn him to simmer down, but the table was a large one and he and she were at opposite ends of it.

Jimmy, meanwhile, was thoroughly enjoying himself. He felt that he was being the little ray of sunshine about the home and making a good impression. He was completely happy. He liked the food, he liked seeing his father buttle, and he liked these amazing freaks who were, it appeared, fellow inmates with him of this highly desirable residence. He wished that old Mr. Pett could have been present. He had conceived a great affection for Mr. Pett, and registered a mental resolve to lose no time in weaning him from his distressing habit of allowing the office to interfere with his pleasures. He was planning a little trip to the Polo Grounds, in which Mr. Pett, his father and a number of pop bottles were to be his companions, when his reverie was interrupted by a sudden cessation of the buzz of talk. He looked up from his plate to find the entire company regarding Willie Partridge open-mouthed. Willie, with gleaming eyes, was gazing at a small test tube which he had produced from his pocket and placed beside his plate.

"I have enough in this test tube," said Willie airily, "to blow half New York to bits."

The silence was broken by a crash in the background. Mr. Crocker had dropped a chafing-dish.

"If I were to drop this little tube like that," said Willie, using the occurrence as a topical illustration, "we shouldn't be here."

"Don't drop it," advised Jimmy. "What is it?"

"Partridgite!"

Mrs. Pett had risen from the table with blanched face.

"Willie, how can you bring that stuff here? What are you thinking of?"

Willie smiled a patronizing smile.

"There is not the slightest danger, Aunt Nesta. It cannot explode without concussion. I have been carrying it about with me all the morning."

He bestowed on the test tube the look a fond parent might give his favorite child. Mrs. Pett was not reassured.

"Go and put it in your uncle's safe at once. Put it away."

"I haven't the combination."

"Call your uncle up at once at the office and ask him."

"Very well, if you wish it, Aunt Nesta. But there is no danger."

"Don't take that thing with you," screamed Mrs. Pett as he rose. "You might drop it. Come back for it."

"Very well."

Conversation flagged after Willie's departure. The presence of the test tube seemed to act on the spirits of the company after the fashion of the corpse at the Egyptian banquet. Howard Bemis, who was sitting next to it, edged away imperceptibly till he nearly crowded Ann off her chair. Presently Willie returned. He picked up the test tube, put it in his pocket with a certain jauntiness, and left the room again.

"Now if you hear a sudden bang and find yourself disappearing through the roof," said Jimmy, "that will be it."

Willie returned and took his place at the table again, but the spirit had gone out of the gathering. The voice of Clarence Renshaw was hushed, and Howard Bemis spoke no more of the influence of Edgar Lee Masters on modern literature. Mrs. Pett left the room, followed by Ann. The geniuses drifted away one by one. Jimmy, having lighted a cigarette and finished his coffee, perceived that he was alone with his old friend, Lord Wisbeach, and that his old friend Lord Wisbeach was about to become confidential.

The fair-haired young man opened the proceedings by going to the door and looking out. This done he returned to his seat and gazed fixedly at Jimmy.

"What's your game?" he asked.

Jimmy returned the young man's gaze blandly.

"My game?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"Can the coy stuff," urged his lordship brusquely. "Talk sense and talk it quick. We may be interrupted at any moment. What's your game? What are you here for?"

Jimmy raised his eyebrows.

"I am a prodigal nephew returned to the fold."

"Oh, quit your kidding. Are you one of Potter's lot?"

"Who is Potter?"

"You know who Potter is."

"On the contrary, my life has never been brightened by so much as a sight of Potter."

"Is that true?"

"Absolutely."

"Are you working on your own, then?"

"I am not working at all at present. There is some talk of my learning to be an Asparagus Adjuster by mail later on."

"You make me sick," said Lord Wisbeach. "Where's the sense of trying to pull this line of talk? Why not put your cards on the table? We've both got in here on the same

(Continued on Page 81)

Gaping at Them From the Open Doorway, Wonderfully Respectable and Butterlike in Swallow-Tails, Stood His Father

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

IN NOVEMBER of that year a bishop, thirteen presiding elders and four hundred itinerant preachers met in the principal Methodist Church of a town not twenty miles from Berton. This was the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, a strictly military as well as Christian organization, with the Methodist Discipline in use as the Manual of Arms. Therefore this was in the nature of an autumn review of the cavalry and infantry of the church, where every soldier would be called upon to stand up for character inspection, then to tell what he had done for the Lord that year and how much money he had collected for the church. It is a good system, probably the best ever originated by any Christian church, but, like all systems, subject to strange abuses.

When the conference opened, something like five hundred preachers, including superannuates, filled the house. It was not a "fine-looking body of men." They were not remarkable for the intelligence of their expressions—strictly of the fisherman type of Jesus' day I should say, or from the ranks of society out of which most privates are taken, with an occasional sleeked-up city pastor or presiding elder among them, showing at a decided disadvantage in these rows upon rows of dingy Methodist itinerants who indicated so plainly the hardships through which they had passed, the dull weariness of a long struggle, a little worsted in the fight as common soldiers will be, especially if they have fought the powers and principalities of darkness for a whole year with a mutinous church choir instead of a military band to cheer them on to the fray.

A house filled with men—tired, anxious men in rusty coats—is a somber spectacle. One misses the mitigating circumstances of the flowers and feathers upon women's hats among the cropped heads and gray heads and the peeled-onion crowns of extremely bald heads.

I Could See the Poor Little Faded Wife Who Had Not Had a New Winter Frock Maybe for Years

But there was one foreign note, a row of men and women seated far back in the frigid zone of the church. This might be called a more or less violent quotation from the human scriptures of the Methodist Church at Berton. It was capitalized at the end next the aisle by Charlotte and Tom Warren, and italicized at the other end by one Mary Thompson. Sam Parks, John Henry Lipton and Roger Peters occupied the space between these two extremes. Charlotte wore her furs and a full-blown red velvet rose with a black plume on her hat. She looked like a grenadier general who was about to break somebody's sword across her knees. I wore the same things I always wear, with my black quilted satin bonnet tied under my chin and my old fur cape which had been scalloped by moths round the edges. I had my spectacles adjusted so that I could poke my neck out, hold my head high and thrust my chin well forward, which has always been the angle of vision I need when it is necessary to keep my eye on the situation.

Rumors were abroad concerning the church at Berton, always a storm center by reputation in the conference. Charges had been preferred against Felix Wade by one of the stewards. The other stewards and many members had sent in a written counter defense of the pastor. No one had ever heard of such a preacher in that conference. For it was established beyond doubt that he had privately contributed a large sum to the Red Cross work in the war zone. He had also maintained a hospital for typhoid-fever cases at the factory near Berton, where there was not even a Methodist mission to explain his activities. He maintained this hospital by selling his very fine motor car. The inference was that he had private means, yet evidence showed that he had no means at all, and that he had suffered for the actual necessities of life because the church paid less than one-third of his salary.

We were in the very spotlight of publicity, stared at from every angle and corner of the house, for we were recognized as members of this afflicted church, some of us come to defend, others to accuse this erratic man who as pastor had served faithfully, but had refused to hold a revival for our famished souls, and had taken the general collections at the last minute, apparently under protest.

If a pastor gives satisfaction he may be trusted to attend the Annual Conference without so much as a lay delegate as an iota subscript. But if three or four old Shanghai-rooster stewards and a couple of elderly frizzly-hen women show up from his church at conference, this is a sign that there has been a row, and they have chased him, with wings dragging, to fight it to a finish beneath the very nose of the bishop and in the presence of "all Christian people."

Promptly at nine o'clock the conference was opened with the singing of

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

The old hymn rolled like a hallelujah cannonade against all earthly sorrows. Still no one looked happy. Hymns, however, are not designed to express the joys you can see with the naked eye. So maybe these itinerants, dusty and tired from the long march of the year's gospel, were happy in their doleful way, just to be there for a few days' rest and to hope for a better appointment next year.

The bishop read a selection from the Sermon on the Mount. This was almost painful to us from Berton who had heard Brother Wade preach from these Scriptures so often without doing us much good.

Then we were led in prayer—not too close to the Throne of Grace. As I bent and wedged myself down between the pews with great difficulty, the spaces not having been designed to accommodate an opulent-bodied old lady, I could see us kneeling in the dust of our own spirits afar off, while the bishop had one knee up and one knee down far in advance of us, like a "prince of the church" addressing the Lord with sonorous phrases. I may be a barbarian or I may be a human democrat, but I never liked that term, a "prince of the church." There are no princes among the children of God. But the title has some vogue among Methodists of high degree.

I do not know if it was because I was so uncomfortable in that tight place, or if it was because I have a natural feminine spite at men—those who exalt themselves upon their knees—but I began to get mad with that bishop, who was praying an unconscionably long time. I thought of something which happened to a little old blue-hen saint I knew years ago. She was a good woman with a fiery temper. She used to sell eggs and butter to a certain bishop's family. One day as she was about to leave the house the great man's wife said to her:

"Be careful as you go out; the bishop's on the porch. Don't make a noise. You might disturb him. He may be thinking."

The little old country-church Methodist seized her egg basket with one hand, her nose with the other, lifted her head high in the air and walked past the "prince of the church" as if she'd die before she'd smell a Pharisee.

By this time our bishop was barely getting started with his petition about what he wanted the Lord to do for the church. You might have thought the Methodist Church was the spiritual bobbin of creation, and that all these preachers were only the thread wound on the bobbin. He didn't even mention them.

I'm not complaining. I merely say that old John Elrod, who lived and died a consistent member of our little church at home, could beat him so far in the eloquence and proper spirit of prayer that they were not in the same class. When John was called on to lead in prayer he got down on both knees, then he bent his back very low, and put his bald head down so far you couldn't see even the red fringe on the back of it.

Then he'd use some little simple words, very timidly and falteringly, as if he were pulling gently upon the hem of the Lord's garment just to let Him know he was very badly off and wished to speak to Him privately upon a matter of life and death.

By this time we all felt as if we were there close up beside John, who was doing the talking for us. We were no longer men and women. We were little children who'd been doing wrong, fighting and scratching maybe, but our Heavenly Father, who knew from what mixed and dangerous dust we'd come, would surely have mercy upon us, seeing that we "wished to do better and be better," which was the simple way Brother Elrod always put it. Many a time I have risen from my knees, feeling for the moment young and blessed as if I'd slipped the yoke of my years. But now when I struggled up and sat down at the close of that bishop's prayer I felt as if I were near to having a stroke of apoplexy.

Sometimes lately I've feared Felix Wade's influence has been bad for me. I'm still hungering and thirsting after righteousness, but I am not the blindly obedient church worker I once was. I only obey because I do not know how to disobey without hurting my conscience. One's conscience becomes a fixed habit, like any other, and it's dangerous to try to change it in one's old age.

The next thing in order was the fixing of "the Bar of the Conference." This was not exactly a way the bishop had of separating the sheep from the goats, but it felt very much like that. All those who were not actually members of the conference were requested to get up and get out, leaving more space for the preachers on the floor. We were assigned to a gallery which ran along the back of the church.

I felt very personal to myself, filing out along with the other Berton church goats, for we were about the only people present who had to go. Charlotte thought she'd lead the way, but I backed out into the aisle on the other side and beat her to the gallery stairs, which I climbed in time to get a seat by the only window up there.

When I am in a house I always like to sit beside a window, even if the wind cuts under it like a knife, so as to make sure nothing escapes me on the outside which can be seen from the inside. This is important at our Annual Conference, because a good deal of the most secret work of the church is done privily upon the curbstone where two or three are gathered together. You never see a presiding elder in these groups or any preacher who has won his spurs in the itinerancy and now holds the best city pastorate. Neither are they the circuit riders who never expect to get any but the poorest appointments. They are usually aspiring preachers, in the gratuitous employ of their own interests, or possibly they are sent out as scouts to test the feeling about such and such a man or to measure by

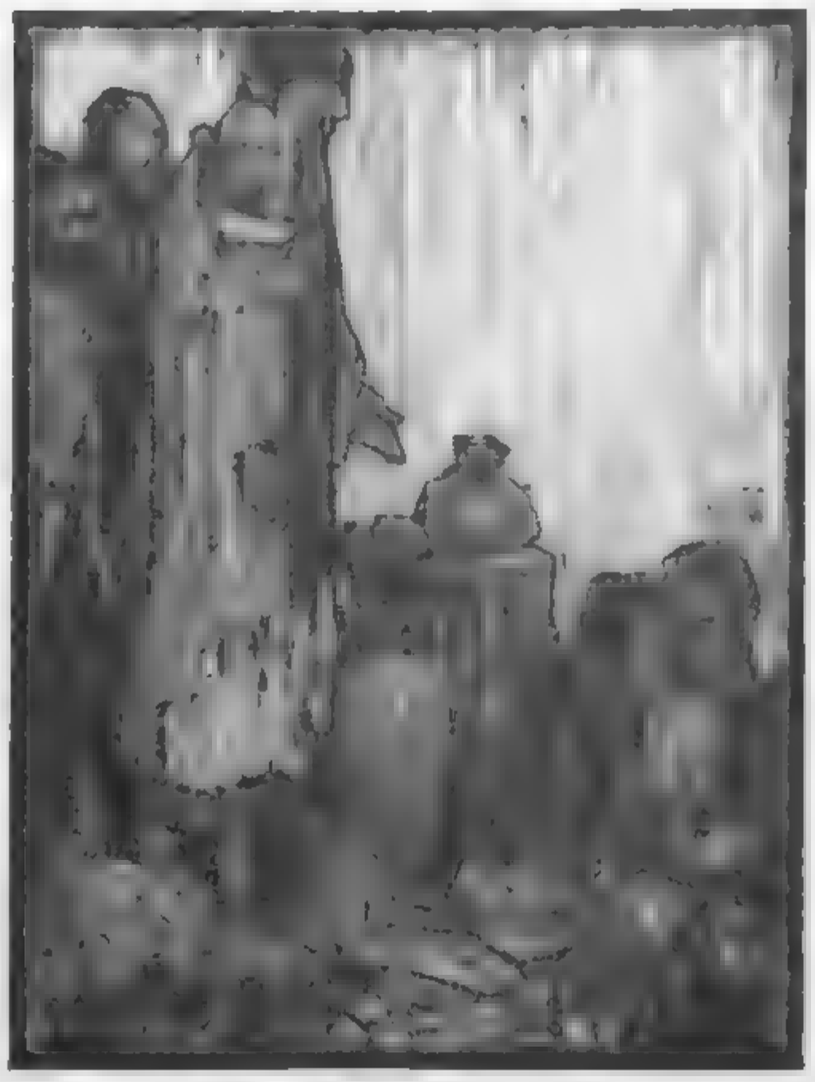
some one higher up. But if you come back ten years later a good many of them will be elders and city pastors, sitting in the front of the house, doing a lot of conference business in the open, and carrying the administrative burdens of the church with great dignity and patience.

I could see some of these heirs-apparent to prominent places working in and out, looking very honest and simple, as indeed they are. For nothing is more honest or simple than proclaiming to the whole world what you seek while you are struggling to get it. I sat there watching them, chuckling a little to myself at the beautiful artlessness of these young preachers. I sympathized with them. There are souls to save everywhere. The harvest is as ripe in a rich church as, and even riper than, it is in a poorer circuit. These men had families to support. And they wanted better appointments for this very decent reason. Now and then one of them would start off down the street at a clipping, worldly pace, with his long, religious-looking black coat-tails flapping behind him in the November gale. This meant he was the bearer of useful information to his elder or to some committee in session at another church. One thing touched me—so many of them were without overcoats. Not that they did not possess them, but the overcoat of a struggling Methodist itinerant is likely to be sadly the worse for wear, faded by the weather of long trips through the country, with the tail pockets invariably stretched out of shape by the things he brings home, gifts from generous members, such as a mess of spareribs tied up in dark-brown paper, or maybe a dozen links of sausage carefully wrapped in a flour sack. Such a coat is no proper garment for the couriers of their superior officers, so they button their long-tailed preaching coats elegantly about them and try hard not to look cold in the bleak November weather.

Others may say what they please about these anxious young ravens of the Lord's ministry, but they have my full support and sympathy. It's knowing how to caw and flap their wings which attracts the attention of those higher up in the branches of the church. If I were a young preacher I should pray to my Heavenly Father night and day to give me the faith of ravens, the harmlessness of a dove and the wisdom of seven serpents for dealing with my bishop and his elders. There is no doubt at all in my mind that the Lord would answer such a prayer if it was necessary for the good of the preacher's sick wife, say, or that he might have a better school for his children.

There is probably no large gathering of men in the country, from an undertakers' convention to a bankers' association, which transacts business with greater dispatch than the officers of a Methodist conference. They can have a discussion over the charter of some institution which belongs to the church, and get their own legal counsel free of charge by allowing their lawyer lay delegates to speak. They can get long reports from all the church boards, and from every pastor; take up fifteen collections; listen to seven sermons; place four hundred preachers, moving them back and forth over the state of Georgia and through all the districts until the presiding elders are calmed if not satisfied with the ones they get. They can examine from ten to twenty applicants for the ministry, ordain a dozen deacons and elders, try two or three upon charges preferred against them, and do it all in time to take the early morning train exactly one week from the day the conference meets.

As I looked down from the gallery upon that company of four hundred preachers, my heart ached. Many of them were the victims of secret complaints made by their people to their presiding elders. The young ones were so diffident, fearful that they should not be able to pass their trial examinations; that the report they must make of their



work would be unsatisfactory; and last, but not least, waiting in anguished suspense lest they should not get a better appointment another year, or fearing that they would lose the good one they had this present year. You may call it happy day, if you like, that fixes any man's choice on the Methodist itinerancy as his life's work, but my belief is that it is the parent of many sad days which no man could endure with the courage these men show, if the Lord was not his shepherd through the valleys and shadows of these ever lengthening circuits, as well as being with him beside the still waters in the green pastures. I've been in the church a long time, and I have not seen much still water and very few green pastures for a Methodist preacher. So, I say, my heart was with those dingy soldiers of the Faith down there on the conference floor, waiting with only the Lord knows what trepidation for their fate. There were self-seeking men among them, a few politicians, one or two Judases; but the overwhelming majority of them were honest, faithful men, living more by the spirit than by the meager quarterage they received for their services.

Something like half a million dollars of the church's funds passes through the hands of these four hundred preachers every year. No one watches them, no one can possibly check up their accounts. Yet I have never heard of one who was accused of stealing, though he might be reduced to selling his books to get food for his family. I doubt if this can be said of any other four hundred men gathered together haphazard, as these are, from every walk and condition of life.

I could hear from where I sat an old presiding elder making a plea for a preacher in his district who was ill and could not come to conference. The bishop was suspicious—for the good of the church, of course. How sick was the absent brother—would he be able to take an appointment another year? The elder was for the preacher. He could not be sure he would be able to take work, but he earnestly advised that he should not be deprived of the chance. He was like a tender friend who lets a palsied man down through the roof, not to be cured but merely to be fed.

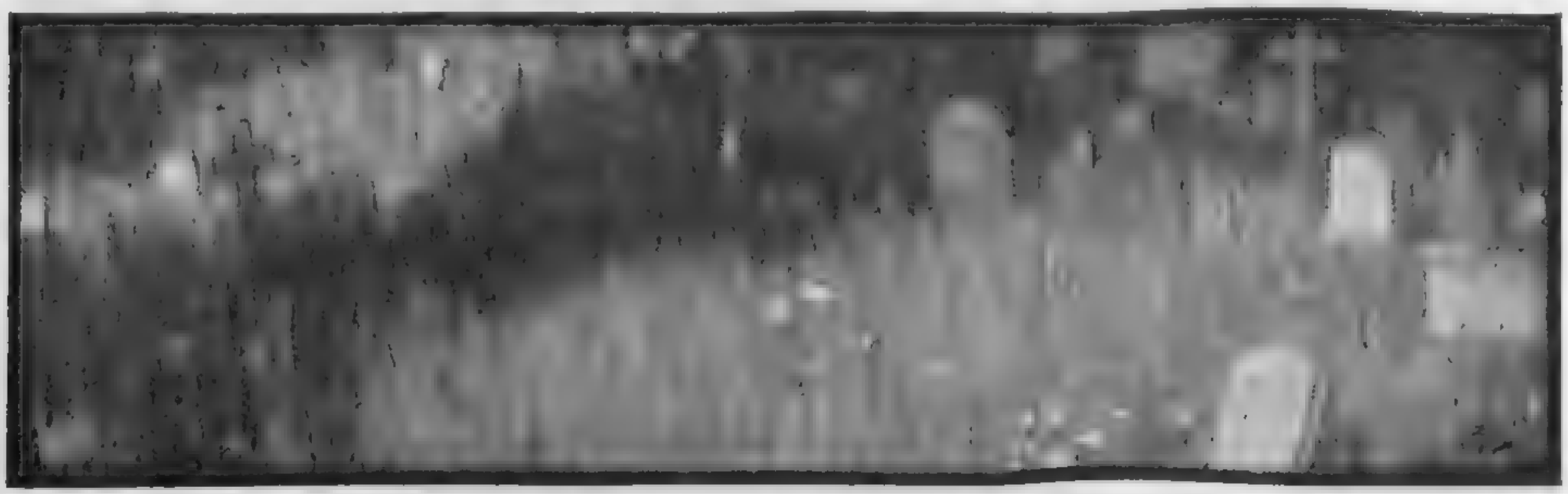
There was another elder, shaped very much like Moab's washpot, who had been our pastor at Berton when he was young and slender. I remembered pinning a red-flannel bandage under his chin and over the top of his head when he had mumps. He took everything hard—his religion, his work, and the mumps nearly killed him. Now he was one of the bishop's many right hands, a man who had gone as far as he could in the church without one blemish upon his reputation, except that he would not "take anything off of anybody." He was known upon one occasion to preach with a gun at his feet in a tent meeting which he held on a mountain moonshine circuit when the distillers tried to run him out.

We could see another man, making himself very prominent, prancing back and forth from one front side to the other front side of the pulpit. He looked like a Thanksgiving turkey with a Roman nose.

William, my husband, could never bear this man, though William was the most forbearing Christian I ever knew. He said he was built too close to the ground. It was a queer description and didn't mean anything definite, but it fitted this preacher as the glove fits the hand. Everybody knew him—a man who had gained prominence somehow by failing, with a great and righteous fuss, at everything he was appointed to do. His last fiasco was to split one of our largest churches with a moral wedge that he'd driven into the board of stewards, which is no place to use violent methods morally. So now he'd been kicked up into a connectional office, where if he did no good he would do less harm.

It is remarkable how much alike all men look when they are sitting down with their backs to you, and you have no way of recognizing them by the length of their legs, which I have always said are the most prominent properties they have. For a long time I could not distinguish Brother Wade from the other preachers seated below. I was beginning to wonder if he was sensible enough to stay outside with the more progressive seekers of the church, when I discovered him by his upstanding cowlick. He was seated close against the wall, not too far forward and not far enough back to give the impression of being either sulky or embarrassed. I could not see his face, but the cross-legged comfort with which he leaned in his corner implied the repose of a detached listener and observer of what was going on. The entire length of the bench intervened between him and the next preacher, who had apparently quarantined himself against this man in the corner, whose people had preferred charges against him, and who might be a heretic for all he knew.

This is one of the evils of a good but autocratic church organization. The bishop and elders have power of life and death over these men, in that they can reduce any preacher to the ranks no matter how important a position he has held before, if he is suspected of disloyalty to the policies promulgated by the episcopacy, or if he shows too much sympathy with another recalcitrant brother. Some years ago a prominent presiding elder of this conference wrote a book. This was not so bad, for many preachers do that on the sly, but they have the prudence never to publish their books. This elder made the mistake of doing that. I never dared to read the book myself, but a good many people did, and it was said to have something in it about evolution which might be interpreted as a reflection upon the Adam-and-Eve accuracy of certain Scriptures. The next year the author was reduced, from his eldership with a salary of perhaps three thousand dollars, to a little one-horse charge



with a salary of less than a thousand. This is the very effective method of court-martial employed in our church. And why not? If you choose to be a Methodist itinerant it is your duty to abide by the doctrines and discipline of the organization. That little dried-up middle-aged preacher seated so discreetly remote from Brother Wade knew what he was about, and he was quite right to maintain a theological distance from another preacher under suspicion—the bread and butter of his family next year might depend on that.

If I were a Methodist itinerant I would never use the word "evolution." It is a bad word, more dangerous than any blasphemy. I cannot bear to hear it, especially in the pulpit. It makes the cold chills run down my back.

I began to understand why this was so as I sat in the gallery watching the members of that Annual Conference. Evolution is a psychic form of immigration. You are born and bred to one set of ideas, confirmed in one religious creed—ideas as warm and comfortable as the house in which you live—a creed stretched here and tightened there by long use and experience. Then, some day, you stumble upon the fact that your ideas are not yours at all, but inherited from other folk. Your roof begins to leak. You get the notion that you are a person, not a cell in a church organism. You desire to worship God according to the emergencies of your own particular soul. That is to say, you migrate—a very perilous business. You may become the victim of your own evolution. I sighed and thanked my Heavenly Father that there were very few, if any, immigrants of this kind upon the conference floor. The most dangerous man in sight, I suspected, was Felix Wade. And he was headed back toward the Beatitudes, which is not the direction usually taken by evolutionists.

One incident of this first session is impressed upon my mind.

The Annual Conference of the Methodist Church is as distinctly a masculine organization as a political convention. And it is likely to remain so long after women obtain the ballot and become national committeemen in a presidential furor. No other organization in this world is so opposed to the recognition of women as the governing powers of the church. It is the worst example of taxation without representation, for probably two-thirds of the membership in every Christian denomination is composed of women.

I was just thinking of this, wondering at the neatness with which all reference to the service of Christian women was avoided, when some one handed a telegram to the bishop.

He opened it; then, looking up, he admitted slowly:

"A message from the Baptist Women's Union now in session at Savard, saying, 'John fifteenth chapter, fourth verse.'"

He had to find the reference and read it, though it was apparent that he had no use for John's Gospel in this connection. He flirted over the leaves of the Bible rapidly, and let us have it.

"'Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.' We will now have the report on education," he concluded, with not so much as the period pause between the reading of the quotation and the next item in the order of business.

I don't know that I have snickered out in church since I was a child until that morning, seated in the dark gallery above that Annual Conference, and that bishop so mad that he looked really natural and sinful. Every time I thought I was quieting down the artless humor of the situation laid hold of me again, and I'd go off in another paroxysm of scandalous mirth. Some old Baptist lady, her spirit perpetually damp with baptismal dews, her doctrinal soul wrapped round this favorite text of all Baptist preachers, had chosen it in defiance to send as a message to the Methodist conference, or she did it in the simplicity of her heart, having no sense of the fitness of things. But the effect was awful and it was diabolically funny. So I held my sides and laughed, being the only person in the house who dared so much as bat his eye until the breach had been covered two pages deep by the report on education. Charlotte looked round once and spit at me with her eyes. This changed my mind from the Baptist Women's Union to her, which is always a sobering line of reflection with me.

When we were all crowding out of the church at the close of the session I found myself wedged between a preacher whom I did not know and a presiding elder whom we used to have on our district.

He said he was glad to see me there, and I said it was a great privilege to be there.

"Why is it, Brother Elks," I asked as we pressed forward toward the steps, "that nothing is ever said about the work of Christian women in the church?"

The Overcoat of a Struggling Itinerant Is Faded by the Weather of Long Trips Through the Country

"Every preacher reports the condition of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies on his charge," he answered as if that settled it.

"But I'm not speaking of that. We are also members of the church itself. We do a lot of work in it, the same kind which is duly reported when the stewards do it—they are even given credit for it sometimes when we do it," I explained.

Brother Elks was very busy trying to get through the jam of loitering, laughing, talking people. One might almost have thought he was fidgeting to escape.

"This morning," I went on, following him down the steps, "the pastor of the Grassdale Circuit below Berton reported two hundred dollars which 'we raised,' he said, for repairs on the Grassdale church. That was misleading, dishonest. The 'wes' who got that money were 'shes.' The women earned and contributed every dollar of it with their chrysanthemum shows and festivals."

I knew well enough why that pastor did not tell who painted and repaired his church for him. He knew that neither bishop nor elders would have liked it if he had given credit where credit was due.

One night we had a great sermon from the greatest preacher and the most distinguished man in all Southern Methodism. The conference took on a sort of glow. It seemed to me that some of the old men were exalted like prophets, with their faces shining the reflected glory of the speaker's transcendent eloquence. I felt like shouting myself. Everybody was in the spirit, you might say—they were so moved and excited.

About the time the very heavens seemed to open, and we could almost see the angels ascending and descending, something happened. Two or three men arose from different parts of the church and made their way to the outer door.

"What do they mean, leaving at such a moment?" I whispered to Sam Parks, who was sitting beside me.

"They are rich laymen," he explained, grinning broadly. "The preacher's about to take up a big collection. They are going down into the basement until it's over."

This is exactly what happened. That man who had stirred us with the very fires of the Holy Ghost now faced about and began to jolly the crowd for money he wanted.

I shall not tell what the cause was. It is enough to say that it was the enormously expensive project of an enormously rich church, requiring a very large sum.

During the next half hour he collected several thousands of dollars from the conference; that is to say, chiefly from the Methodist preachers—nearly all of whom are poor and more than half of them desperately poor. They may have wanted to give, but in any case they had to do it. Some of them saddled themselves with subscriptions that night which it would take them years to pay. There was much laughter and chaffing back and forth. Still, it was a holdup, pure and simple, and the highwayman was a "prince of the church."

I knew many of the preachers who were signing these subscription blanks. And I could see the poor little faded wife in some parsonage among the Georgia hills who had not had a new winter frock maybe for years, who had pinched and denied herself for her children and for her husband that he might have a new suit to wear to conference.

I looked at Felix Wade—I thought he should be satisfied with this reckless generosity of the poor. But evidently he was not. With a deep frown between his eyes he sat regarding the great man who was squeezing them of their dollars down to their very dimes. I understood him well enough to know his thoughts. He would have approved if these itinerants had given the very coats off their backs, provided they gave to one poorer than themselves, but never to enhance the wealth of the church, no matter how specious the arguments employed to show how much the church needed what it really only wanted.

I climbed into the gallery on the fourth day of the conference a few minutes later than usual. I was the only person there. Charlotte had gone back to Berton on the previous day. But where were the four stewards from our church? So far they had attended every session, giving their whole attention to what was going on. I knew they were still in town, for Brother Wade's trial would not be held until Friday, and Sam Parks, Lipton and Peters had come to defend him against Warren's attack and to assure the brethren that we wanted him returned to Berton.

I was looking about over the conference, thinking perhaps they had slipped in to get better audience of the reports and discussion, for in the gallery we did not always hear what was being said. Suddenly I saw something which took my breath. I adjusted my glasses, bent far forward and looked again. No, I was not mistaken. There was old Tom Warren seated beside Felix Wade, with his arm lying along the top of the bench and curved in an intimate, brotherly manner about Brother Wade's shoulders. The latter leaned a barely perceptible angle in the opposite direction. Warren was whispering and gesticulating in the most friendly manner. Brother Wade listened with a kind of smile, not cordial, nor yet bitter, but a sort of *requiescat-in-pace* smile, as if he were willing for anybody who wanted it to have the last word.

I leaned back mystified and strangely indignant, though I should have been glad to see those two men seated so close together in love and charity.

I happened to glance out of the window, merely, you may say, by way of cooling my thoughts, when I saw something else equally puzzling. The four Berton stewards were

(Continued on Page 77)

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 21, 1916

Stop! Look! Listen!

WE NOTICE increasingly one familiar sign of flush times—namely, printed invitations to invest in the shares of new, unknown, untried enterprises. Often they are manufacturing enterprises in a line that has been notably profitable for some concerns of late.

Be cautious! Do not invest in any enterprise simply on the strength of an advertisement, or of pamphlets, or of the statements of anybody who is not responsibly recommended to you as a person you can trust. Find out what the names appended to the advertisement stand for in the opinion of those capable of judging soundly.

Remember that stocks which are offered to the public through broadcast advertisements or through hired solicitors, and which promise big returns, are almost always of the wildcat variety.

Ask a banker or a responsible broker. If you do not know a banker or a responsible broker, and have any money to invest, make the acquaintance of one. That is very easy nowadays, when the small investor is an object of distinguished consideration in financial circles. Sometimes a person with but a small sum to place hesitates to approach an institution that is supposed to deal in large figures. You had better be snubbed than put your money on a wildcat; but you will not be snubbed. The "blue-sky" artist is getting more active. Look out for him!

The Plutocratic Census

WE ALREADY know—thanks to the Federal income tax—that some three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of these United States possess incomes in excess of four thousand dollars a year, and so may be regarded as more or less swollen with riches.

Hereafter, under the Federal inheritance tax, every estate whose gross value exceeds sixty thousand dollars must be reported to the internal revenue collector. Failure to report renders the executor or administrator liable to a heavy penalty; and, as every decedent's estate is a matter of public record in the Probate Court, it is not likely that the law will be extensively evaded.

We shall soon know, therefore, what proportion of those who die in a given year succeeded in accumulating as much as sixty thousand dollars. The proportion will certainly be a small one. Considerably less than one per cent of the adult population reports an income of four thousand dollars or more, and sixty-thousand-dollar fortunes are probably no more plentiful than four-thousand-dollar incomes. The high exemptions in our Federal income and inheritance tax laws make them valuable only as a census of our plutocracy. In contrast with the total wealth of the country our plutocracy, after all, is a meager band.

Why Not Now?

PROBABLY you know that Christmas is coming. No doubt you know what all the more popular city retail shops will be like two months hence. You will have to struggle for a place at the counter; and then you will probably get the divided attention of a weary and distracted clerk who, very likely, has been taken on as an extra hand for the rush season and cannot tell you what you want to know about the article you have in mind. The streets will be crowded; likewise the street cars.

Christmas shopping six weeks before Christmas is a pleasant adventure; a week before, it is a hard trial; a day before, it is a calamity. Usually it is mere laziness that puts it off.

In ten years there has been a marked change in Christmas shopping habits in cities, brought about by constant appeals to the public. Yet hundreds of thousands of employees in city shops still look forward to Christmas Week pretty much as the boys in the trenches await the order to charge. Among salespeople, delivery men and bookkeepers the holiday onslaught still leaves a cyclonic trail of wrecked nerves. Like every other bad habit, once it is broken the victim wonders why he suffered from it so long. Do your Christmas shopping now and you will never again wait until near Christmas.

What is the Moral?

WE HAVE indifferent crops, with the wheat yield only two-thirds that of last year, and the corn yield reduced by three or four hundred million bushels. We have a presidential campaign, which is traditionally unfavorable to business. Our greatest single business concern—the railroad system—is rather glum over the eight-hour law, as to the ultimate effects of which it made many somber predictions. We have fifty billion dollars spent on the world war, and the customers who normally take three-quarters of our exports are doing their best to ruin one another.

We have, also, a vigorous stock boom, predicated upon hopes that an era of still greater prosperity lies ahead of us. We have weightier augury of still higher prosperity in the state of the whole iron-and-steel trade, and of manufactures in general—with pretty nearly every plant that can turn out a vendible article working at capacity and choked with orders which will keep it busy for many months.

And the proximate motive of this stock boom is nothing else than a belief that the war will continue indefinitely. For two years we were dubious about our war prosperity; we said it must end soon. But the great flood of new war orders that set in this summer and shows no abatement at this writing seems to overbear caution. The ticker says that Europe will go on with this destruction indefinitely, and we shall get so rich out of it that all former eras of prosperity in this or any other nation's history will become insignificant in comparison. Nobody can say that the ticker argues incorrectly from the facts in hand. If there is any moral we should like to hear it.

Trade and Diplomacy

SO FAR, our foreign trade has depended little upon diplomacy. Under the modern liberal trade régime it has been the custom for one country to deal with all other countries substantially on the same terms; so we have been granted the "most-favored-nation" clause as a matter of course.

But, as the National Foreign Trade Council points out, the post-bellum economic program which Europe now proposes involves an end of this liberal régime. Already England is talking of abrogating all treaties which contain the most-favored-nation clause; so that every nation may be brought within the scope of a system of preferences and disabilities whose object is to promote the trade of the Allies at the expense of their present enemies.

In that situation obviously our trade would depend in an entirely new way upon our skill in diplomatic negotiation. Instead of merely fencing for a comparatively unimportant open door in China, American diplomacy would have to fight for an open door in all Europe.

American diplomacy is not particularly well equipped for that great task. The unfortunate clause in the Constitution that brings the Senate into treaty making is an obstacle. The practice of handing out diplomatic posts as a reward for party service, or as a compliment to some admirable gentleman with no diplomatic training, is another.

Whatever becomes of this economic program, our relations with the rest of the world are bound to be increasingly important. It is high time for a keener public interest in the State Department, with unmistakable expressions of disapproval for anybody who regards it mostly as a roost for deserving Democrats or deserving Republicans.

Herd Instincts

THE idea that no man can live without drawing upon the labor of other men has long been familiar. Except possibly under the rarest conditions of climate and natural surroundings, a man completely isolated from his fellows would soon perish. Robinson Crusoe was no exception, for he took with him to the island various products of the labor of other men. In an interesting book on herd instincts, W. Trotter suggests that man never has existed as a solitary individual, but always as a member of a herd; so his herd instincts are practically as fundamental as the instinct of self-preservation. Though he take himself to a cave in the wilderness, and live as a hermit, far from sight and sound of any other human being, he will still inevitably think and feel not as an individual but as a member of the herd. "The only medium in which man's mind can function satisfactorily is the herd, which, therefore, is the source not only of his opinions, his credulities, his disbeliefs and his weaknesses, but of his altruism, his charity, his enthusiasms and his power."

This contradicts the more familiar psychology that regards altruism as a late graft upon the old instinct of self-preservation, with which it is at war. It takes altruism—a regard for one's fellowmen—as also a root instinct. It takes man not as an independent being, but merely as a cell in the social organism. Thus, his tremendous susceptibility to suggestion in all that he does—in what he believes, in the way he clothes his body and eats his food, and so on—is spontaneous and inevitable. A great part of the contents of his mind will be irrational or nonrational. He will hold opinions through instinct and suggestion; his logical faculties will be mostly employed in inventing plausible explanations of them; and he will believe that he arrived at the opinions through a process of reasoning.

Politically speaking, this theory plays havoc with any doctrine of "natural rights"; for a being who exists only as member of a herd has only such rights as the herd grants.

Our Mortality List

THE death rate in the United States last year was the lowest ever reported—thirteen and a half for each thousand inhabitants. Fifteen years ago it was seventeen and a half; so we may say that about four hundred thousand more people would have died in this country last year but for the better care we take of our health—mainly by public sanitation. This ratio, of course, is for the "registration area," which embraced only two-thirds of the population. Probably the remaining third fared in about the same way, though the fact that it is not enough interested in the matter to make a proper report of vital statistics raises a presumption against it.

In almost every city the colored death rate is substantially higher than the white. In a number of cities, including Northern as well as Southern towns, it is double that of the whites, and in a few places much more than double. For all registration cities in which the colored population formed ten per cent or more of the total the colored death rate—in 1914—was twenty-six per thousand against fifteen for whites.

That contains about the whole story of a falling death rate, for undoubtedly the colored population of cities lives under less sanitary conditions than the white.

Of the million and a third persons—roughly—who died in the United States last year, about one-quarter were under five years of age, and over two hundred thousand were under one year. It is there probably that attacks upon the death rate can be most successfully made; for there is no doubt that an important part of the infant deaths is preventable.

The falling death rate is a result of social action, a strictly coöperative product. This has been most vigorously applied in cities; so the city death rate, the country over, is but slightly above that of the rural districts. In New York, in fact, the city death rate is lower than the rural.

Getting the Habit

PERHAPS you have noticed that there has been less talk of peace lately than at any time since war began. Perhaps there is less wish for peace. In more than two years, not only has the world acquired an enormous vested interest in war, but its mind has become habituated to war; so that now the idea of peace involves something like the same disturbance and unknowable change the idea of war formerly involved.

Last summer Wall Street felt a bit lumpish because war orders already in hand were running out and few new ones were coming in, which suggested a radical disturbance of the *status quo*. Since then a new belligerent buying wave has appeared, and the Street is notably cheerful. All the machinery, the world over, is adjusted to war. Peace means readjustment, more or less dislocation and confusion, much uncertainty. Certainly, though the war has been much bloodier and costlier than anybody dreamed, there is not now the violent reaction against it that there was when it began.

This is not particularly immoral, but an inevitable product of the condition. In September, 1914, a prediction that the war would last two years provoked horror. So monstrous a calamity to mankind seemed unbearable. Nowadays acute observers predict it will last two years more, and this is received quite calmly. With new belligerents coming in, the cost, in men and money, tends steadily to rise. Two years more would bring it up at least to eighty billion dollars and a mortality toll that would stun a world at peace. But the world accepts the prospect stoically. Savage experience has inured it to billions of wasted money and millions of dead.

SEVEN KANG-HE VASES

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

LORD LOUIS LEWIS stepped into Sylvester's Chemist Shop to make a few purchases for his toilet; and, finding the assistant who usually attended to his wants engaged with another customer, he sat down to wait. Without any desire to overhear what was being said, he was conscious of the ensuing conversation. The customer, a dapper individual of early middle age, clean-shaven and quick alike in movement and speech, was saying:

"Always have been a bad sailor; that is why I want the stuff. Something that will put me to sleep for fully twelve hours and won't have too bad an effect afterward. I want to go off before I start and wake up in port. That St. George's Channel crossing is more than I can do with."

Lord Louis mentally wondered by what route the gentleman was going to Ireland that would keep him twelve hours at sea. He heard the assistant put his thought into words.

"No, no! I'm going over in a little cargo boat," came the reply after a pause, which made Lord Louis instinctively suspect the man was lying and was in reality a victim of the drug habit.

Clearly the assistant thought the same, for he tentatively suggested some mild remedies for *mal de mer*, which the other promptly waved aside.

"I know all about your bromides; they are no good to me. I don't want to be conscious even that the boat is moving. How about veronal now?"

The assistant admitted that veronal would have the desired result, but at the same time deprecated its use.

"I shan't use it more than the once, and I don't suppose that'll harm me much. How many tablets shall I have to take? Twelve hours, mind."

The chemist gave the required information, which the other carefully noted on the back of an envelope. This done, he threw a piece of silver on the counter and pocketed the neatly wrapped-up and pink-stringed little parcel. As he was leaving, the chemist remarked:

"Are you crossing to-night, sir?" He received a nod by way of an answer, and continued: "With lovely weather like this, you'd hardly want to take anything"

"It isn't the weather," came the reply. "It's the infernal jogging about that finds a man. G'morning." And he was gone.

While Lord Louis was making his purchases he remarked:

"A follower of De Quincey, do you think?"

"I don't know what to make of him," replied the assistant. "He didn't look like a drug fiend to me. But there was something funny about him, all the same."

"A regular customer?" inquired Lord Louis.

"No; I have never served him before. If your lordship is at all interested in soap I can recommend a new consignment we have received from Paris."

As a person who disclaims interest in soap is apt to be misunderstood, Lord Louis added a box from the new consignment to his original list of requirements.

On leaving the shop he directed his footsteps toward the police station and asked that his card might be given to Inspector Wardle. He was informed that Inspector Wardle was out, but that Subinspector Harris would be pleased to see him. Accordingly he was shown into that gentleman's office to await his pleasure.

The subinspector was a person whose duties oppressed him with a sense of considerable personal importance. He did not rise on the entry of his distinguished visitor, but continued to transcribe details of a lost Pekingese into a large register before him. This official attitude tended rather to amuse than to annoy Lord Louis, who seated himself upon the narrow bench and waited to be addressed.

Presently the pen was laid aside, the entry blotted, and the eyes of the subinspector raised to the level of his own.

"Now, then," said Harris, "what can I do for you?"

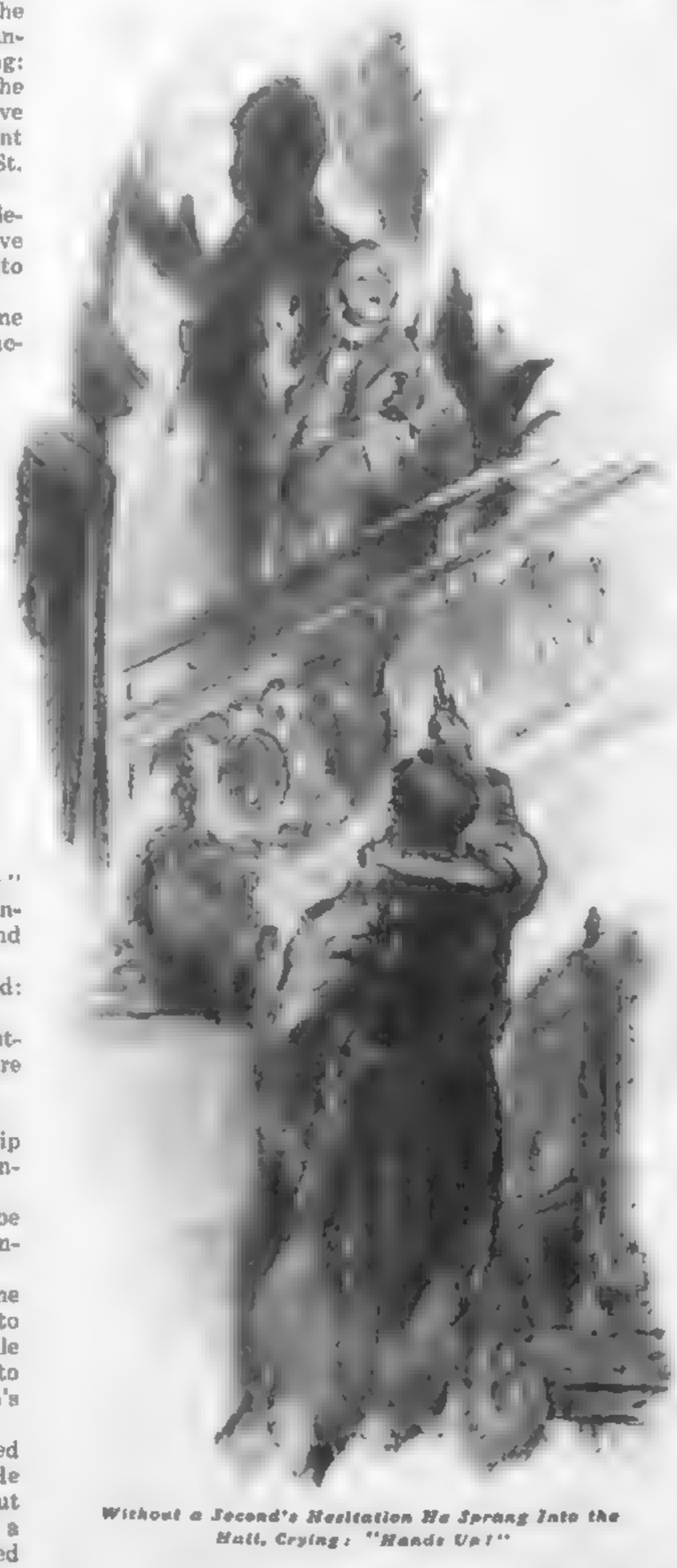
"If the past week is any criterion," replied Lord Louis lightly, "I am disposed to think that neither you nor your *confrères* are able to do very much. More as a matter of form than in a spirit of hope, I am paying my usual morning call to inquire whether you have ascertained anything further in regard to the set of Kang-he vases stolen from my house last Thursday night."

Harris took Lord Louis' card and examined it minutely; then said: "And are you Lord Louis Lewis?" The nobleman inclined his head. "I am not on the case myself," pursued Harris, "but I heard about it. Set of seven china vases taken, wasn't it?"

"More or less," commented Lord Louis. "To be strictly accurate, it was a set of blue-and-white vases of the Kang-he Period; but the burglars succeeded in getting away with only five of the number. You will remember the remaining two, in company with several pieces of silver, had been packed for flight, but were abandoned."

The subinspector nodded gravely.

"You know my idea is," he said, "they got a scare and made off with what they could carry."



Without a Second's Hesitation He Sprang Into the Hall, Crying: "Hands Up!"

"I have little doubt but that your theory is correct," remarked Lord Louis with a whimsical smile. "Please tell me whether you have any clew that may lead to the recovery of my property."

But the subinspector did not believe in giving a direct answer.

"China is funny stuff to trace," he said weightily. "Very funny! Not like gold or silver. With gold or silver you know where you are; but with china you don't."

"My dear sir," said Lord Louis, "china must be far the easiest—there being no danger of its finding its way to the melting pot."

"Then, again," continued the officer, "there is no small wonder your house was broken into. You had no alarms or shutters. Anyone could have broken in—I could have broken in myself. I fancy you ought to count yourself lucky they only got the vases. You'd have been much worse off if they'd taken the silver. That's the way I look at it."

"I cannot share your point of view," remarked Lord Louis dryly. "The loss of the silver would have been a small affair by comparison. This set of Kang-he vases was valued collectively at eight thousand pounds."

"I'd be very sorry to pay eight thousand pence for any vases," said Harris. "After all, what are they? A few bits of china. That's the way I look at it."

Lord Louis rose to his feet. "Conceivably that attitude may in some measure account for the scant success which has rewarded your investigations. I wish you good morning." And he walked from the office. Ten minutes later he entered the Conservative Club and drew up a chair beside his friend, Mr. Yorke.

"Any news?" said the latter gentleman.

"None," replied Lord Louis. "The police have proved themselves worse than useless. The affair is very provoking. I valued that set among my chief possessions. I do not suppose there was another in existence where so perfect a uniformity of paste and color had been achieved."

Mr. Yorke sighed.

"I always coveted it," he remarked. "One can understand the thieves would take almost any risk to obtain such a prize. What a pity a trusting disposition led you to leave your house so unprotected!"

"You will not be able to bring that accusation against me in the future," the nobleman responded. "I have had shutters fixed to all the downstairs windows and a most elaborate system of burglar alarms fitted throughout. No one could enter or leave the house now without setting in motion a warning bell."

Mr. Yorke smiled.

"Isn't that a case of locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen?"

"There are other horses in the stable," replied Lord Louis. "Besides, you forget the two remaining vases of the same set."

"I should imagine they are comparatively safe," hazarded Mr. Yorke.

"One cannot be sure," answered Lord Louis.

About noon the next day, when Lord Louis was taking his accustomed morning stroll, he noticed two men at the corner of the road in which he resided. Something struck him as familiar in the attitude of one of them and, on approaching, he recognized the customer who had bought the veronal at the chemist's store. Mentally congratulating himself on the accuracy of his surmise that the drug had been purchased for some other purpose than to allay the throes of seasickness, he was on the point of passing when he observed the man nudge his friend and at the same time make some curious movements with his fingers.

Lord Louis stopped at once and addressed him.

"Your pardon," said he. "Am I right in believing that you directed at me a gesture of derision?"

The man started perceptibly, but did not reply. Accordingly Lord Louis put the question again.

"Oh, no, sir," he replied. "I said something to my friend—that's all. He's dumb—deaf and dumb—and I was talking to him in the deaf-and-dumb language."

Lord Louis hastened to apologize and, with a bow to the afflicted individual, continued on his way, wondering at the impulse that had caused him to address a total stranger on so slender a pretext.

He dined out that evening; and as Mr. Yorke had been a guest at the house and their homeward ways lay in the same direction Lord Louis invited him to come in and take a whisky-and-soda before retiring.

In the large square hall he noticed an unfamiliar object—a fine walnut chest, about four feet in height by six in length; the lower half comprising two deep drawers and the upper a long box accessible from the lid. It was of the Queen Anne Period and heavily ornamented with brass.

"A fine chest!" said Mr. Yorke, coming to Lord Louis' side.

"Is it not?" he replied. "Very fine, indeed."

"A recent purchase?" inquired Mr. Yorke.

Lord Louis shook his head.

"I have never seen it before. No doubt some dealer sent it on approbation. I have an arrangement with two or three who forward pieces likely to suit my requirements."

At this moment Lord Louis' butler entered the hall and came forward with a word of explanation.

"It arrived, m'lord, about half past nine in a railway delivery van. I hesitated about taking it in, as the name on the label was quite illegible and Your Lordship had not mentioned you were expecting anything."

"Probably Dillon sent it from Bath," said Lord Louis. "Where is the label, Badger?"

"On the back, m'lord."

Lord Louis grasped a brass handle on the side and pulled the chest, with some difficulty, from the wall.

"It is heavy enough," he remarked, stooping to examine the label. "Hum! The name is undecipherable. I wonder they even made out the address. Perhaps it has been delivered here by mistake." And, placing his shoulder against the chest, he pushed it back to its former position.

"The carter told me he had fetched it from the cloakroom," said Badger. "I thought there might be a letter in one of the drawers; but they are locked, and the top as well."

"It looks extremely handsome in its present position," observed Lord Louis. "Some whisky-and-soda in the smoking room, Badger."

Some time later, when Mr. Yorke was putting on his overcoat, preparatory to leaving, seven of Lord Louis' clocks simultaneously proclaimed the hour of midnight.

"I cannot think," said Mr. Yorke, "how you contrive to synchronize the chiming of your clocks so perfectly."

Lord Louis smiled and held up a forefinger. As he did so from the direction of the drawing-room came another chime.

"All save that one," he said. "It is the Louis Seize; and, try as I will, I cannot regulate it to strike with the others. If it were not for the fact that it originally belonged to my namesake sovereign and came from the Tuileries, I should be sorely tempted to get rid of it. Good night." And, with a smiling farewell, he closed the front door behind his friend.

Before retiring Lord Louis wandered through the various rooms where the newly fitted burglar alarms had been placed. Satisfied that all was in order, he extinguished the lights and went upstairs.

As a general rule, Lord Louis Lewis was a man to whom sleep came easily; but on this particular night the goddess passed his bedside and left him wakeful and restless. Vainly he resorted to various accepted methods of wooing somnolence. Black sheep and white, beyond number, passed in a never-ending stream over his fancy-fraught stile. He repeated the multiplication table to thirteen times thirteen. He recited long passages from Paradise Lost; but all without avail.

The easily explained noises and little sounds of a house, which by day seem natural and good, began to assume strange villainies. The creaking of doors was detestable—the dripping water in the cistern was ominous. The hours, quarters and halves were beaten out with melancholy exactitude and in varying keys by the different clocks, their unanimous message of time ever closely followed by the tardy note of Louis Seize in the drawing-room.

"T-t-t-ting!" they went; a pause—then the single voice: "Ting!"

"Confound that clock!" said Lord Louis when, at a quarter to two, it had expressed its opinion on the accuracy of the seven others. "I'll have the chime removed to-morrow."

From that point onward the late stroke of the Louis Seize became the besetting thought in his brain. He determined when two o'clock should strike he would put his fingers in his ears and so shut out its argumentative statement. He would wait until the old William and Mary grandfather, in the dining room, which had a longer peal and started the chorus, had struck, and then duck his head beneath the bedclothes and smother the other sound. The door of the dining room was closed, so he would have to listen attentively or he might well miss the notes of the William and Mary, which carried but softly to his sleeping chamber.

His thoughts began to wander as to the many and strange sights the old clock had seen. Little children had grown into manhood or beautiful womanhood before its yellow dial; it had ticktacked the gold of their hair into strands of thinning silver. Likely enough it had witnessed pretty rapier play, quick thrust and clever parry; had been a listener at conspiracies and a confidant of secret love affairs. A week since it stood by, unresisting, while thieves carried off five of his beautiful set of Kang-he vases.

This reflection brought his mind abruptly to the present. What a pity the clock could not supply the information the dull-headed local police had failed to secure!

"Ding-dong! Ding-dong—ding-dong—ding-dong!"

Lord Louis started. How very near it sounded! Much nearer than at the last chime. Yet he knew the dining-room door to be shut. He had shut it himself.

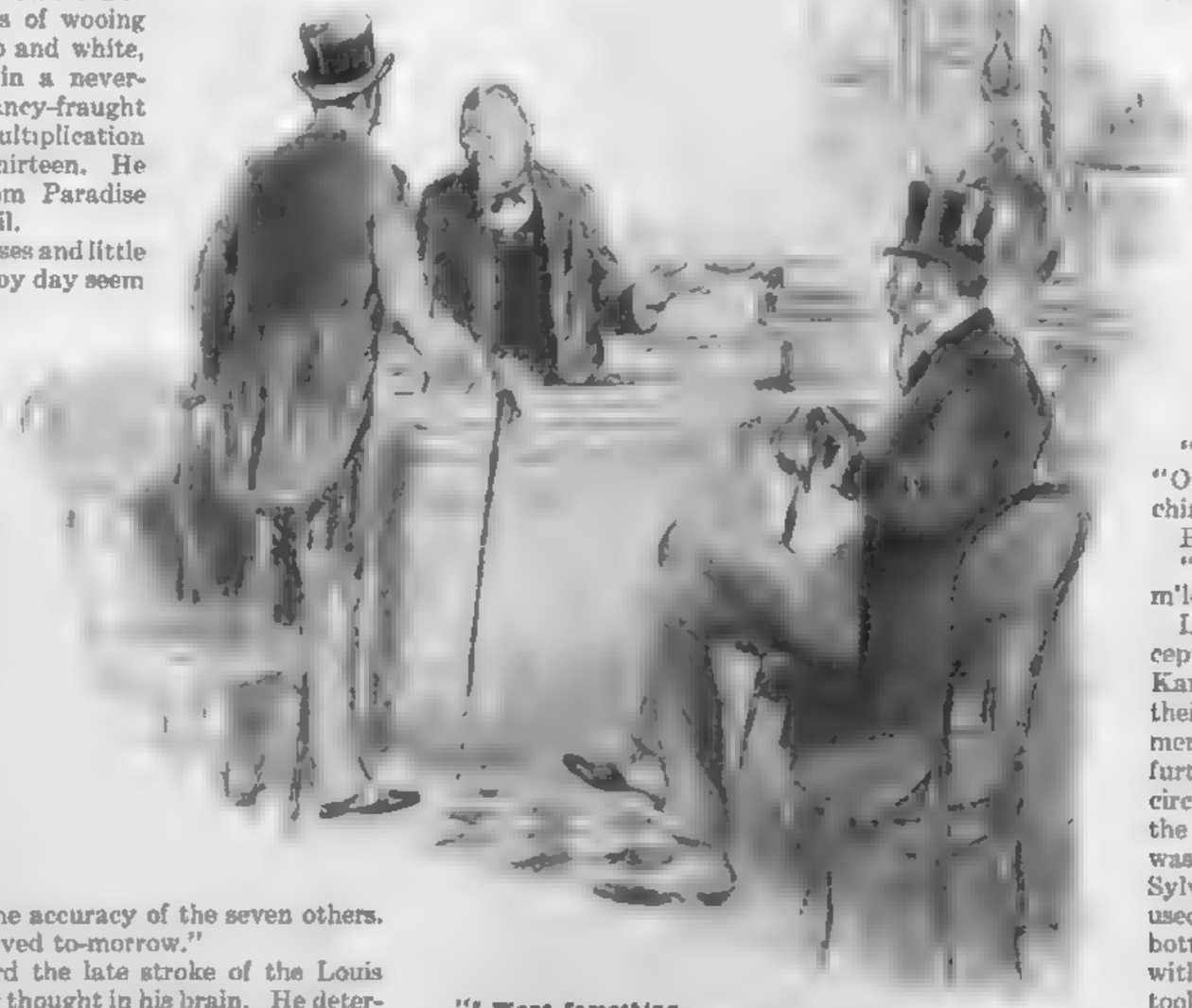
He had forgotten to close his ears and only thought of it when too late to escape the Louis Seize' "Ting!"

Whereupon he pulled the bedclothes over his head and was much annoyed. He lay like that for several minutes, in a state of childish irritability, before it occurred to him to wonder why the William and Mary had sounded so close. Having formed no satisfactory conclusion he sat up in bed to listen for the quarter past to chime. After what seemed ages it came—but this time the old, muffled note again. Lord Louis was so perplexed that he made no attempt to escape from the sound of the Louis Seize.

Suddenly he became aware that it had not struck. There could be no doubt about that; his sensitive ear could hardly have failed to catch its insistent note. It must have stopped—but that was impossible; he had wound it up, in company with the others, only the day before yesterday. Then why? Why, also, had the William and Mary, which a quarter of an hour before had sounded so close, seemed so far away at the last chime.

No solution appearing to either of these queries, Lord Louis rose, put on his dressing gown and slippers and descended the stairs.

He switched on the hall light. Everything was as he left it a couple of hours earlier. The dining-room door was closed. He had thought to find that it had not been properly latched and had possibly been swinging to and fro, thus explaining how the sound had varied from soft to loud and back again. But this was not the case. Lord Louis rubbed his nose in perplexity and turned his attention to the drawing-room, to ascertain what was amiss with the Louis Seize.



"I Want Something That Will Put Me to Sleep for Fully Twelve Hours"

He pressed the electric switch on entering and turned his gaze toward the mantelpiece, where the clock stood; but the clock was standing there no longer. It had vanished; and, save for a pair of Sèvres candlesticks of no particular value, the mantelpiece was denuded. The beautiful onyx head of Mercury, with his winged cap of chrysolite, the little bronze mask of Medusa, which stood upon a pedestal of lapis lazuli, had both disappeared. His eyes traveled swiftly to the Sheraton cabinet, in which he had assembled some of the most beautiful pieces of Eggshell china in existence. To his horror, it was empty. He had been robbed!

Lord Louis' mind worked quickly and he realized that the things must have been taken within the last twenty minutes. The Louis Seize had chimed at two o'clock, but at a quarter past had been silent. Then he remembered something else. At two o'clock the William and Mary had sounded very loud. The burglar must have been in the dining room at that time—with the door open. He quickly recrossed the hall and laid his hand on the knob of the dining-room door. Then he halted. The thought came into his head that the burglar might still be there. He had not looked in when trying the latch a moment before. He was quite unarmed and it was obvious that whoever had stolen the goods must still be in the house, for had anyone left by door or window the burglar alarm would have proclaimed the fact.

Lord Louis drew a deep breath and stepped inside. There was not a sound. He switched on the light. Everything was apparently in order in that part of the room facing the door. He turned to examine the sideboard, and as he did so he gave vent to a sharp exclamation. Of all the exquisite array of old Georgian silver, which was wont to ornament its polished surface, not a single piece remained; but there was worse to come, for the two remaining vases of the famous Kang-he set, which were always located on the Delft rack, had vanished too.

Lord Louis brought his fist down on the dining-room table with a resounding blow, which mercifully covered an expression of extreme violence. He strode over to the writing table and took from a drawer a small pistol and an electric torch, armed with which he strode forth to do battle against the invader.

As he moved toward the door he heard a creak on the stairs. Somebody was approaching. Without a second's hesitation he sprang into the hall, crying:

"Hands up!"

Lord Louis' butler, for it was he who was descending, in his surprise nearly dropped the candle he carried.

"Oh! It's you, m'lord!" he gasped, recovering his dignity. "I thought I heard burglars. There was a sound of a blow a minute ago."

"I did that," said Lord Louis grimly. "Come in and see why."

Badger was thunderstruck.

"They must be here still, m'lord!" he cried. "If they'd tried to get out we should have heard the alarm."

"Precisely," said Lord Louis, picking up a heavy antique mace and handing it to his butler. "And that being so we will look for them at once."

Within the next half hour they had searched every possible hiding place in the house, but without revealing a trace of the marauders. Not content with this, they covered the whole area a second time, and finally finishing up in the hall confessed themselves to be utterly bewildered.

"It beats me, m'lord, how they managed it," said Badger. "Hadn't I better ring up the police and let them have a try?"

"Certainly not," replied Lord Louis. "If we, with our sharper intelligences and thorough knowledge of the house, have been baffled, they would be doubly so. I am determined to investigate the matter alone."

Something caught his eye as he spoke and, stooping, he picked up from the carpet a small fragment of woolly substance. On examination this proved to be a wisp of common wadding.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, showing his find to Badger. "Our friends are careful folk. They evidently packed my china with wadding to prevent breakage."

Badger started.

"Then they must be the gang who came last week, m'lord. If you remember they did the same."

Lord Louis complimented his butler on his quick perception and asked him to fetch the wrappings from the two Kang-he vases, which the thieves had left behind on their last visit, so that he might compare the two specimens. While the man was gone Lord Louis cast about for further traces. His attention was attracted toward a small circular red wafer of paper, lying on part of a Persian rug, the color of which was identical with its own. The wafer was about the size of a sixpence and bore the printed words, Sylvester, Chemist. He recognized it at once as the kind used by chemists to stick to the corks or metal tops of the bottles they dispense. At this point Badger returned, with a large piece of wadding in his hand. Lord Louis took it mechanically, saying as he did so:

"Badger, did you open a parcel that Sylvester's sent for me yesterday, here in the hall?"

"No, m'lord," replied Badger, somewhat taken aback by the apparent irrelevance of the question. "I opened it in your lordship's dressing room."

"Then oblige me," said Lord Louis, "by going upstairs and seeing if there is a small red wafer, like this, on the corks of the three bottles from that parcel. There was also a small bottle of phenacetin, which you might bring down with you. I shall be in the study."

When Badger returned he found his master occupied with the two pieces of wadding, which he was holding under a powerful lens.

"You were right" he said without looking up. "There is no doubt these two specimens are of the same variety. It is fairly clear our visitors of last Thursday have honored us with a return date. Have you brought what I asked?" Badger placed a bottle of phenacetin tablets on the desk. "Thank you. And were the red wafers on the corks of the other bottles?"

"Yes, m'lord," replied the butler. "I have brought them down for you to see"—drawing them from the pocket of his dressing gown and handing them to his master.

"Ah," said Lord Louis, "that was thoughtful. You may go to bed now, Badger. I shan't require anything more."

Badger hesitated.

"Will your lordship be all right?" he ventured. "I hardly like going under the circumstances."

"Why not?" said Lord Louis, turning his gaze upon the man. "You speak as though someone was likely to spring out on me; which argues that we have not searched the house thoroughly. But, as we have done so, the danger you apprehend is negligible. Good night." And Badger retired.

When he had gone Lord Louis drew up a reading lamp and turned his attention to the bottles. The little red wafer he had found in the hall was identical with those on

the corks and the top of the phenacetin bottle. He reversed it and noticed that the gum had adhered but slightly to the object for which it had been intended, and had lost its glossiness only here and there. He then tried to remove one of the wafers from the cork, but found it resisted his efforts and came off only after leaving a portion of paper behind. He took the phenacetin bottle in his hand and introduced his penknife between the metal top and the wafer, with the result that the wafer came away at once.

"Ah!" he said to himself. "Evidently the one I found came from a metal top and not a cork."

So saying, he held up the screw top to the light. It was of the kind with which we are all familiar—a dull metal affair, stamped out with three threads to screw down to the glass, and the name of the compound it was destined to cover in relief letters on the top. The presence of this relief lettering was the reason why the paper wafer did not adhere.

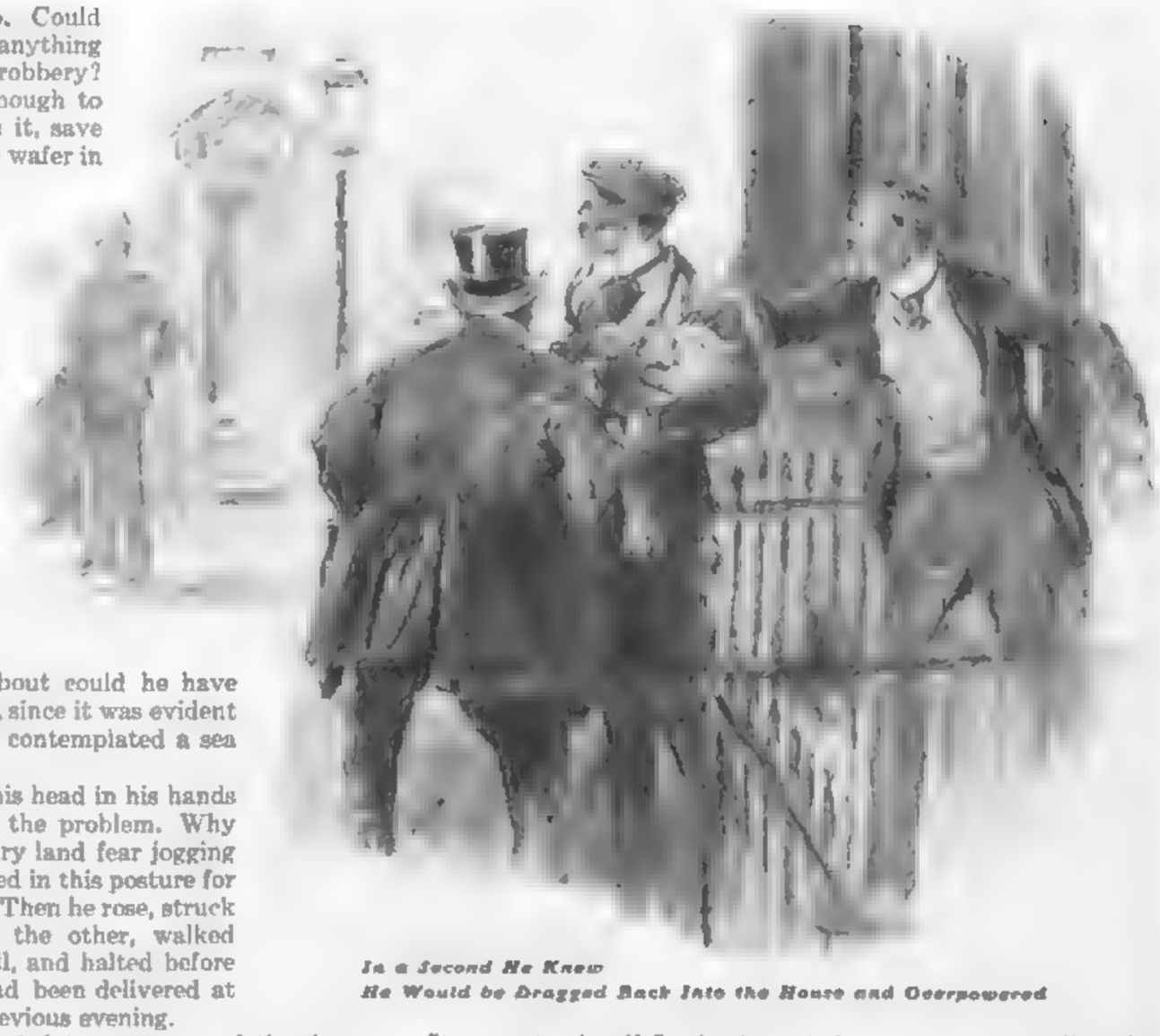
Lord Louis realized this fact at once. He also realized that the only place where the gum would hold would be the extreme outward surfaces of these letters. Consequently the wafer he had just detached would bear the word "Phenacetin" on its reverse side in what might be called looking-glass writing. He made the experiment with a little hand mirror, so arranging that the light from the lamp made the gum shine everywhere except where the wafer had adhered. Without much difficulty he was able to decipher the word.

Therewith he tried the same experiment with the one he had found. Here his difficulty was greater, as he did not know the word as he had in the first case, and the impression was worse. He could make out, however, that it began with a *V* and ended with an *l*. With infinite patience he at last succeeded in working out the other letters and revealed the word "Veronal."

Lord Louis leaned back in his chair and caressed his nose. He knew very well that no one in his household ever used the drug; so the inference was obvious that the red wafer must have come from a bottle imported by the burglars. He racked his brain to find a solution for the problem as to what advantage veronal, a drug used for promoting sleep, would provide for a man who would be requiring all his energies and alertness.

In the midst of these reflections came the thought that the wafer might have fallen from the burglar's pocket when he had gone to it for some other object; in which case it would have no connection with the present crime at all. Lord Louis did not encourage this train of reasoning; for having taken so much trouble to ascertain the word the wafer bore, he was loath to admit that the time had been ill-spent. Besides, the word veronal awakened in his brain a curious sense of imminent discovery. He was sure he had heard it recently in connection with some dishonorable transaction.

Then, in a flash, came the recollection of the conversation in Sylvester's Chemist Shop, when that mysterious customer had asked for a drug which would keep him asleep for twelve hours while at sea. Lord Louis recalled his subsequent meeting with this man, which had substantiated his belief that he was not going to sea at all. He also recalled how he had nudged his friend at his—Lord Louis'—approach, and had remarked something in the language of the deaf and dumb. Could these persons have anything to do with the robbery? There was little enough to connect them with it, save the presence of the wafer in the hall and a vague belief that they were speaking of him as he passed them by.



In a Second He Knew He Would be Dragged Back Into the House and Overpowered

The man's final remark as he left the chemist's suddenly recurred to him:

"It isn't the weather," he had said, in answer to a comment on the fineness of the day; "it's the infernal jogging about that finds a man."

What jogging about could he have been apprehending, since it was evident he had never even contemplated a sea voyage?

Lord Louis put his head in his hands and wrestled with the problem. Why should a man on dry land fear jogging about? He remained in this posture for fully ten minutes. Then he rose, struck one hand against the other, walked swiftly into the hall, and halted before the chest which had been delivered at his abode on the previous evening.

Very gently he tried to open one of the drawers. It resisted his efforts. He was about to make an attempt upon the second when his eye was caught by a tiny morsel of white substance entangled in the brasswork round the keyhole. Carefully removing this he carried it to the light. The shortest inspection sufficed and, trembling with excitement, he exclaimed:

"Wadding! Wadding!"

Wadding it was, and of the same variety as the piece he had picked up from the carpet and the specimen submitted by Badger.

His next move was to try to move the chest from the wall. It was all he could do to prevent himself from shouting for joy when he found that his strength, which had achieved this object during the preceding evening, was now unequal to the task. The weight of the chest had sensibly increased.

Lord Louis stepped back and surveyed it with an expanding smile. Then he rubbed his hands and, chuckling softly to himself, went upstairs to awaken Badger the second time. This, however, proved unnecessary, for the excellent fellow, not satisfied as to his master's safety, was sitting up, fully dressed in case he might be wanted. At the sight of Lord Louis' beaming face he rose and made so bold as to ask the cause of his pleasure.

"Come downstairs, Badger," Lord Louis replied without answering the question.

"But, stay! Do you remember where that master key was put? The one I used for opening my desk when I mislaid my bunch the other day."

"I placed it in the top drawer of your escritoire, m'lord."

"Good!" said Lord Louis. "We will fetch it at once."

The master key being found, Lord Louis led the way to the hall.

"Now, Badger," he said, "if you will oblige me by unlocking the two drawers of that chest yonder I think you will be surprised at the contents."

Much mystified, Badger obeyed, the master key making short work of the two locks; and there was revealed to their eyes the satisfying spectacle of numbers of objects of different shapes and sizes, faultlessly wrapped up in wadding covers.

"*Voilà!*" said Lord Louis in a tone of pardonable pride. "We see before us all the property that was taken from my rooms to-night."

"But however did it find its way into this?" gasped Badger.

Lord Louis smiled.

"It was placed there," he responded, "by our guest, who, if I mistake not, is now at rest, pending the exertions of the morrow, when he hoped to convey them to a place of safety." Then, seeing the mystified expression on his butler's face, he continued: "I have reason to believe you will find the marauder, under the influence of a powerful narcotic, peacefully sleeping in the upper part of the chest."

Badger was too amazed for words; but he moved quickly forward and laid his ear against the side of the chest.

"Your lordship is right!" he cried. "I can hear him breathing. Though how you found out beats me. What's it mean, m'lord?"

"Just this," replied Lord Louis: "This chest, which was innocently delivered by the railway men last night, contained this man. Unless I am very much mistaken they will return this morning to fetch it away again, having been instructed that it was delivered at the wrong address. You remember illegible writing on the label? That, undoubtedly, was intentional. I imagine they will receive orders to leave it elsewhere, although it is conceivable they may return it to the station cloakroom, whence the thieves themselves will fetch it away to their own quarters. A neatly considered scheme; and, but for that small wafer of red paper we found, one that could hardly have miscarried. We will now release our friend from his enforced captivity."

"But what I can't understand," said Badger, "is, how did your lordship find out all this, and what makes your lordship think the man has taken a drug?"

"As to the first query, I must attribute the discovery to an overheard conversation and a certain amount of natural reasoning power. As to the second, I imagine him to be under the influence of veronal as a precaution against losing his nerve and betraying his presence. I happen to know that he has taken enough of the drug to keep him unconscious for twelve hours—which, by the way," he exclaimed with a new thought, "gives us a fairly shrewd idea of the hour he would expect to be released. He took the drug at two A. M.; consequently at two P. M. this chest is expected to have arrived at its destination."

For the next twenty minutes they were occupied in opening the lid. This, of course, was bolted on the inside and not locked. Lord Louis would not allow Badger to pry it open, as already a plan was formulating in his brain. Eventually, by straining on the lid, they located the places where the bolts ran home into the side of the chest. The rest was easy. Lord Louis marked the spots and, with a fine drill, made two small holes. This done, he inserted a metal skewer and forced back the bolts from the outside.

As Lord Louis had foretold, they found within the figure of a man, lying on his side in a veritable nest of cushions. But here a surprise awaited him; for, though the sleeper's features were hidden from their view, the person in question wore a beard, whereas the customer who had bought the veronal was clean shaved.

Lord Louis rolled him over on his back and recognized the deaf-and-dumb man who had been standing beside the other at the corner of the street. Evidently the author of the plot had not thought fit to risk his own hide in the adventure.

The veronal had done its work thoroughly, for the man made no movement whatever when the united labors of

"You Must Forgive Me for Making an Entrance That May Lead You to Believe I am a Clown"

Lord Louis and his butler at last succeeded in lifting him from the inside of the chest.

"I think," said Lord Louis, "we will carry him up to the small room in the tower. There are bars before the window and a good lock on the door. There is little likelihood of his regaining consciousness for several hours; so we can leave him there with impunity."

"But wouldn't it be safer to hand him over to the police, m'lord?" suggested Badger.

"That may be necessary later on; but meantime I prefer to keep him on the premises as a hostage. If we are to get any repose at all to-night, the sooner we have him under lock and key the better."

Between them they carried the inert figure to the room indicated and, placing a cushion beneath his head and a carafe of water at his elbow, left him to sleep off the stupefying effects of the drug. Lord Louis then returned to the hall, closed the lid of the chest, and instructed Badger to bring him a cup of tea at eight-thirty. A quarter of an hour later he was lying in bed dreaming happily of the seven Kang-he vases, restored, in his imagination, to their appointed place on the Delft rack.

He breakfasted at nine-fifteen and appeared to be in excellent spirits.

"Tell me, Badger," he said, "at what hour does the railway delivery van collect in this district?"

"Between half past ten and eleven, m'lord," came the response.

"Then tell the chauffeur to drive at once to Sylvester's and fetch me a small cylinder of oxygen, a bottle of sal volatile, and some powerful smelling salts. Also instruct the housekeeper to make up a parcel of appetizing sandwiches and to fill a vacuum flask with strong coffee. I shall require all these things by ten o'clock."

His breakfast finished, Lord Louis paid a visit to the prisoner, whose condition was still comatose. Satisfying himself on this point, he returned downstairs and directed his attention to the chest. The two emptied drawers, which the night before had contained his treasures, he locked with the master key. He then opened the lid and contemplated the space within. He was so engaged when Badger entered, bearing the cylinder of oxygen and his other requirements.

Lord Louis took them and placed them carefully among the cushions in the interior of the chest. Badger, unable to repress his curiosity, asked what was his master's purpose.

"I am going on a journey," replied Lord Louis; "and when I return I hope to bring with me the five Kang-he vases that were stolen last Thursday. While I am gone you will see that our guest upstairs does not move beyond the margins we have allotted him. If I am not back by four you will hand him over to the police and request them to investigate my possible whereabouts."

Badger was aghast.

"Your lordship is never thinking of getting into that chest!" he exclaimed.

"That is my intention," was the reply.

"But, your lordship!" cried the butler, "it's putting your head into the lion's mouth!"

Lord Louis smiled.

"Not necessarily," he replied. "Persons engaged in nefarious practices are not always to be feared, and the particular lion in this case is a man whose stature I have already had an opportunity of measuring."

"I can't say I like it, m'lord," said Badger. "I wish your lordship would consent to my coming with you."

Lord Louis looked first at the cavity in the chest and then at the portly figure confronting him.

"Much as I appreciate the spirit of your wish," he said, "I cannot but feel your additional presence might prove an embarrassment."

"Then your lordship will take a pistol with you?"

"No," said Lord Louis; "I have decided against doing so. My arguments will probably be more efficacious than my shooting."

At this point a distant bell was audible and Badger withdrew, to return a moment later with the grave announcement that the railway van was at the door and a plea that his lordship would do well to alter his mind.

Lord Louis' answer was to throw a leg over the side of the chest and settle down within. Before closing the lid he repeated his former instructions, finishing up with the words:

"There is no occasion for approaching this enterprise in a spirit of pessimism. You will recall that the lid fastens on the inside, and should I find my position intolerable I can end it at will. Kindly instruct the carter to fetch me away." And, drawing in his head, he closed the lid and shot the bolts.

Badger watched the procession depart with as much solemnity as he would have bestowed if his master's earthly remains were journeying to their final resting place.

Lord Louis' own thoughts followed somewhat the same line as his butler's. From the moment when the two van men lifted him from the ground he could not refrain from imagining his mortal clay was being conveyed to the cemetery. This thought, however, was mercifully dissipated by a comment from one of the men, who, prefacing his remark with a lurid adjective, called heaven to witness that the weight of his load was more than he actually cared to undertake. There was an unpleasant moment when the chest was being hoisted into the cart. It would not have been so bad had they chosen to raise his head-end first. But the Fates decreed otherwise; and for a period that seemed interminable Lord Louis found himself in a position more suited to an acrobat than to a respected member of the aristocracy.

When, at length, he recovered a horizontal position he had ricked his neck somewhat severely. He comforted himself with the reflection that a period of immunity awaited him, until such time as he should be delivered at the station cloakroom; but, to brace up his nerves, he determined to inhale a little from the smelling salts. The narrow space did not permit much freedom of movement and he found he was quite unable to reach anything beyond the level of his knees. This was provoking, as he distinctly remembered having placed the smelling salts below that line.

The cart was jogging along, with many bumps, at a slow rate of progress. This motion set Lord Louis' brain at work devising a scheme for becoming possessed of the bottle. Beneath the more ample portion of his frame was a large cushion. Lord Louis conceived that if he held this close to his body, and at the same time braced his head and his feet against the sides of the chest, he should be able to raise himself up and allow any loose articles to roll about with the motion of the van.

This scheme he put into operation and had the gratification of hearing the bottle running backward and forward on the bare boards. Unfortunately it showed an indisposition to roll the right way, and it was not until he had nearly exhausted himself by the exertion required that a lucky bump in the road sent it rolling in the required direction. Judging the moment ripe, he descended upon it with his full weight. But the shock of this descent was more than the frail glass bottle could withstand. Crack! it went, and a moment later the intensely powerful odor of ammonia filled Lord Louis' nostrils.

The predicament was a nasty one, for, as he speedily realized, the air would in no time become so saturated with the fumes as to asphyxiate its inmate. Already he experienced a choking sensation and a paralyzing stinging of the eyes. In a few moments he would have to open the lid or suffocate miserably, like a moth in a killing bottle. As luck would have it, the van drew up at this moment, and the man on the tailboard alighted and entered a house.

Lord Louis was gasping for breath when he heard him return and call upon his mate to lend a hand with a packing case. The driver, protesting slightly, climbed from the box and their footsteps were heard crunching on the gravel of the path.

In an instant he had drawn the bolts and raised the lid. Regardless of the fragments of broken glass, he grabbed up the saturated sponge from the inside of the smelling bottle and hurled it into the street. Remembering his discomfiture when the chest was raised into the cart, he transposed his original position and lay down with his feet where his head had been. As he was lowering the lid he caught sight, through a hole in the side of the van cover, of the two men returning down the garden path, struggling with a hamper of great weight. Accordingly he shot the bolts and lay still. He felt the bump as the hamper was hoisted onto the tailboard and the men climbed up beside it.

"Where'll yer 'ave it, Jack?" one of the men demanded.

"Shove it on top of this 'ere," the other replied. "I got some boxes to collect from the Royal and'll want a bit o' room."

"Won't it scratch the polish?" said the first speaker. "It's got a 'With Care' label on it."

"Don't matter about that," said the second; and an instant later he heard the whack of the heavy hamper on the top of his resting place.

The sensation of being thus cut off from escape bore solemnly on Lord Louis' mind. It was one thing to shut oneself in a box from which one could retire at will, but another to know that there was a weight of unliftable material between oneself and freedom. He gathered what comfort he could from the reflection that had this happened ten minutes earlier he would certainly have perished from the ammonia fumes; but the comfort was small and quite outweighed by the sense of depression. He felt like a child alone in a dark room and beset by horrors. He longed to cry out—to beat at the walls of his prison -anything to escape from the surrounding nightmare. This was claustrophobia, he reflected. Men who were buried alive had felt the pangs he was suffering now.

"Come, come!" said Lord Louis. "This will never do. I must pull myself together. Perhaps a little coffee from the flask would brace me up."

The task of pouring out a draught into the metal cup from the top of the vacuum flask presented so many difficulties that he partially forgot his fears. When eventually he succeeded in achieving his object he found it was well-nigh impossible to drink. For one thing, the coffee was exceedingly hot, and for another, in the utter darkness he was unable to find his mouth. The net result was to pour the major portion of the fluid down his collar, where its caloric action temporarily deprived him of all other sense of grievance.

After many tribulations the van arrived at the station and he was deposited, without much inconvenience, in the cloakroom.

He knew it must be the cloakroom on account of the sound of many twopences rattling on a wooden counter, and of a man's voice protesting that unless somebody hurried up he should assuredly lose his train.

He was feeling easier in his mind, now that the packing case had been removed; but to prevent a repetition of the occurrence he tore a sheet from his notebook and scribbled the words: "It is forbidden to place heavy objects on this chest."

There was a small crack next to one of the hinges, through which he inserted this legend. He had no sooner done so, however, than he became oppressed with doubts as to whether it was not more likely to act as an incentive rather than a deterrent. Accordingly he withdrew the paper very slowly, so as not to attract attention.

The care required for this operation afforded some temporary mental relief and occupied him until he became aware of a voice, which he recognized as belonging to the former customer at the chemist's, demanding whether a chest had been left for him.

Realizing he was about to start on the final stage of his journey, Lord Louis' spirits rose with a bound. He determined to indulge in a sandwich to celebrate the occasion. He had but little trouble in finding the package, but at the first touch of it he felt that the contents were somewhat crushed as a result of his movements.

By now he was conscious of being moved again. The man who had bought the veronal was organizing his bearers and enjoining them to exercise the greatest care.

This point Lord Louis noted with double satisfaction—first, on his own account; and second, because it argued an affectionate regard for his accomplice. A man who could feel so tenderly for a comrade's welfare would inevitably prove amenable to the arguments that he, Lord Louis, proposed to bring forth.

While these thoughts were running through his brain he was wrestling with the string encircling his luncheon. Unhappily the excellent Badger had fastened it with a knot that would have defied the ingenuity of a seafaring man, even granted the use of all his faculties. Lord Louis abandoned the effort, satisfying himself by tearing away some of the paper and taking haphazard bites at the contents. It occurred to him his maneuvers must have resembled those of a baby making its first unaided effort to partake of solids.

They had been driving now, as he estimated, for about ten minutes; and, as he had not overheard any conversation, he argued that his friend, the burglar, was alone and probably at the reins. The atmosphere in his narrow cell was becoming fetid and his heart gave a leap of joy when the cart unexpectedly drew up. They had arrived. He heard the driver leap from the box. What would the next development be? Would he go within and summon further accomplices to help carry the precious freight? Apparently not. There was quite a long interval, during which nothing occurred save the sound of the man's footsteps retreating, as it sounded, up the street. Immediately a great hope was born in Lord Louis' mind. There were no other accomplices and the man had gone to enlist casual labor for the unloading.

Lord Louis felt his chances of success increasing by leaps and bounds. He determined that now was the moment to indulge himself in a little oxygen, the exhilarating effects of which would banish the sensation of exhaustion occasioned by his strenuous journey.

At the first hiss of the escaping gas he felt wonderfully revived; and when his janitor returned, a few moments later, accompanied by two men whose accents suggested humble upbringings, he was so elated that it was all he could do to prevent himself from bursting into song. So far as he could judge, he was carried up one flight of stairs, mercifully headfirst this time, and there deposited. He heard the chink of money and an exchange of farewells; then the closing of the front door and the footsteps of the burglar returning.

This person seemed in excellent spirits, for he was whistling gayly and rattling his feet in some kind of impromptu breakdown. He approached the chest and, grasping the handle at the side, lifted it an inch or two from the ground and dropped it again. This performance was repeated three times, and Lord Louis surmised it was a prearranged signal to denote the end of the journey.

"Still asleep, Jack?" said the man. "It's a pity you are deaf, my mate, because you might hear me telling you that you're home, sonny—home!"

Judging the moment had arrived to make his presence known, Lord Louis drew back the bolts and, flinging up the lid, sprang to his feet.

The effect was electrical. The man before him staggered back as though shot.

"You must forgive me," said Lord Louis, "for making an entrance that may lead you to believe I am a clown, for my mission here is of a serious nature. I have come to demand the restoration of the five Kang-he vases you stole from my house last Thursday night."

For a space the man made no reply; then he blurted out:

"What have you done with my mate?"

Lord Louis smiled.

"I am pleased to find you a person of such solicitude," he said. "You will more readily appreciate the pains I have been at to secure this interview."

"If you've handed him over to the police ——" began the other, advancing with a menacing gesture, "if you've done that ——"

Lord Louis stepped clear of the chest.

"I did not say I had," he remarked. "I have, however, made certain dispositions, and it will rest with you whether or no he is accorded a fate you richly deserve to share."

"Tell me what you're driving at, and be quick about it."

"Certainly," said Lord Louis. "If you would oblige me with your name—any name will do—it would facilitate conversation."

"Make it Jones, then," came the reply.

Lord Louis bowed.

"Very well, Mr. Jones; let us sit down"—suiting the action to the word. "When I discovered your friend last night, after he had made a determined effort to deprive me of some valuable trifles, I arrived at a conclusion—or, rather, two conclusions—relative to your character: The first, that you were a person of no great personal courage; and the second, that you were possessed of gentle feelings and a kindly disposition."

"I'll trouble you not to be funny," said Jones. "You may find you've made a mistake."

"Had you been courageous," pursued Lord Louis imperturbably, "you would not have sent your friend on so perilous a journey you would have gone yourself. As to the kindly disposition, that is proved to the hilt by the solicitude you showed in the matter of cushions for the inside of the chest and the purchase of veronal to subdue the mental anxieties and physical discomfiture such an undertaking inevitably incurs. Consequently I argued that if I held your partner as a hostage I could count on regaining my property at the price of his

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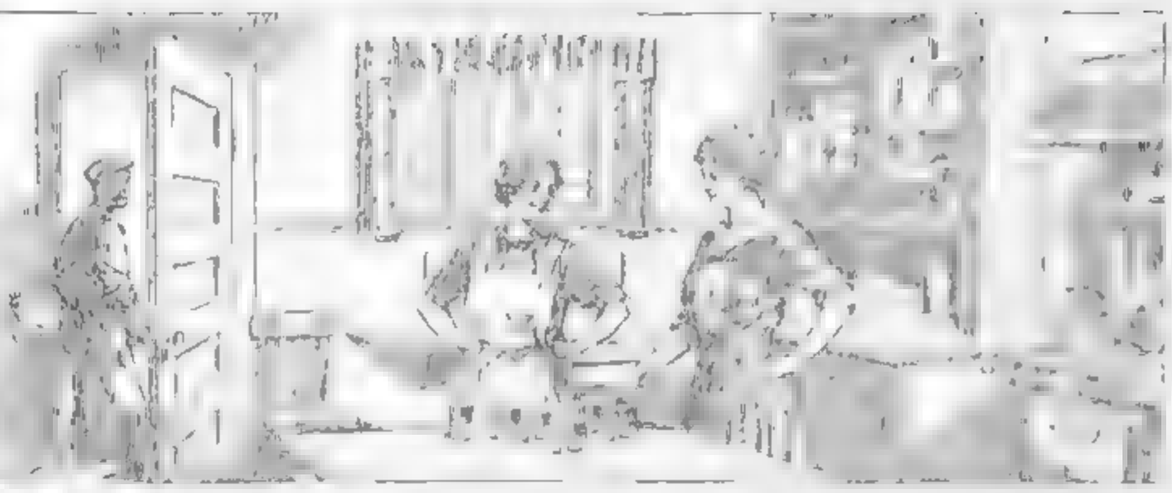

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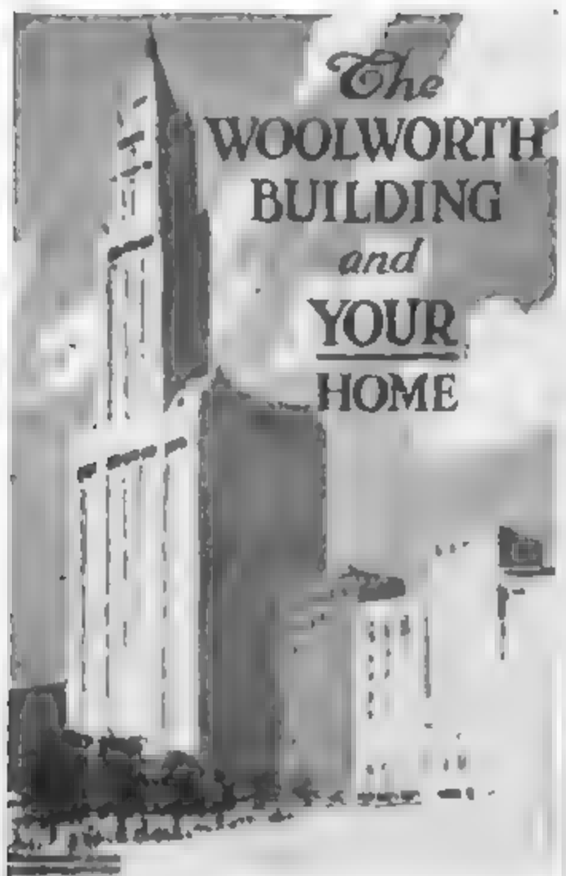

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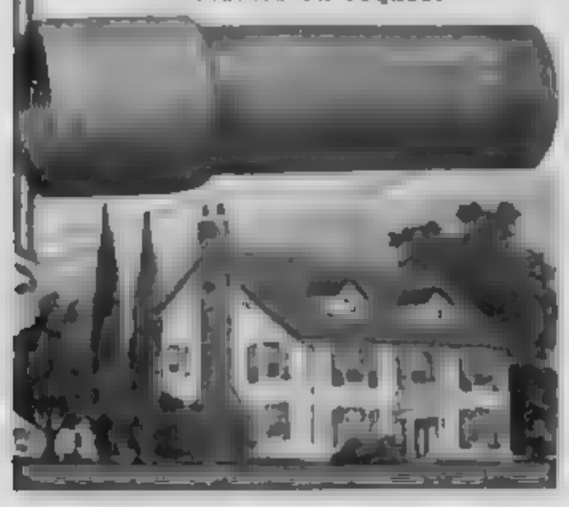

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release, without exposing myself to any undue risk of violence. If you will kindly fetch the vases and call me a taxi I guarantee your friend shall be restored to you as soon as I reach my home, and no further proceedings be taken in the matter. Do you agree?"

For answer Mr. Jones drew from his pocket a six-shooter and presented it at Lord Louis' head.

"No, I don't," he said; "and you can listen to me. You are in my power. D'you know that? Nobody knows where you are, and that's a trump card you didn't reckon on. There's a sheet of paper there and a pencil—write down these words: 'Release man at once. If he has not returned by five o'clock I shall be shot.' Sign and address it to the chap who has charge of him."

"But, my dear Mr. Jones," said Lord Louis deprecatingly, "I have arranged that your afflicted partner shall be handed over to the authorities at four if I have not returned by that time. Added to which, I am far too truthful a person to even suggest the possibility of being shot. I must really implore you to approach the matter in a rational spirit. Even assuming that you intimidated me into writing such a fable, there is no one, save yourself, who could be dispatched with it; and you would hardly expect me to remain here in resigned inactivity against your return."

"The rest of the gang 'ud keep an eye on you."

"You forget that the 'rest of the gang,' by whom, I imagine, you are alluding to your deaf companion, is incarcerated at my house. The casual labor you enlisted to have this chest carried up here argues that the gang is strictly limited to two. No, my friend; we are wasting time." And he rose to his feet.

Jones backed toward the door, covering him with the pistol.

"You'd better look out!" he warned. "If this goes off it will be your fault."

"Pooh!" said Lord Louis. "A man who hasn't the courage to spend the night in a wooden chest is in no danger of committing a murder. If you decline to fetch the vases I must ransack the house until I find them."

So saying, he walked boldly toward the door and, brushing Jones aside, stepped forth onto the landing.

This seemingly utter disregard for danger was more than Jones could hope to resist.

"Here! Hold on!" said Jones, lowering his weapon. "If I give 'em to you, you'll stand by what you said? My friend goes free and you don't put the police on our track?"

"I never repeat a promise," said Lord Louis wearily. "It is for you to recall what I have said."

"Oh, all right! You shall have 'em."

Five minutes later Lord Louis was superintending the packing of the five Kang-he vases.

"You need not be sparing with the wadding," he remarked. "You can exercise just the same care as you did when you removed them from my house."

Jones ground his teeth.

"If you hadn't got hold of my mate I should have put a bullet through you," he jerked out, and led the way to the front door.

Lord Louis smiled. "Perhaps," he said, "you will do me the credit for having realized that fact when taking certain precautions for his safe custody."

He opened the door and stepped onto the pavement, colliding as he did so with someone on the point of entering. He looked up and found himself face to face with the deaf-and-dumb man. The recognition was mutual, and from the background came a cry of astonishment from Jones.

"Grip him!" shouted Jones, forgetful for the instant of his friend's infirmity.

Lord Louis caught the words and, at the same time, the sight of a policeman at the opposite corner.

His mind worked quickly. In a second he knew he would be dragged back into the house and overpowered. He raised his voice and cried: "Officer!"

At the same moment Jones' hand had dropped heavily on his shoulder. The policeman heard and crossed toward the little group. Jones' hand fell to his side.

"Officer," said Lord Louis again, "I am sorry to trouble you, but would you be so good as to use your whistle to obtain me a cab. I have an important engagement." And his fingers traveled suggestively to his waistcoat pocket.

"Certainly, sir," replied the constable. "There is a rank at the crossroad."

He drew his whistle and gave two short blasts.

Lord Louis turned. "You see, Mr. Jones," he said, "I have kept my promise; and, as I judge, it was only by an accident of fate you were withheld from keeping yours. Kindly make my respects to your friend, as my ignorance of the deaf-and-dumb language denies me the privilege. Good afternoon."

And, handing half a sovereign to the constable, he entered the cab, which had just drawn up.

The faithful Badger greeted him on his return with a gratitude not far removed from tears.

"Thank heaven, your lordship is safe!" he cried.

"Yes," said Lord Louis; "I am quite safe; and here are the missing vases. But I must say, Badger, that your leniency with our prisoner nearly encompassed my undoing."

"I wish I had him here now, m'lord!" said the man, with an unexpected access of emotion.

He went on to explain how he had visited the prisoner a dozen times, according to instructions; and how on the last occasion the sleeper had suddenly awakened and, grasping him by the throat, had reversed their positions and, locking him in, had made good his escape.

"I didn't come to for a quarter of an hour, m'lord," he plaintively added; "and then, of course, he was gone. Oh, m'lord, will you ever forgive me?"

But Lord Louis Lewis was smiling happily to himself as he replaced the seven Kang-he vases on the Delft rack above the sideboard in the dining room.

SUGGESTED SIMON

(Concluded from Page 9)

There are various kinds of successes that succeed. There's the success of the billion-dollar flotation, which simply carries the crowd away on its own flood; there's the *succès d'estime*, which leaves an artistic glow behind an empty breast pocket; and there's the big success, built solidly on little beginnings. At first glance Simon Simon's special brand looked like a mushroom growth, but it was not; for, though it had no single great taproot, it had a veritable network of minor roots, which twisted down through two years of carefully kept notebooks on suggestions.

Simon's story got out. The press took it up. It was deadhead advertising; but it was also good copy—too good to miss. Simon Simon became a character and filled a new niche in the national life. He was the man who could not only take advice but could digest it; the man who never let a suggestion get by without squeezing it dry. In short, he became Suggested Simon.

A story in himself, stories began to crop out all over and about him. The first was the best. One of his girls, full of all that the papers had been saying about Suggested Simon, approached him with an eager smile. She had no trouble in getting to him, for he was part and parcel of his whole shop.

"Mr. Simon," said the girl, "betcha I c'n suggest somethin' you haven't thought of yet!"

Simon Simon came to attention at once.

"Go ahead, my dear," he said, drawing out his cuff.

"Well," said the girl, her eyes sparkling, "it's this way: I'm the Louvain model. You know their line. Youthful stuff; gay, an' all that. Calls for a serene brow and plump cheeks.

"What I want to know is, how am I to look serene and plump on nine dollars a week? If I have to spend my time hooking boobs for meal tickets I'll soon have a wrinkled forehead. I suggest that you raise my money so I c'n pay strict attention to business."

"It's a bargain!" said Simon promptly. "Your pay's doubled for as long as you earn it and until I hear you've had a dinner date."

Another girl, hovering in the offing, heard the verdict.

"Me, too, please, Mr. Simon."

Simon turned a glassy eye on her.

"You're fired!" he remarked. "No one ever had to suggest the same thing to me twice."

It can be seen with half an eye that Mr. Simon Simon had developed into a full-grown man. People pointed him out as the latest of the phenomenal successes that make New York the wonder city of the commercial world. To look at his spruce figure walking briskly up the Avenue on the stroke of six every workday evening and responding undismayed to the bows of sundry customers—some good-natured, others not above currying favor with the great tailor—was to admire and to envy. Surely this ex-salesman, turned arbiter of female fashions, was a lucky and a happy man!

But how little does the public know of the fly in the ointment of the favorites of the gods! Simon had succeeded in business and he was happy in business. From the moment he struck into the Avenue in the morning till he turned out of it at night on his way to Columbus Circle, he lived in a world that satisfied all his hunger for efficiency, elegance and the correct thing. But, once he had dipped into the portal of the Subway, read his paper, and turned his thoughts homeward, his spirits and his shoulders drooped.

For Simon was not happy in his home. Like many another American, he had been so intent on forging forward himself that he had forgotten to carry his wife along with him.

He learned slowly a great truth: that it is a man's atmosphere which makes him great. Simon, in the midst of his wonderful tailoring rooms, surrounded by brocaded furniture, cheval mirrors, bolts of fine fabrics, billows of gossamer, and the loveliest bevy of girls that ever changed from street costume into neat working frocks of black velvet, couldn't be small if he tried.

Simon, entering, by means of a latchkey, on a smell of cooking, and into the presence of a lachrymose wife and faded rep, was small—and knew it.

Mrs. Simon, through no fault of her own, had never taken joy in her husband's meteoric success.

A thunderbolt may be a beautiful thing in the distance, but it loses its spectacular charm when it strikes near enough to bowl you over; and that was what had happened to Mrs. Simon. She had succumbed to Simon's success; and for many a month thereafter she lived in a tearful daze, gazing across the abyss that had opened between herself and her husband.

She was painfully and humbly aware of the abyss; so was Simon. He sensed it gaping at his feet every night of his life; and the more it widened, the smaller he felt. Here was the fly in his ointment—the mote that blinded him to a complete content: His wife, badly dressed, ill-kempt in body and spirit, was beyond the pale of his ennobling atmosphere. Until he could be proud of his home, his wife, and all that was his, he could not be wholly great.

He was no man to lie down before a task; and many were the sleepless nights he lay listening to the breathing of his wife and trying to solve this new problem. Why not move her to the new and luxurious quarters he could so easily afford? That was a thought which would occur to any fool; but, fortunately for what was left of his peace of mind, Simon was no fool. There was an instinct in him that told him he could not move his wife; she must move herself.

Even so, it was a temptation—just as one is always tempted to do something when one is in a hole, whether it's the right thing or not; and Simon formed a habit of visiting new apartment houses and making inquiries as to terms of lease. Sometimes he would go so far in his negotiations that to get out he would have to turn himself into an objectionable tenant by saying he must keep a dog, or that he expected offspring in the near future.

Once or twice he almost fell for an unusually lovely apartment. What saved him was his suggestion book.

Whenever he felt himself on the verge of yielding he would hurry home and look up Note Three, Page 184, Book II:

"The man who sets a moonstone in platinum is looking for a laugh—and will get it."

Editor's Note—This is the first story in a series by Mr. Crowfoot. The second, entitled The Pedigree Plug, will appear in an early number.

Uncle Sam walks the Safest Route-

CAT'S PAW

Heels the American Boot

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

The Nation's Choice by an Overwhelming Majority

The Winning Platform

SAFETY—Foster Friction Plug Prevents Slipping
ECONOMY—Wear Longer—The Cost is Less
SERVICE—No Holes to Track Mud and Dirt

Worn by millions who have tried other kinds first

Foster Rubber Co., 105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

Black, white, tan for men, women, children 50 cents

JOHN W. BATE'S 17TH MODEL
26 EXTRA FEATURES
73 NEW CONCEPTIONS.

Mitchell
SIX

$1325 F. O. B. RACINE
FOR STANDARD MODELS
127-INCH WHEELBASE
HIGH-SPEED MOTOR—48 H.P.

Sixty Smart Cars in One

Mitchell Exhibition Models
500 Extra-Fine Creations

Three New Four-Season Types
Coming Closed-Car Styles

The Mitchell enclosed bodies for 1917 are now ready for exhibit at next year's Shows.

The ablest artists we know, designers and craftsmen, have devoted nine months to these superb creations. For we intend them to reveal some new standards in fine cars.

Our experts examined 257 models—the latest European and American types—to miss no known attraction. And sixty of the finest each contributed some new ideas in luxury and beauty.

To these we have added many touches of our own. And some quite important features. So each Mitchell enclosed body excels any rival in a good many ways, you will find. And we don't believe that you will find one wanted detail lacking.

Only 500 This Fall

We have built only 500 of these extra-fine models, including winter cars and the cars for all seasons. These are supplied to the leading Mitchell dealers. Even the largest cities get but a few of them.

The chief purpose of these cars is to bring new prestige to the Mitchell. To show what efficiency means in fine bodies, as we've shown what it means in the chassis.

These 500 exhibition cars, in the hands of our dealers, are scattered all over America. But the largest dealers have a very small allotment. So, if you want one, it requires immediate decision. It is too late to build more of them. And, anyway, the over-demand for our open cars forbids.

New Four-Season Models

The Four-Season Models—cars for all weathers—will excel in popularity.

One is the Springfield-type Sedan. A 7-passenger Sedan, with all a closed-car's luxuries. But whose plate-glass sides disappear when not wanted, giving a light, open touring car.

One is the Cabriolet—a Coupé whose windows drop, and whose top falls back to make an open Roadster.

Then a new type of demountable top.

There is also the Mitchell Limousine—the masterpiece of body-building. And the Mitchell Coupé for four. In both of these the windows drop. And both have every dainty touch that experts have yet conceived.

Mitchell Models

3-passenger Roadster,	$1325
5-passenger Touring Car,	$1325
7-passenger Touring Car,	$1360
Equipped with Demountable Top Only, $100 Extra	
4-passenger Cabriolet,	$1775
4-passenger Coupé,	$1850
7-pass. Springfield Sedan,	$1985
7-passenger Limousine,	$2650

All prices f. o. b. Racine

Our 20% Extra Value

We lead you to expect in all Mitchell models at least 20 per cent extra value. If you don't find it—in lower price or added features—you have reason to complain.

That extra value is due to John W. Bate, the great efficiency engineer. It is due to his factory savings. In this model plant, with its up-to-date equipment, he has cut our factory costs in two.

Ninety-eight per cent of the Mitchell is built under these efficiency methods, and in our own shops. The saving we make is enormous.

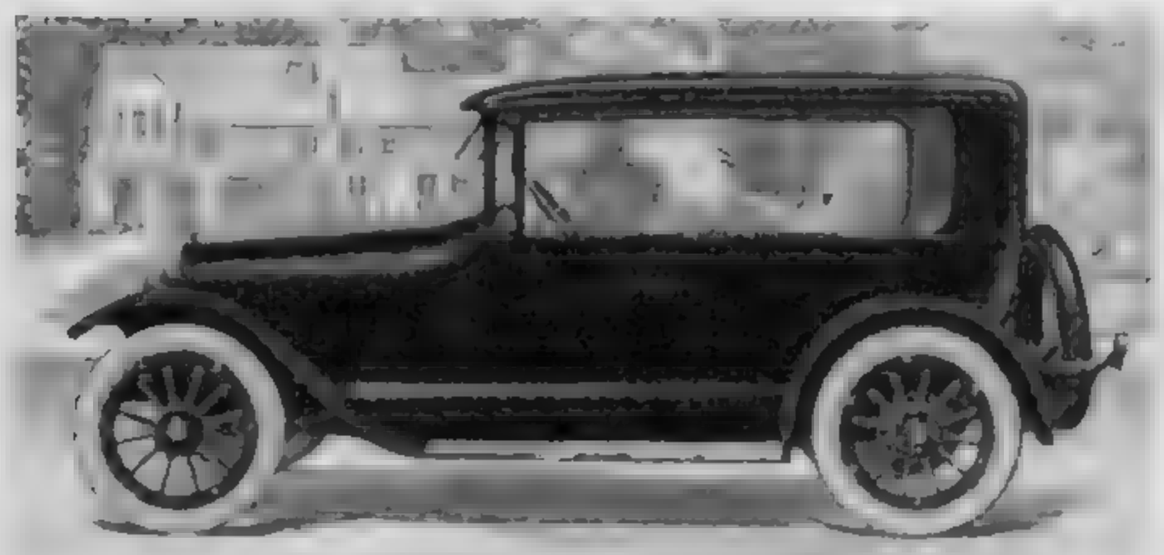
50% Over-Strength

Mr. Bate has made in the Mitchell car over 700 improvements. Each important part is designed and tested for 50 per cent over-strength. There are 440 parts made of toughened steel—either drop forged or steel stamped. All major strains are met with Chrome-Vanadium steel. And 26 extra features are included, for economy, strength, comfort or convenience.

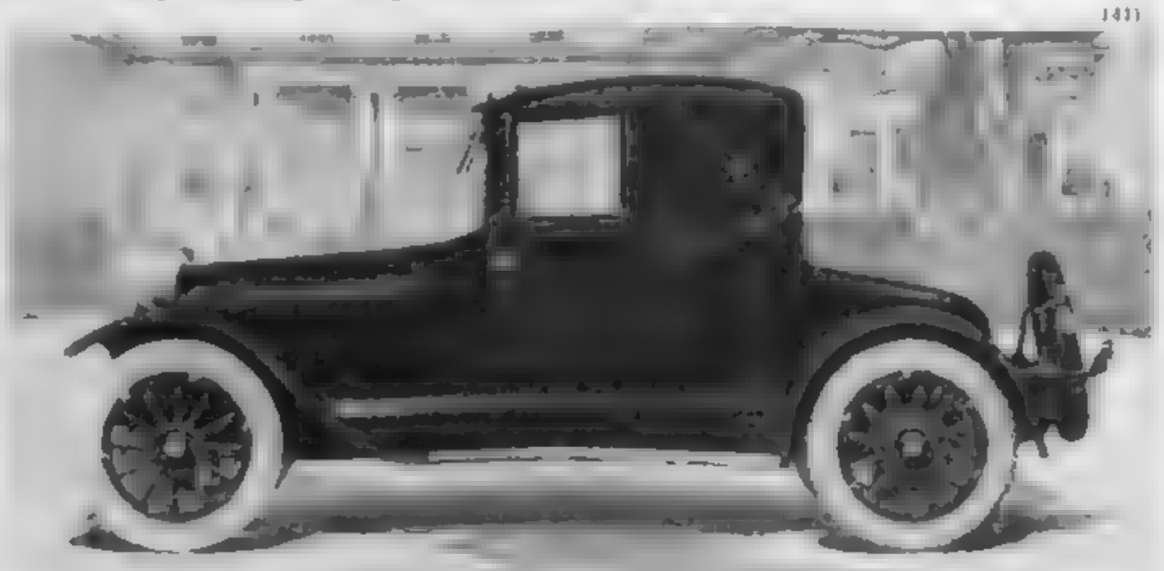
So the Mitchell represents, in every detail, Mr. Bate's final idea of efficiency. It is built for a lifetime car. And seven of these cars have already averaged 175,000 miles each.

All the larger Mitchell dealers now show this car with the exhibition bodies. Go see them before they are sold.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



THE MITCHELL-SPRINGFIELD SEDAN—WINDOWS DOWN



THE MITCHELL CABRIOLET

What the Salesman Learned from Watching Men Smoke

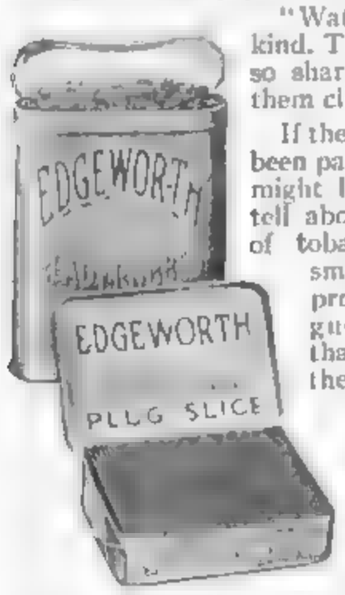
"I learn a lot about approaching men just from seeing them smoke," said the salesman seated in the lobby.

"Watch this heavyweight over here, for instance. Note the way he jams the tobacco into his pipe with one thrust of his thumb. See how he lets the threads dangle over the brim. Never notices them at all. He puts a match to his tobacco as if he were burning papers, and doesn't even brush away the sparks that fall into his lap.

"Careless, gruff, but good-natured, I should say.

"On the other hand," went on this psychologist, pointing at a trim, alert-looking man who was carefully putting away his pipe, "there's a man who probably makes a ceremony of pipe-smoking. He has his favorite brand of tobacco, always rubs it till it's loosened up just right, then rolls it into a neat little cone just to fit his pipe. He doesn't get out his match until every shred is in place. When the match is burning brightly, he draws the flame across his pipe very carefully till he has spread the fire evenly over every part of the tobacco.

"Watch out for his kind. They've got brains so sharp you can hear them click."



If the salesman hadn't been paged just then, he might have gone on to tell about what brands of tobacco these men smoked. As it is, we probably couldn't guess any nearer than you could what they were.

But there are a lot of smokers who are in one or the other of these two classes.

If what the salesman said is correct, we are reasonably certain that the second of these two men smokes Edgeworth.

The other man, we are even more sure, does not—perhaps never heard of it.

It isn't unusual to find a man who has never smoked Edgeworth, for it isn't a tobacco that is common among the run of men on the street. Out of a chance hundred pipe-smokers, you probably would find only a dozen real "pipe-cranks," but of these nearly all would be Edgeworth devotees.

Those smokers who do use Edgeworth, if you will notice, are men who analyze for themselves the pleasure they get out of pipe-smoking. And these men have very definite ideas why they like Edgeworth.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, we should like to have you test it out, for if pipe-smoking is your hobby, you may like it.

So if you will just drop us a card bearing your name and address and the name of the store where you buy most of your tobacco, we will send you, free, a liberal sample.

Edgeworth comes in two forms: Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. The Plug Slice consists of flat cakes made up of a number of thin, uniform, oblong slices. One of these slices ground up in the palm of your hand makes just a pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is simply the Plug Slice rubbed up by special machines and ready for the pipe. We will send you some of both.

Address your card to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

AN ALLEY OF FLASHING SPEARS

(Continued from Page 13

"You are wrong!" he shouted in sudden revelation. "I love you! I do! I do! Do you hear me? I love you! I do!"

She stiffened suddenly under his hands and the handkerchief fell from her eyes. Her throat was heaving terribly. Her grasp tightened on his arm and she looked up at him with a terrible question in her eyes, as if she had heard miraculously the one thing she had least hoped for and most wanted in the world, and as if she were not sure she had heard aright.

He could not bear to see that look, and, regardless of time and place, he swept her to him with a clasp so fierce that it might have been a wrestling hold; and as he did that he discovered suddenly that he was sobbing too.

▼

EVERY emotion, every thought Nils Riordan had had until now—exultance in the pride of leadership; his great, wide love for his own people; his affection closely wound about the old pastor who had reared him; his deep, mystical reverence for the father and the mother who were dead; the clear, supernal voice that called to him at times and pointed out the road he was to follow, and the great bound of heart that came to him on hearing it—all these seemed minor, edgeless, lifeless compared to the flame that burned in him now that he knew he loved Myrtle Delavan.

At moments great tenderness suffused him when he thought what she had suffered, and iron fingers constricted his heart and sweat broke out on him as he went vicariously through her agony. And then passion would shake him until his throat was as dry as dust, and his face was livid with rage as he thought of the smiling, cynic villain who had been the cause of it. These would pass and the great resolution would simmer within him.

"If ever," he would stop and say to himself, wherever it was, at whatever time it might be—"if ever she suffers one pang more, one unhappy moment more, may God desert me, both living and dead!"

But, apart from these moments, life passed for him in a single golden minute. A queer madness swept about him, so that he might have been walking on air, so buoyantly did his feet go; and the atmosphere he breathed might have been the very winds of Paradise. His heart seemed to inflate to the breaking point, to tug at his body as a balloon might tug at the ground. He wished to stop everybody in the street and give them everything he had. And, when he thought of her at times, the brilliancy of it seemed to knock him aghast, as the light of the vision felled Saul of Tarsus; and it would appear cruelly impossible to him that he was pledged to marry the most beautiful woman in the world.

"You will marry me?" he had asked her the evening after that sobbing discovery in the mean park.

"How can I?" she had wailed to him. "I am married already."

"You will get your freedom," he told her. "You will begin action immediately. There is not a jury of men in the world—not a judge—who would withhold it for an instant."

"I am afraid," she quavered. "Afraid for you and for me. Afraid of him!"

"There is no need for you to be afraid of him," he said, so savagely that his voice dropped to a hoarse, throaty whisper, "so long as I am here. And as for me, I am afraid of no man while I am doing what is right and have these two hands."

He wanted her, in the first flush of decision, to walk out of the house on Madison Avenue that night and take refuge with some of the people on the East Side until the decree was granted. But this was too much for her.

She had promised enough already, and she was shaken through and thoroughly frightened. It would be best to leave her as she was.

"The moment that decree is given," he directed her, "you will put on the clothes I shall buy for you. You will walk over the threshold of that house, with nothing from it—not the value of a straw. You will come direct to my arms and you will marry me."

"I will!" she answered.

"And you will be my girl, and my wife? And you will follow me always and love me always?"

"Always!" she answered him, sobbing. "Always! Always! Always!"

He would not go near her house ever, or sit down with her in that luxurious limousine. But every day he saw her, walked with her, had lunch or dinner; and so passed these days. She would walk out of the house trippingly, trying to come with calm and dignity, and ignorant and careless of the prying, gossiping eyes that spied on her. They would meet at the corner and go for their long walks and explorations. November had come in, all white frost and cold sunshine, and New York had entered on its two wonderful months. Rapturously they walked up Fifth Avenue, with its eternal carnival of people and cars, stopping every moment to look in at a shop window, admiring a tropical display in a florist's store; or a Bokhara rug stretched to entice the purchaser, a wonderful symphony in tone colors, like a hashish eater's dream; or a vase of translucent pottery rescued from the China of Han and Ming.

She did not understand these things and did not care for them, though she tried to—poor girl! But she was content to stand and watch him admire them, and to hear him enthuse, treasuring up every word and every occasion, collecting them with the avidity of a beggar collecting coins, to gloat over them afterward in the hours of his absence. Together they walked in Central Park, the frost-stiffened grass crunching beneath their feet harmoniously; or they wandered along the quays, remarking the battered oversea boats standing contentedly in their docks, like horses in stalls. So passed these days!

Occasionally he talked to her about his mission in life; about the men who toiled with their hands and who bunched their muscles to receive the naked burdens of the world. He told her what he wanted to make of them—a strong, cohesive unit, pulling together, each for the good of all; not a truculent force, proud in its strength and demanding excesses under the guise of rights, but a great movement that, gathering force and rapidity, would sweep every atom in it forward to the prosperity and comfort fitted to their station. She didn't grasp a tithe of it all, and sadly he saw that she was not destined to be a strong helpmate in his work; but he passed it over lightly.

"It is too much to ask," he told himself. "Here is the most beautiful woman in the world, and the best-hearted, and the most loving. I can do the work myself. She will sympathize with it, even if she doesn't understand. And the people will love her, because of her kindliness and beauty, as they loved my mother."

Four years before, De Courcy Delavan, who knew the beauty of women with the same thorough knowledge he had of the richness of wine and the hazard of cards, picked her from her Long Island swamp, considering her looks to surpass those of any woman in New York. She had then an intense, vivid beauty, like the beauty of a wild flower opening to the sun. And after those four years, until she met Nils Riordan, she had a cultivated, calm human beauty, a thing that conformed to standard and tint, like a valuable bloom in a greenhouse. But after she met Nils Riordan she became transformed. Light glimmered from her eyes and shone from her face and was haloed in her hair, as it might be about the features of a soul beatified.

It was startling how she, that pale chrysalis, became suddenly a butterfly of happiness. She went singing about the house; and though she knew Nils hated to think of her in the clothes that Delavan's money bought she could not help arraying herself in the best and most beautiful she had or could buy, weighing in her intimate, woman's brain, the pleasure he had in seeing her in all her glory, arrayed royally as she ought to be, against the pain of knowing that the rake's wealth provided it. And besides, she guessed shrewdly it was seldom he thought of that—other things engrossed him.

Carefully she prepared for each day, using every artifice at her command, spending hours before dressing table and mirror, counting no detail too laborious, because she loved him so. And each day she was rewarded by the gasp of incredulous wonder that came from his lips when he saw her, like the choking wonder an ancient Greek might have had on seeing a vision of supernatural beauty. That she lived for and

(Continued on Page 35)

KANTLEEK
Water Bottle

Guaranteed for Two Years

BY a secret patented process the Kantleek Hot Water Bottle is moulded into practically one piece of pure rubber. No seams to open up. No cheap composition to crack and leak.

The Kantleek is guaranteed to be free from any imperfections two years from date of purchase or your dealer will give you a new bottle. This good-as-gold guarantee is made possible by the extra-quality rubber used and the care and skill employed in manufacture.

The Kantleek costs but little more than the cheap hot water bottle, yet it lasts two or three times as long. Buy the Kantleek—the hot water bottle that's as good as its guarantee.

For Your Little Girl

we have made this dainty hot water bottle. She will have

interesting literature on Kantleek Rubber Goods.

Seamless Rubber Company
534 Congress Ave.
New Haven, Conn

We also make an extra fine line of automobile Tires and Inner Tubes—literally guaranteed

Grinnell Gloves

"LIMP-KUFF"
Style No. 4446

The [illegible] glove [illegible] original [illegible] cuff [illegible] with [illegible] Rezistol [illegible] ventilated back

National Fall Styles Exhibit

October 19th to 28th

FOR half a century the popularity of Grinnell Gloves has been growing. It rests upon *quality*. Glove quality is complete only when it combines style-quality, material-quality and workmanship-quality—and does this *successfully*.

How successfully this is done in Grinnell Gloves is shown by the fact that today the Grinnell line comprises over 900 styles, embracing gloves for every occasion and for every use.

When you choose Grinnell Gloves for any glove-need, from work to full-dress, you have the certainty of absolute correctness and of quality beyond criticism.

When you try on a Grinnell Glove you want it. The pleasant fit, the smooth, artistic appearance, the refined touch of style, convince you.

Good dealers practically everywhere sell Grinnell Gloves. For your convenience these dealers announce a National Fall Styles Exhibit of Grinnell Gloves, to continue through ten days.

Visit the display of your local dealer. You will be interested by the many exclusive features and original Grinnell ideas such as "Rist-Fit," "Grip-Tite," "Limp-Kuff" and "Rezistol." Note particularly the washable gloves and gauntlets.

Select the gloves you require for dress, street wear, motoring, driving or work, from the more than 900 Grinnell styles, and you will be assured of complete glove satisfaction.

1916-17 Style Booklet

Our new booklet, "Glove Styles," will be sent you free on request. Kindly mention your dealer's name when writing.

MORRISON-RICKER MFG. CO.
(Established 1856)
25 BROAD STREET - GRINNELL, IOWA

(Continued from Page 33)

that she gloried in, because it told her she meant something to the wonderful man she loved.

He had little time for work now; the wooing of her kept him busy all the day and at night he liked to be alone, in an ecstasy of thought about her. At times a fit of panic seized him, there was so much to be done—articles to be written; investigations to be taken up; speeches to be made in favor of candidates for Congress standing on the Labor ticket; commissions the sittings of which should be attended. But he would pass them over guiltily, promising that one week or one month from now he would attack everything with renewed vigor.

"Merkle can attend to that," he would say cheerfully to subordinates when they brought work to him; and Jim Merkle would be pleased and willing to undertake the task.

I think it was in Birmingham that Merkle had been born, right in the heart of manufacturing England, and his people had known hard days. He would tell unbelievably terrible stories of conditions in the cotton-spinning mills and in the cutlery factories. And as he told them his eyes would glimmer balefully; and he would denounce all capitalists with terrible oaths and threaten vaguely that a day would come with the people's revenge, as a red day had come in France about one hundred and twenty years ago. An uncouth, ungainly figure of a man he was, tall and lanky, with colorless gray eyes and a mouth creased from bitterness and shouting. He looked like a rough plaster cast in a sculptor's studio, but the moment he began speaking he became nothing but will and flame.

"The Irreconcilable" the members of Parliament had called him in England, speaking in a tone of light contempt. But no man in England had ever swayed the workers as he had done. There was no action of sabotage, no wave of popular fury in Great Britain, that could not be traced back to Jim Merkle. A horrible, defamatory attack on a great personage had sent him flying from England, with the law seeking to clutch him for criminal libel. In America his plea of a political offense had saved him from deportation and extradition.

In New York he had run up against Nils Riordan in his campaign of savagery; and, finding that he could accomplish nothing in a city so completely under the sway of the popular young leader, he had enrolled himself as a lieutenant under Nils, working faithfully for every ideal the organization had in mind, and resorting only to the accepted methods of agitation. He seemed to like Nils.

"If we only had you in England, boy!" he would say with admiration in his eyes; but the eyes would cloud quickly. "But things are different there! We don't get anything with your logic and diplomacy; we've got to bloody well use a club."

Riordan thought the man had taken suddenly the sane and logical view of labor problems and was delighted with the conversion. Merkle had proved valuable in breaking new ground and bringing new forces into the fold. The Englishman had a wonderful gift of wild oratory, and crowds came magically under his sway, while they progressed less quickly under the calm, logical tones of the college man. He had sent Merkle to Syracuse to help in an election, and Merkle had succeeded wonderfully. He had sent Merkle to talk over the leaders of the Waiters' Union to the terms he had made for them. Forcefully and succinctly Merkle had laid the case before them.

". . . And them's as fair as you would get an you were to stay out till the Judgment Day. Fair, square and aboveboard!"

A dissatisfied murmur rose from his hearers, an angry whisper and the shaking of heads. Merkle had sprung to his feet, his great hands knotted and his eyes glittering.

"And if any man doesn't think them fair," he roared, "let him step out on this floor with me!"

That had been effective. Riordan would have been firm and decisive, but he would not have accomplished the compromise as quickly as this.

Ordinarily Nils would have kept a tight rein on Merkle, overseeing minutely everything the lieutenant did, and intrusting him not at all with the larger issues at hand; but now, with his new-found happiness, he saw everybody in a different and glorious light. He regarded Merkle as a sincere and able leader, whose faults were negligible and whose loyalty was beyond question; a little rough, but with a heart of gold.

"Turn it over to Merkle" was becoming a formula with him. Other men in the organization protested. Johnson, the tired, disillusioned man who edited The Worker, voiced his dislike of the Englishman boldly.

"You're incurable, Johnson," Nils had replied laughingly. "You can see no good in anything or anybody. You're as suspicious as a Central Office man. Don't be an ass! Merkle's as straight as they're made."

"Very well. We'll see!" Johnson had replied grimly.

But morose suspicions and unfounded warnings had no effect on Nils. He passed them over lightly, as a sailor might shake his head after a dash of spray. Eagerly he awaited and met Myrtle Delavan, and planned with her their future life after she had gained her freedom. A little house on one of the quiet squares in the forgotten portions of the city they would have—a place with green shutters and whitewashed walls; with flowers trailing from window boxes; with a door that would be open to everybody on the first tap of the great brass knocker they would attach to it.

Inside everything would be shining, and in winter they would have a great fire in the main room, with licking green flames over the logs. A sort of sublimated workman's house it would be, simple, clean, with here and there beautiful touches that would give it effects not equaled in any mansion in the country. And he thought to himself of her going to and fro in it, in a plain gown of beautiful colors, a sublimated workman's wife. And there would be a cradle, he promised himself secretly, which he would hew out with his own hands. . . .

She listened to his plans, with her mouth and eyes eager, like a child breathless over a fairy tale. She said nothing, except to implore him to continue. And then suddenly they would become silent, each in their own thoughts; his deliciously tender, and hers unutterably poignant, because of the contrast of what he planned with what she had known before. At times like these she would turn to him quickly and grip his wrist with her hands, and her slim soft fingers would become withes of encircling steel.

"You love me?" she would ask breathlessly; and in her eyes the old agony would come, as though conjured up by a malignant charm.

"I do, my darling," he would reply. "I love you with all my heart and soul."

"Will you always love me?"

"Every moment in this life, dear girl," he would answer her solemnly, seeing the terror she was in; "and afterward—if that is possible."

"You will! Won't you, Nils? Promise me. Promise me, Nils! For if you ever desert me, or if you ever stop loving me, I shall die, Nils. I shall surely die!"

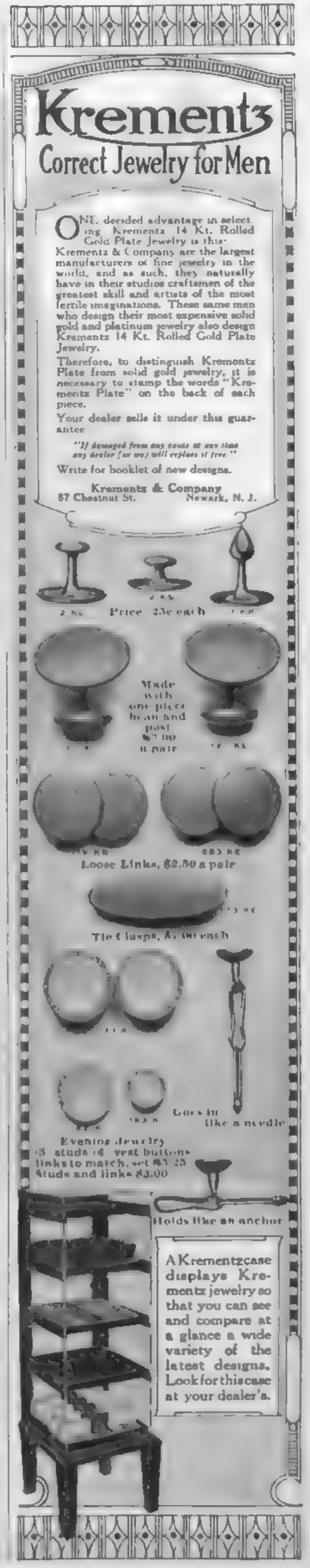
But this was seldom, for he had convinced her somehow that she was all there was in the world for him. And as for him, he would smile tenderly at the absurdity of her question, for that they should always be together and that everything should be as they had planned seemed as certain to him as the rising of the morning sun. And as he thought of that a great wonder seized him that they two in a whirlwind of Fate should be swung together, and exist alongside so long as the least part of spirit should adhere, in this planet and in a future one. He saw in awed, mute wonder that a great mystery had been shown him, greater than the rite at Eleusis, surpassing the inmost secret of black ancient magic. In one moment he had heard the purring shuttle of Life.

Before, the world had seemed to him a grim, stern place; and he had wondered how there could be so much happiness in it, seeing it as baldly as he did. But now he, too, was living in Arcady. . . . So passed these days!

VI

WHOEVER has been in Father Malachi's study in the Hudson Street parsonage will never forget it—that weird rectangle, with its musty and threadbare green chairs and couch; with its jumble of dog-eared books; Homer the poet and Apuleius the fiction writer joggling against the report of the Forrest Commission on labor problems, and Baker on Housing Conditions; Henry George, proudly holding his own beside Sophocles; and Bastable, that sly liar, daring to repose alongside of honest Herodotus. A huge Biblical Concordance was there, too, and a tattered religious encyclopedia, exhumed from a secondhand store.

(Continued on Page 37)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(Continued from Page 35)

The ornaments of the room were incongruous—the presents of his parishioners: A gaudy sunset by some artist of the slums, done, most likely, from an Eighth Avenue fire escape; a full-rigged ship carved into an immense green bottle; a plaster cast of Diana unloosing her bow, the gift of an Italian plasterer. An old desk stood in a corner, piled high with letters and notes, and memoranda made out on stray scraps of paper. And over everything was an air of comfort, of being lived in.

Those who have been there will remember, as the mainspring of the room, the fine white head of Father Malachi, cuddled into the hollow made by the back of a green chaise longue. It seems a corner of a quiet backwater compared to the rushing river of life outside. And the quietest thing in it was Father Malachi, leaning back in his chair, with his hands folded and his spare knees crossed.

But to-day he was not quiet. He fumbled about his desk, with his head averted, while Nils Riordan talked enthusiastically in the corner by the window.

"I could never get her to come down and see you until now, Father Malachi," he went on. "She was always afraid. She was afraid of meeting anybody. But now she wants to meet you and I'm going to bring her down." He paused and his voice became unutterably soft. "It means a lot to me to see together the two people I love most in all the world."

He stopped and leaned forward, his hands clasped together and a little dreaming smile upon his lips. The old clergyman still bent over his desk, with nothing of him visible to Nils except the long arc of his back, and his hands, which were trembling.

"You will love her, Father Malachi, for herself just as much as for me; and the people will love her when they know her."

For the first time he noticed the old pastor's preoccupation at his desk, his averted face, his trembling hands.

"Can I help you?" he asked. "Are you looking for anything?"

"No," was the slow reply. "I'm not looking for anything."

"Is there something wrong?" Nils asked with a note of alarm. He started to his feet and looked toward the desk anxiously. There was no answer. He pressed forward. "Father!" he called quickly. "Father! Tell me! Am I doing anything wrong? Tell me!"

"You are doing nothing wrong, Nils." The words came slowly and haltingly. "I can see nothing wrong. But ——"

"But what?"

The pastor turned round in his creaking swivel chair. His body was limper and more bowed than Nils had ever seen it. His face was haggard and his eyes were full of trouble.

"Laddie Nils," he said gently, "I would do anything to spare you pain. There is nothing on earth so dear to me as you and your happiness. But the people don't like it. They are talking. They are losing faith."

A sort of gasp hissed through Riordan's teeth and the light went out of his face like a quenched candle. His eyes became focused widely on nothing and all his body became tense, like a setter pointing.

"What are they saying?" he asked suddenly and colorlessly.

"They are saying," the pastor answered firmly—Nils could feel that he had steeled himself to say it and that every syllable he spoke was hurting him like an intense pain—"that another man with a great career before him has been drawn away from it to follow a woman. They say that Labor was all right for you until you got in touch with Fifth Avenue; that you have forgotten them all for a whiff of talcum powder and the rustle of a silk gown. They say this—and more."

"But—my God!—father, this is all wrong. This ——"

"They say," Father Malachi went on inexorably, "that your father and mother would turn in their graves to see their son trailing after the cast-off wife of a profligate millionaire."

"This is damnable!" Riordan all but shouted. "The girl is the squarest and sweetest and most horribly treated woman in all the world. And she is one of themselves, born and bred poor, and willing to come back and live among them."

"They say that you are lazing away your time with her; forgetting your trusts; neglecting your work."

"But I oversaw everything. I put it all into Merkle's hands ——"

"Merkle!" The old man's tone was like ice and acid; a terrible light came into his eyes; his frame trembled with rage.

"Merkle?" Nils said, aghast. "Why, Merkle's the squarest man alive! He has sacrificed everything for the cause. He has done wonders ——"

The clergyman controlled his rage by a great effort of will. He stood up slowly and looked at Riordan between the eyes. His voice was as solemn as on the night in the belfry, but his tones were firm now, sure of the facts before him, not shaking as when he had been unknotting the gossamer threads of uncertainty.

"Nils, in seven weeks Merkle has done nearly as much harm as you have done good in three years. It is he who has been spreading reports about you. He has been making the unions dissatisfied, urging to them that they would gain twice as much by rebellion and force as by hard work and arbitration. He has been hinting that you were the tool of capitalism, philandering with a woman of the moneyed class. And Nils"—his voice became horror-stricken—"there is dynamite in the air."

Very still Riordan stood, very still and stricken. For a moment he doubted whether he was hearing right; whether all this was not the figment of some distorted dream. Gradually the familiar surroundings came back to him. The truth was written too patent and bold in the old man's face to be mistaken.

"So that's what's wrong!" he said in a whisper. "That's what's wrong with the mill hands. And that's why that dying crowd of anarchists have burst out again, and why Dolmetsch has begun making speeches. I see it. I see!"

His hands clasped firmly and the startled look went from his eyes; and they lit up again with firmness and determination. He moved a little, turned, and began pacing up and down the room with nervous, rapid strides. A flashing light kindled in his eye and the color mounted to his temples. Suddenly he turned to the pastor.

"Listen to me, father," he said in vicious snapping accents, "and mark it! I am neither going to rest nor give in until I have driven Merkle from this country as he has been driven from England; until I have branded him for what he is—a liar and a Judas, a self-seeking demagogue and the

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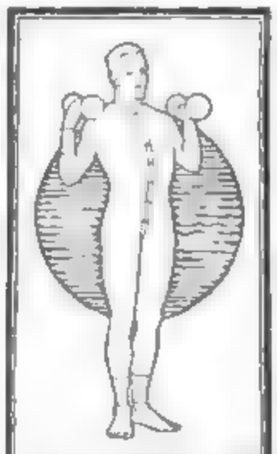

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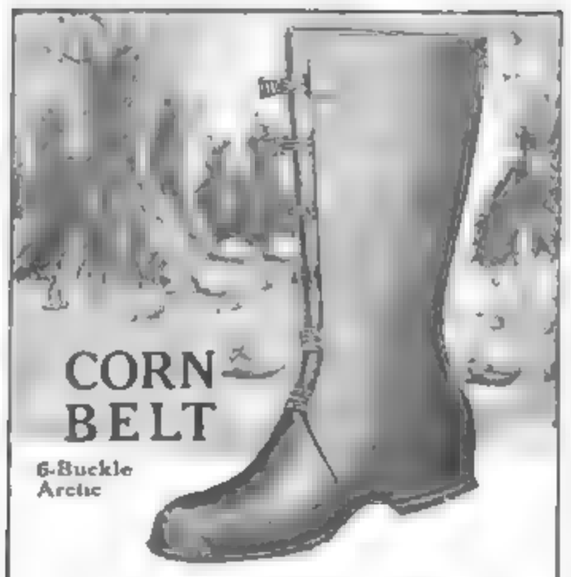

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enemy of all decent men. I will go down among my people and see whether they trust me or trust him. I will leave him so that no roof will cover him except the filthiest anarchist dive. And if necessary I shall kill him as I would kill a wolf that has strayed among sheep. Mark what I say!"

He took another few turns about the room, savage, untamable, like some wild animal confined by bars.

"And mark this, too!" he shouted. "I shall make the people eat every word they have uttered about the woman I am going to marry; for I shall marry her. And I shall bring her down here to them, and they shall go down on their knees to her as to a crowned queen. And they shall live to repent shamefacedly of the days when they spoke of her lightly. By God! They shall!" And he plunged wildly from the room.

They met at Thirty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue that afternoon and walked southward through a thin layer of snow that was freezing on the sidewalks. A typical December afternoon it was, cold and stinging, with the white snow beneath and everything standing out in strong, vivid colors. Right and left the houses rose like towers of ivory, glistening with hoarfrost and a coating of snow. Above them the sun shone in a great golden blaze, while from the west clouds blew toward it—heavy masses of ochre and saffron, with a background of inky black.

He could not find it in his heart to be gay that afternoon, but he was careful to say nothing to her of what he had heard; and inside him somewhere burned a great smoldering rage against those who had dared to criticize her. She saw he was morose and gloomy, but she attributed it to some worry about the cause he was always speaking of, and she was afraid to ask him to tell her of it, fearing she would not grasp what was wrong, and could not offer proper advice and consolation. So she contented herself with being gay and talking vivaciously, hoping to take his mind away from the difficulties. She filled her lungs with the keen frosty air and glanced upward to the sun.

"Do you see the sun, Nils?" she prattled. "Do you see the sun? It is so bright to-day it makes me happy."

He listened to her perfunctorily; for, gay as she was, the blow he had received was too severe to be deflected even by her pleasure. But she persisted in speaking to him and making him notice.

"I sometimes think," she went on, "that everything in the world owes its happiness to the sun. I feel alive only when the sun is shining, and when it sets the day is over for me. And I wait patiently until it rises again. Look at it, Nils." She laid her hand gently on his arm. "Look at it, Nils," she said softly. "You are my sun, dear!"

He raised his eyes skyward, half closing them for shade; and as he let the golden shimmer strike the lashes he noticed that the cloud bank from the west was sweeping rapidly toward it in great black fragments, like jinn racing forward on Titanic wings. The foremost cloud broadened in a huge black disk, began to scallop at the edges, and took on suddenly the grotesque outlines of a man's face—hard, forceful, with a great jaw and nose and rugged forehead. Nils watched it in astonishment, and to his mind there leaped the thought that it was the face of Jim Merkle. It blotted out the sun as a hood blots out a candle, and the streets became dark and cold. The woman beside him uttered a little cry of terror.

"The sun is going out, Nils!" she gasped. "Nils, the sun is going out!"

He caught viciously at her arm and held her to him, as he might do in a sudden emergency of danger; but he could say nothing to her, for a moment of terror was paralyzing the cords of his throat and stopping the rhythm of his heart's beating.

VII

THROUGH the closed windows of the office the sound of the crowd outside came in a faint *susurrus* of sound, now rising to a humming as of innumerable insects and sinking again until it came to a whisper as light as that of a breeze among leaves. From the windows themselves, past the platform of scaffolding that had been erected for the meeting, the great mass of people in the square seemed like a mass of larvæ, closely packed and seething, seen through a microscope. Their faces were grim and white, and the lines of policemen keeping them in order were nervous and clung together as tightly as possible. The striking longshoremen they were handling to-day were not to be impressed by nightsticks and whistles. They were a fierce, lawless crowd, who, if they were angered, would massacre the police force in the square with as great ease and as little compunction as they would pitch bags into the hold of a vessel. High overhead sodden rain clouds hung like a gigantic pall, dull and hopelessly gray. A raw air was out, so moist that it glistened, and in it the faces of the strikers were gray with a tinge suggesting want and despair.

Inside the office, with the long deal table and the shabby chairs, tension rose to pain. At one end of the table Bentley sat, secretary of the Labor Federation, a thickset, red-faced man, with big gray eyes and a close-cropped white mustache. His hands were clasped and his elbows on the table, and his mouth was set grimly. On one side of him was Flannagan, of the Longshore Union, a massive red-haired bulk, with anger showing in every line of his face. Beside him was Johnson, editor of The Worker, loose-lipped and bald, chewing an unlighted cigar nervously. Father Malachi had risen from the table and was looking out of the window, with his back turned to them and his head bowed. Opposite Bentley, at the other end, Nils Riordan sat, limp and gray-faced.

"Well, Mr. Riordan?" Bentley asked.

"Why can't you let me go ahead?" Nils asked bitterly. "Why don't you let me fight the thing out? Give me time."

"We have given you time, Mr. Riordan," Bentley replied doggedly. "We have waited and stood by you, and every day we have been losing our hold on the workers, and Merkle has been gaining all the time. In a few weeks more the work of all our lives will be undone. There will be dynamiting right in this city, and there will be as bloody fights as those in Colorado. We can wait no longer."

Again the silence and the tenseness took possession of the room, and the murmur of the crowd outside crept into it in a threatening minor tone.

Bentley looked steadily toward Riordan.

Flannagan shrugged his immense shoulders and scowled furiously. Johnson spat out rags of his cigar and put it back in his mouth.

"Come, Mr. Riordan," Bentley urged. "Give up Mrs. Delavan."

(Continued on Page 41

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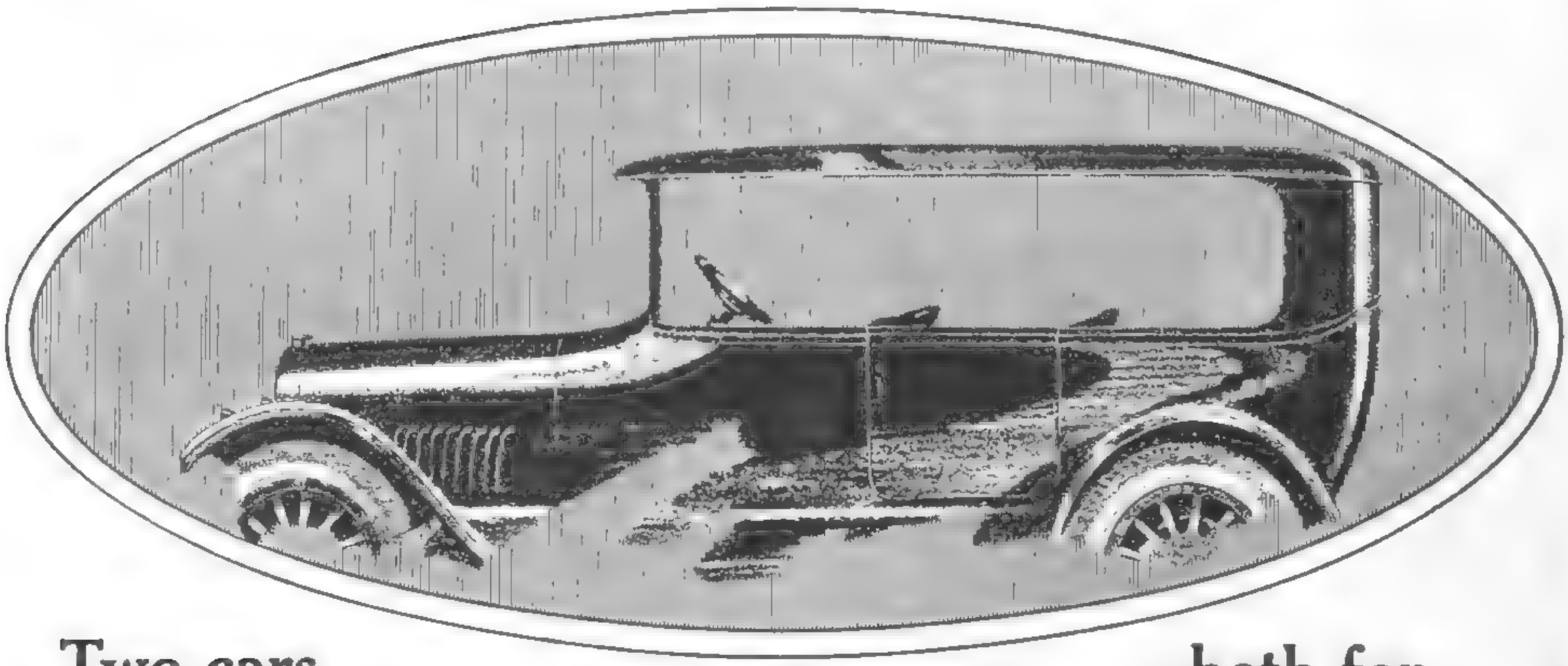

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Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan	$2195
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7 Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car	$1595
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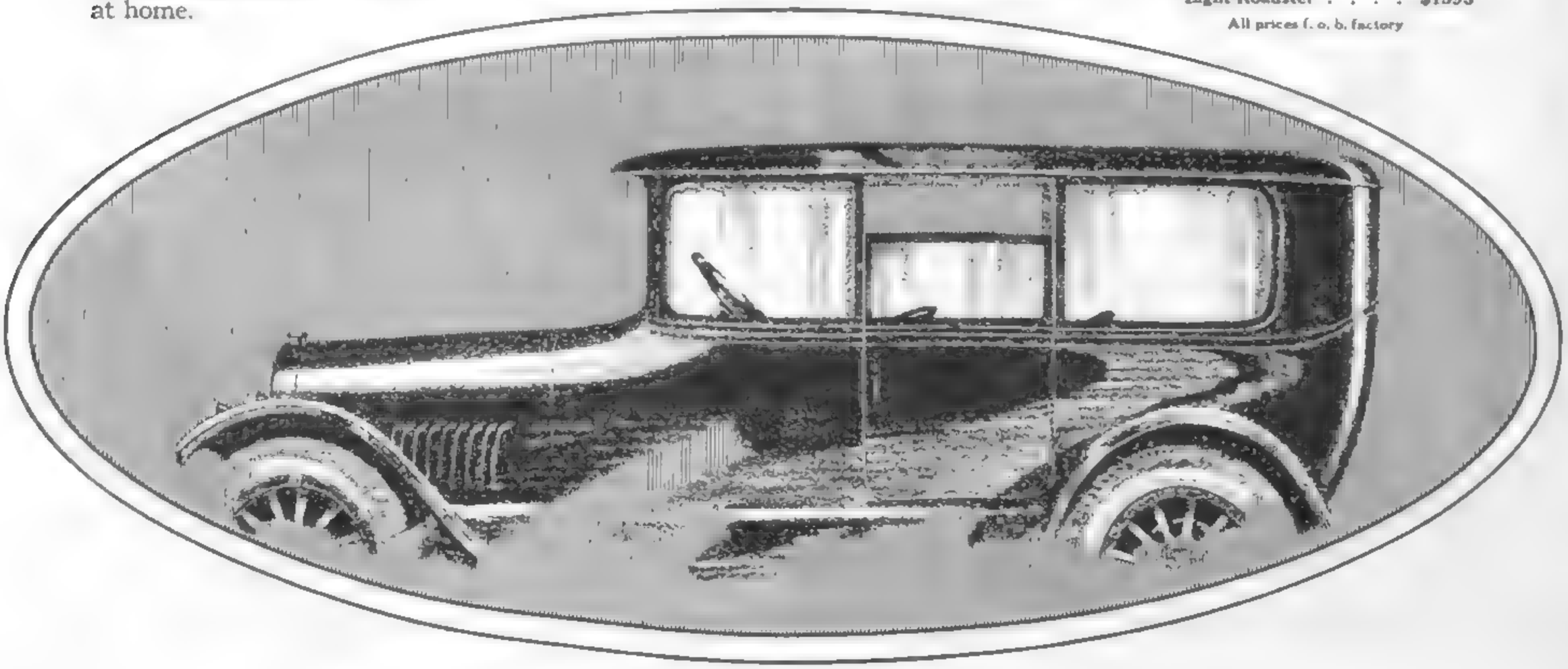

Eat Pineapple Pie

YOU'LL like it made from rich, juicy Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Canned Pineapple. You don't know how good pie can be until you have tasted the incomparable flavor of the fully ripened fruit between layers of rich, brown, flaky pie crust.

Hawaiian Canned Pineapple

Crushed or Grated

is fully ripened in the semi-tropical sunshine of Hawaii and packed the same day it is picked, in sanitary, air-tight cans. The real pineapple flavor is retained. You will find it delicious for ice cream, ices, sherbets, sundaes, shortcake, salads and in dozens of other attractive ways.

Here is a good recipe for Pineapple Pie:

2 cups Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Canned Pineapple; drain off most of the juice, add two tablespoons lemon juice and sweeten to taste; then add one tablespoon of flour and 3 well-beaten eggs, bake with upper and under crusts as for apple pie.

YOUR GROCER Sells CRUSHED or GRATED Hawaiian Canned Pineapple In Several Sizes

ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PACKERS, Garland Building, Chicago

(Continued from Page 38)

"In God's name," Nils began furiously—"in God's name, leave Mrs. Delavan out of it! That's my private affair."

"A public man has no private affairs," Bentley went on firmly. "And Mrs. Delavan is the whole matter at issue. If you marry her you lose your people. They will not stand for you marrying the divorced wife of a millionaire. They resent everything about her—her servants; her house; her picture in the papers; her summers at Newport; her cars. Everything! It may be all right—I've no doubt it is; but the people believe she is nothing except a becostumed Fifth Avenue woman who looks on them as dirt. The idea has been seeping into their minds for months and Merkle has made the most of it. Nothing will change that idea. Not a thing!"

"But we'll show them," Nils pleaded. "They must be reasonable."

"They are never reasonable," Johnson uttered bitterly. "They never think. If they did there'd never be any trouble."

"Here's how the matter stands, Mr. Riordan"—Bentley laid his hands flat on the table: "No matter how much influence you had with the people until now, no matter how much you have done for them, at the present moment they distrust you; and they will distrust you so long as you have anything to do with Mrs. Delavan. There are always people who will not believe in her good motives or yours, and those persons will infect the trusting ones. We of the Labor Federations are up against the biggest crisis in many years, and we can't afford to be associated with or support anyone who is in disfavor and unpopular. We shall have to cut loose from you; and the moment we do any power you have is at an end. Come now! Be reasonable. Give up Mrs. Delavan."

"I can't do it," Nils said firmly. He shook his head.

Flannagan jumped to his feet in a sudden passion. His eyes blazed and there was foam at the corners of his mouth. He hammered the table with his huge hands.

"You! You!" he shouted incoherently at Nils. "Damn you and your calf love! Look at the people outside that window. Forty thousand of them. Going to hell, and driven there by Merkle! No use for their leaders. And the Union funds gone. Starving—do you understand? And you are the only man who can stop it. You never think of them. You think only of a powdered hussy who sold herself to a rich man, like a woman of the ——"

Nils was on his feet too. His hand swung the heavy chair from the floor.

"Say that," he shouted back—"say that, and I'll crack your skull like an eggshell!"

"Sit down, Flannagan!" Bentley commanded. "Do you hear me? Sit down!"

Again there was silence in the room, and through the brick walls there filtered in the sense of the crowd outside—a faint shuffle of many feet, like the pitapat of dancers, and a hoarse soughing, as of bleak wind through bare branches. Riordan got up again. His eyes were bloodshot.

"Listen, Bentley," he said; "and you, Flannagan, and Johnson! And listen to me, Father Malachi! This girl we are speaking about has had the hardest time of anybody in the world that I know of. She didn't want to be anything, but Fate made her the wife of a scoundrel. He left her and for four years she has been buried alive. It makes no difference that the grave is gold and marble—none at all. And then we met, and for the first time in her life she approximated happiness. I say nothing about myself, gentlemen. Leave me out—except that the fault of it is mine.

"We fell in love with each other—that's the long and short of it. And I urged her to get a divorce and marry me. There is nothing wrong in that. You have a wife, Bentley; and you, Flannagan. You married the women you wanted to and they married you because they chose you. And both of you are happy and contented. That's all we ask, and there is nothing wrong in that.

"Gentlemen, I have worked all my life for this cause. I have worked alongside of you for the past three years and a half since I came out of college; and before that I dreamed of nothing else and planned for nobody else but the people. You needn't reproach me, Flannagan. The plight of the men outside is hurting me as much as it is hurting you. And nobody knows better than I the damage that will be done if Merkle isn't beaten.

"But listen to this, gentlemen: If anything happens now the girl will die. She has taken action against her husband, and by a boat that enters New York Harbor this afternoon her husband returns from France. Nobody except myself can stand between him and her. If I desert her now and let her return to that brute it will kill her, as surely as by a knife. She will die herself before she meets him. Think! Think of it! If I desert her this woman of mine will die!"

They sat very silent for a moment. The crowd without had become curiously still, and in the street at the rear of them a barrel organ struck up a gaudy, jingling melody that forced its way into the room like an intruder; a ghastly, sordid, heartless incident. It intensified the silence of the hearers with its metallic roll and set off the gravity of the conference as a pygmy might set off a giant. Bentley shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Riordan," he said decisively.

For an instant it seemed as if Nils would spring at Bentley. He was poised at the edge of the table like a crouching panther. The veins on his forehead stood out and his neck swelled under his collar.

"To hell with you and your cause!" he blazed. "I'm through with it. I will walk out of this room and shake the dust of it off my feet forever. I am not dependent on you for anything. I can make my living and hers without you. You have left it to me to choose; and—by God!—I will!"

The old clergyman at the window straightened up as if he had seen something he was expecting. He peered out for a moment and turned round slowly.

"You are right, Nils," he said. "You have the right to choose."

He came forward slowly and his face seemed very gray against the white of his hair. He moistened his lips as he walked and his eyes were strangely sunken. Outside, the noise of the crowd buzzed angrily, like a swarm of hornets, and in contrast with it the street organ jingled merrily away, like a butterfly fluttering about while a hurricane clouds darkly, ready to break.

"You have always the right to choose, Nils," he went on solemnly. Bentley shot an angry glance at him and Johnson seemed surprised. "I told you before that you had. Do you remember when, laddie? It was the night you returned from college. Do you remember that?"

"I do," Nils answered; his voice was a hoarse whisper.

"I took you up into the belfry and I showed you the city beneath us. It was a hot night and the children could not sleep, and they could hardly play. I told you you could choose to work for yourself or to work for the people from whom you were sprung, who had brought you up, who loved you. Do you remember how you chose that night, Nils?"

"I do," Riordan answered him again; his voice was hardly audible.

"You began your work, and every day you saw more how they needed a wise and strong leader. They rallied to you, Nils, as they had never done to anybody before. You worked wonders for them. It is a small thing, perhaps, Nils, but you don't know how many people knelt at their bedsides every night and prayed for you for all you had done. They looked forward to life with hope because you were working for them. You know that, Nils, don't you?"

He could answer nothing. He stood at the end of the table, his face white, his feet teetering beneath him.

"What you have been to these people in New York you might be to twenty million of them in America. You could be the one to lead them to wisdom and strength and comfort. You know that yourself, Nils. We all know that."

Father Malachi stopped to collect his words and his voice grew distressful, so much so that three of his hearers were terrified that they should see the most terrible of all sights, an old man who cried. But he caught himself up and went ahead:

"I know about this, and it is a hard thing, Nils. And I believe you—that if you leave her this woman will die. And I know that you and she are bound to each other in a big, pure love. But the people are inexorable. They clamor now as they clamored to Pilate. Many people die for others, Nils; but it is always a hard and pitiful thing."

He listened intently, as if he heard something the others did not. He straightened up again and looked at Nils squarely.

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This garment is featured at the best haberdashers' and department stores; but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and we will gladly supply you direct; delivery free.

Men's Suits—$1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50.
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"You are a free man, Nils, and you have as much right to your happiness and life as these twenty million have to theirs. You can choose. You can choose between the happiness of these people who need you, and to whom you pledged yourself, and your own. They are in danger, now that Merkle is at large, like a lion in the streets. But your life is your own, Nils, to do with what you like. You can turn your back on them. You can walk out of this room with this girl ——"

"Out of this room?" Nils asked quickly and affrightedly. Something in the pastor's voice told him it was not a figure of speech.

"Yes; out of this room," the pastor nodded. "I have sent for her and she is here. So choose now."

They heard for the first time the movement of feet in the adjoining corridor and they were all suddenly hushed. Through the windows the clamor in the square struck them—a speaker of some kind was addressing the men from the middle of the crowd, and his high-pitched hysterical voice was followed by a dull insensate roar, like the raging in animals annoyed by the trainer's iron. And from the next street the barrel organ still rippled faintly a sentimental song of frustrated love, with long-drawn notes swinging into a trill of appoggiaturas—a cheap, shallow thing.

Mrs. Delavan stood in the doorway, a slim, frightened thing. Against the dark furs about her neck and shoulders her beautiful features shone translucently—the melting amber eyes, the wonderfully curved and darkly red mouth, the graceful sweep of chin, the hair like warm reddish light. Against the bareness of the office she seemed like an orchid springing up suddenly in a back yard, a miracle of beauty.

Unconsciously the men rose to their feet. They looked at her with a startled expression on their faces. She was transfixed with terror.

Nils alone did not turn toward her. His gaze was leveled hypnotically through the window at the seething square. The old clergyman went forward and took her hands. He drew her toward him silently. For long minutes he looked at her.

"My poor little lady!" he said at last. "My poor, bonny little thing!"

She went white at the words and started as if to run to Riordan's side. But he held her gently.

"They want to take Nils away from you—his people. There are twenty million of them and you are only one girl. They want him very badly." He let her hands go and turned away. "My heart is broken for you both!"

She took two steps toward Nils quickly and then all at once stopped. Her hands dropped to her sides limply. Her head went back and her eyes closed.

"I knew it!" She broke into a wail. "I knew it—the day the sun went out!"

She clawed toward him with hands outstretched. She might have gone blind suddenly, so feebly did she grope. Riordan made no sign of having heard her.

"Oh, Nils! I shall die!" she cried with great sobs. "I shall surely die."

Johnson turned a sickening white where he stood, and Bentley's mouth went into a crease of chiseled lines. Flannagan shuffled uneasily. They dared not look at Riordan, but their eyes followed her, unable to move from her face. They saw a wonderful expression of tenderness sweep over it.

"Ah, Nils!" she said slowly; her voice was like some melancholy chord on a flute. "Poor Nils! Poor boy!"

She moved slowly toward him and touched his arm with her finger tips. They could see the cloth of his sleeve quiver.

"I can't stand this," Flannagan said suddenly, and moved forward. Bentley stopped him with a quickly upraised palm. Johnson shook his head hopelessly.

"Aren't you going to say good-by to me, Nils?" she was pleading; he might have been stone, so motionless did he remain.

She caught at his hand quickly and kissed it and, turning, fled out of the room. She was sobbing terribly; dry, cutting spasms of sound that were horrible to hear; and she struck against the door lintel, so blindly did she rush out.

They heard her go crying down the corridor; and once they heard her fall, pick herself up again, and run on. Without, the crowd began to shout with a rumble that was like thunder.

The men in the room paid no attention to them.

They stood still and shaken. Occasionally they looked at each other and turned away guiltily. Bentley after a time put his hand in his pocket and glanced at his watch mechanically. It was twenty-five minutes to four, and the meeting was to have started at half past three. He made no move to go out.

The barrel organ began again—this time a quick, staccato measure, two short bars and a lilt into a smashing crescendo; a cynical pseudo-solemn thing, full of mockery. The pastor noticed it unconsciously and, seizing on the trifle, began wondering what it was. He listened again to the laughing blasphemy of it.

"The Funeral March of a Marionette!" he discovered with a creeping horror.

The roar in the streets became more insistent. It thundered like gunnery. Riordan turned round quickly and decisively, and the leaders looked at him with nervous apprehension. His face was whiter than snow and down it sweat was pouring.

"I am ready," he said quietly, "and the people are waiting."

Bentley looked at him shakenly. He tried to protest.

"Mr. Riordan! Nils!" he said. "Don't speak to-day. Don't ——"

Riordan shot one savage glance of hatred at him and cut short the words on his lips.

They went out one by one, the music becoming louder as they entered the corridor. The pastor noticed that the men were unconsciously keeping time with the barrel-organ music as they walked.

"The Funeral March of a Marionette!" he repeated to himself, aghast.

They mounted the steps of the platform and took their seats. Beneath them in the square the mob of people was like a seething pot, the blackness of their clothes was like water and their white faces seemed bubbles on its surface. They clawed about the edges of the platform like bees swarming on a tree's branches. Nils stepped out and a great roar greeted him. It swept up Fifth Avenue and weltered toward the rivers, on each side.

"My people!" he began firmly.

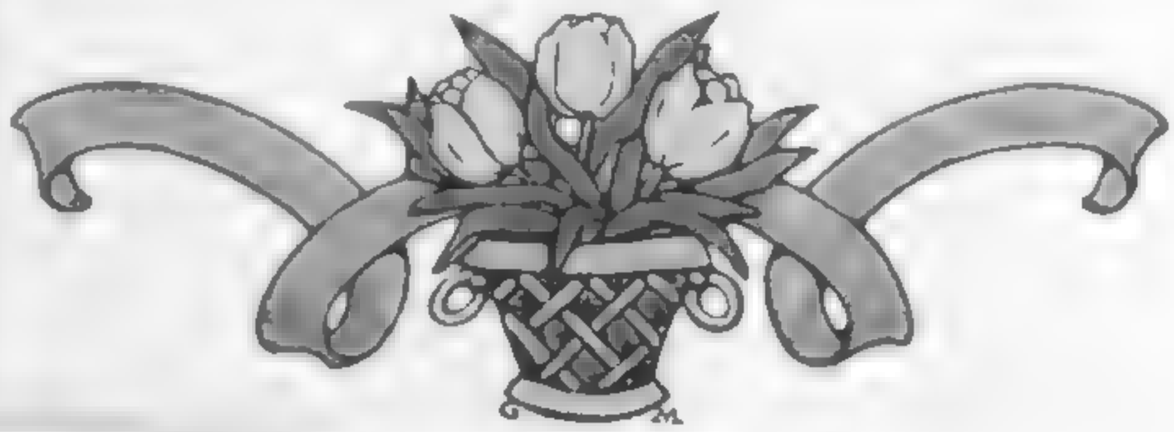
The old clergyman looked toward one corner of the square where a limousine was waiting. He saw a gray figure, with dark furs, tottering toward it with uncertain steps. It put out its hands before it and pushed the crowd feebly aside. Even in the distance it seemed to shake with terrible sobs.

"What I am going to advise you to-day," the speaker was saying in cold, firm accents, "I say from my deepest sense of duty toward you. And that duty I have always kept ——"

The figure reached the limousine and fell into it rather than stepped. The old clergyman watched it roll away. He turned and looked at the crowd with hostile, accusing eyes.

"God forgive you!" he muttered fiercely.

There came into his head again the echo of the rippling cynical music he had heard when she had broken from the room, and with which the men had kept time while walking out; and, bending his head, he began to recite, feelingly, brokenly, the prayers he would utter at a hopeless bedside.



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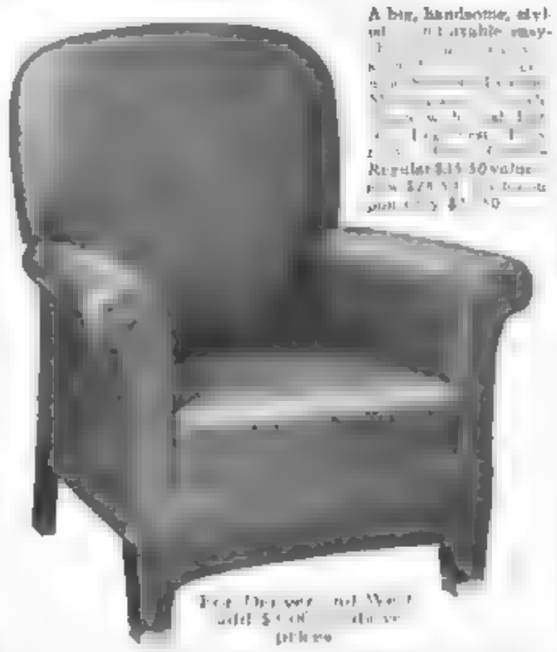

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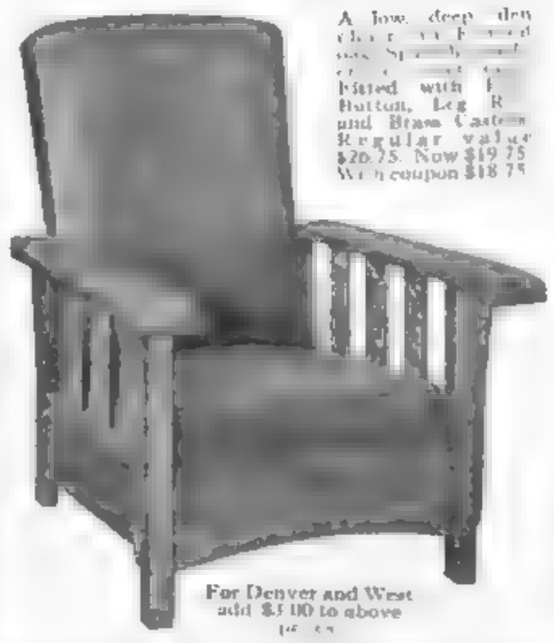

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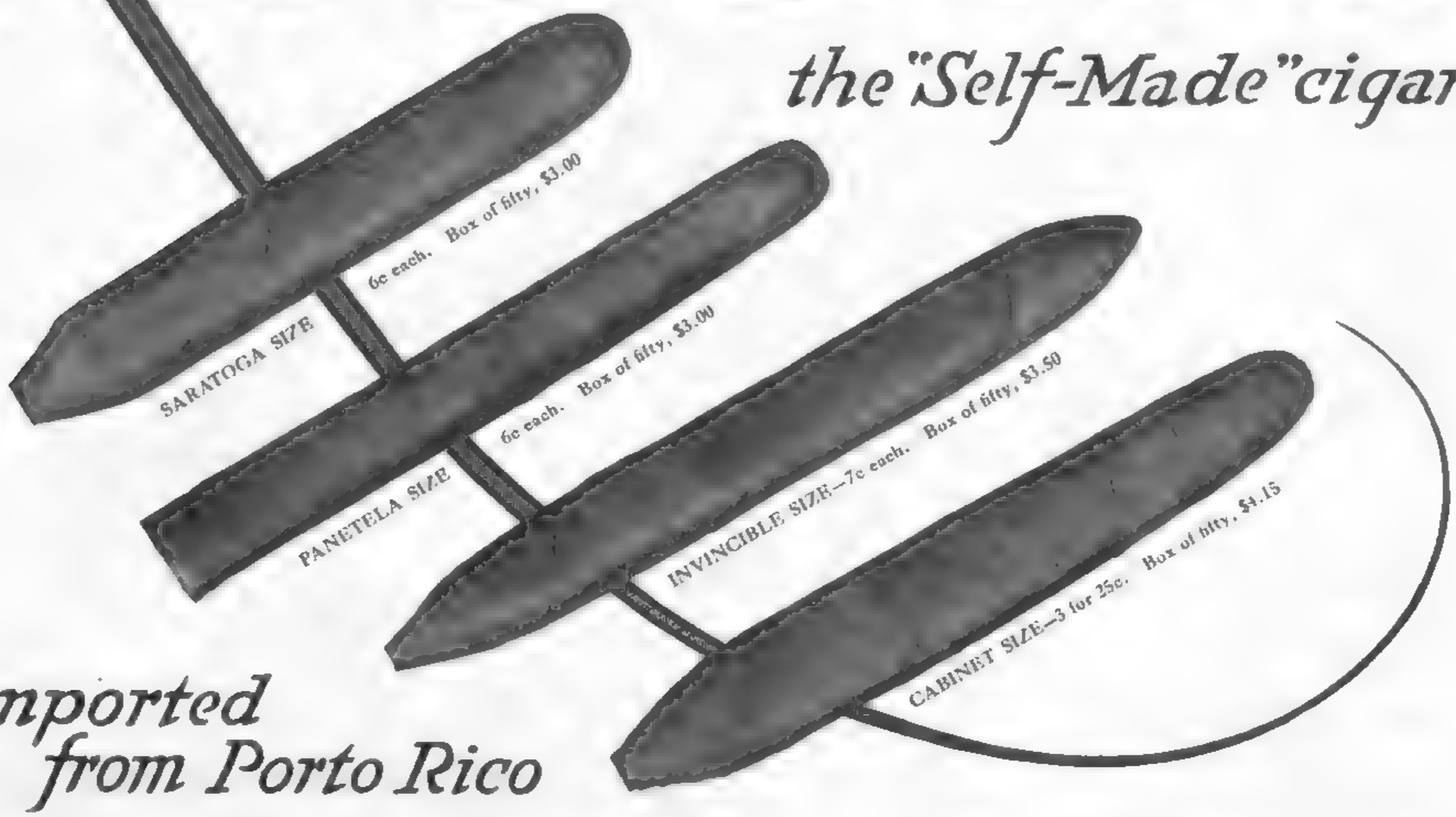
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NEAREST THE BONE

By Margaretta Tuttle

THERE are so many advantages in being too thin over being too fat that there are only two or three valid reasons for altering too-thinness. Not even vanity is a valid reason, though vanity is always an urgent force; for in these days vanity is all on the side of thinness. All the clothes for women are designed over thin models; all the styles are for slender women. Fat women may adopt them and look absurd, or adapt them and look fat. They were made for thin women. Clothes for men are in the same case. And all thin people, both men and women, can pad where spaces in clothes must be filled; whereas the fat ones cannot do as Cinderella's sisters did—cut off the heel where the foot will not go into the slipper.

It is true this padding is not always well placed. There was the duchess to whom the gallant Buckingham presented a nosegay with the request that he might pin it on. Alas! there was nothing to pin it to; or so little, it is recorded, that for the first time the First Gentleman of Europe was embarrassed. The lady is reported to have offered vast sums to any leech who would tell her how to get fat. The advice offered her has not been much improved in the last few hundred years: Do little; eat much.

In these days, though there are not many people who really want to get fat, there are a goodly number who do not want to stay thin. With most of them it is solely a wish to look better, to appear less pathetic, to be able to wear an evening gown without causing the tactful to look the other way with pity in their eyes. With the rest it is a matter of health. They are convalescents or by way of being cured, and they need to prove their recovery to themselves and the world.

If you merely want to look better—if it is not a matter of lessening strength or usefulness or endurance—think twice before you undertake to increase your weight. Certainly it can be done. It has been done. But this is not only an age of specialties, but one in which thinness is admirable to most onlookers, and desired above rubies by many envious plump ones. Healthy thin people ought to specialize on their thinness and feature it; but a lot of them are restless under what they call their affliction, and are quite ready, with the duchess, to seek a leech who will fatten them. They could hold their nosegays in their hands; they could even start the style. But no; they must have something to pin them to, even if for the rest of their lives they are doomed to doing little and eating much.

The trouble about doing little and eating much is that if you do little enough you have no appetite to eat much. Most thin people are not overburdened with appetite, anyhow. It's one reason they are thin. But there is one way out of that difficulty: You may not be able to make yourself eat without the help of your appetite, but you can always drink. And, just as you can get thin by drinking milk if you abandon all other food, you can get fat by drinking milk if you add it to other food. This is what the tuberculous patients in sanitariums, where they must obey orders, are forced to do. And they put on pounds in spite of the waste occasioned by a daily rise in temperature.

The Milk Cure

In the Alpine sanitariums they say the battle of tuberculosis is won with the first pound gained. There the patient is fed all the nourishing food he can eat; and after his appetite, stimulated by the altitude, is a little more than satisfied, then he is required to drink milk, and more milk. It doesn't matter whether he dislikes milk. The nurse brings him the milk and stands patiently beside him until he swallows it, if it takes him half an hour. She does this many times a day. If the milk disagrees with him a little lime water is put into it, and he is allowed to accustom himself to drinking it more slowly.

The theory is that the appetite indicates the amount of food needed to supply the body with energy and to keep it going; but to make fat you must take food in excess of the bodily needs. The milk drunk after you have ceased to be hungry is excess; and, with the excess, fat will begin to be stored up.

There is no generally accepted standard for a normal amount of fat on the human body. Between emaciation and obesity there is a wide space for the attainment of what the doctors call "a medium state of nutrition." Insurance companies have accurate tables of weight, according to age, height and sex. These tables represent an average. Yet no positive statement may be made for people in general, because it is an individual matter. For each man, woman and child there is a definite standard of nutrition, especially with regard to fat. And this standard is maintained by the amount and quality of the food eaten, and the ability of the body to put the food to use.

If the food supply falls below what is required for body maintenance the undernourished body feeds on its own body substance. In the fat person this process is usually limited to the fatty tissue, while the albumin—the muscle—is preserved. In the thin person the supply of albumin in the body may be slowly consumed and the muscles become weaker and weaker and less able to meet the emergencies of daily life.

It is this muscular strength that determines your individual standard of nutrition. So long as your muscles are strong, so long as you do not tire readily—even if you are thin—you are not undernourished and your thinness ought not to bother you. But if you are steadily losing strength; if you are exhausted after a little exercise; if it is a trouble to you to climb stairs, and if you have to stop a minute on the last step whenever you go upstairs—then you ought to take the matter in hand and increase your weight, both by added muscle and by fat to guard the muscle.

The Law of Fat

The law is simple: When the supply of food is less than is needed by the body processes, fat is always lost. When the supply of food is greater than the body needs, fat is always accumulated.

A certain amount of work is required of all the cells of the body. They have to produce heat, and secrete and excrete, and select their own nourishment from the blood stream, as a few of their duties. The body arranges its food material for combustion in proportion to what is required of the cells. When the combustion value is equal to the needs of the cells the equilibrium of the body is maintained. This is what is meant by "the food necessary for maintenance."

Most normal people, if left to themselves, take what food they need for the preservation of this state of equilibrium. There may be variations, but to-day's fast will be to-morrow's feast. Healthy adults stay at the same weight for years. But not everybody is normal, either physically or mentally; and there are many who do not eat wisely or too well. There are others whose nervous irritability prevents them from gaining the nourishment from their food that they should, and there are those who are ill from some one of the many diseases of metabolism.

We began to cure tuberculosis when we began to overnourish. It is not that the fattening process is the cure; but it gives the body a chance. In many of the wasting diseases it is the undernutrition that is more dangerous than the disease.

Simple and self-evident as the cure for undernutrition is—mere overfeeding—yet, because each case is a law to itself and brings with it new difficulties and new problems, the method of cure is not so simple. It becomes an art as well as a science when you first have to find the cause and then adapt the cure. The science lies in finding the cause; the art in your adaptation of the general rule to the particular case.

If it is your own case, first be sure it is not disease. Then you can ask yourself about your food. Are you indifferent about what you eat, and the amount? Are you eating the wrong things? Experiment, study, inform yourself! Are you worrying yourself thin? Are you too responsive to outside stimulation? Are you harassed by constant need to hurry? Or is it merely that you would like your appearance better if you were a little easier to look at, and are tired of being called a living skeleton by your enemies and a bean pole by your friends? *(Continued on Page 48)*

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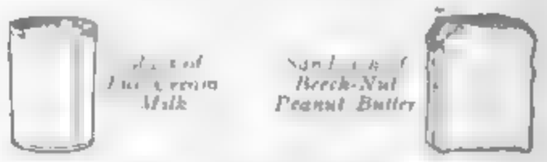

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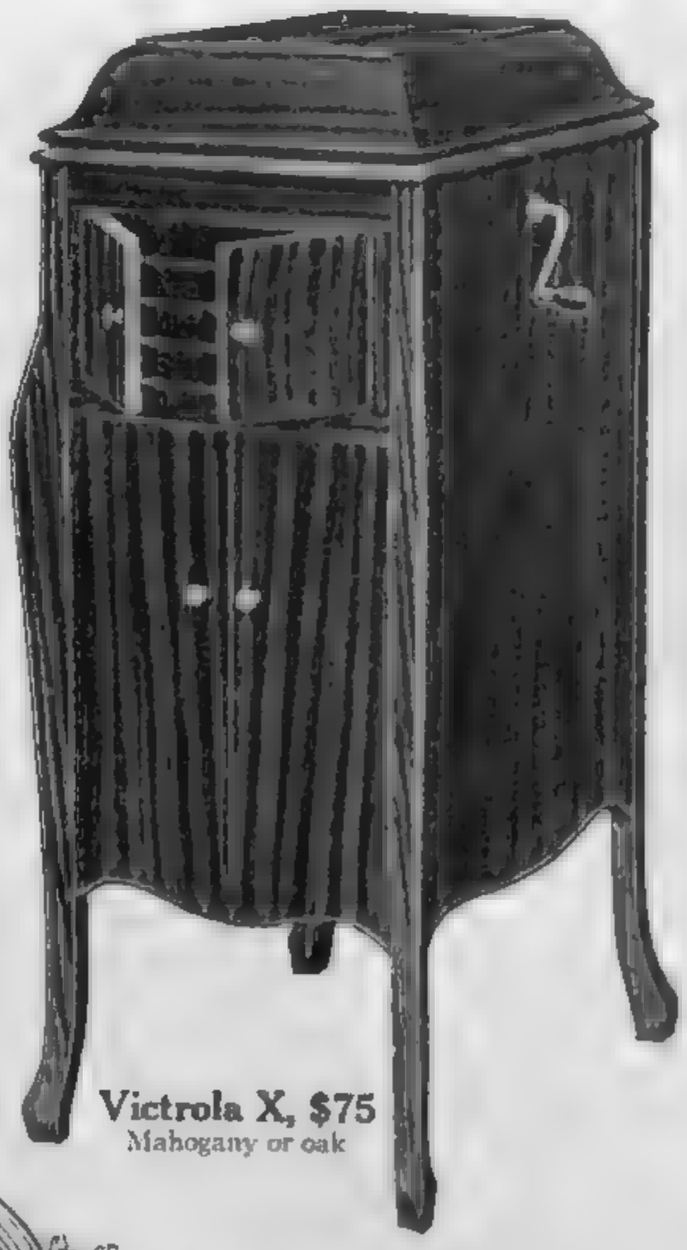

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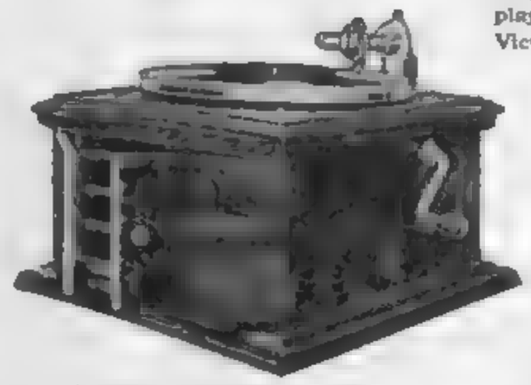

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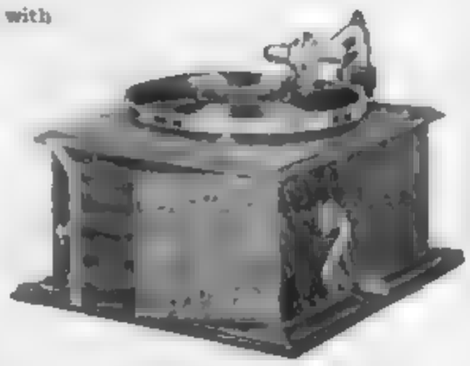

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(Continued from Page 45)

The good physician does not underrate vanity. Vanity often gives him a chance to enter the life of a patient and put it on a saner basis. If you ought to re-order your life in a healthier way, and either do not know it or will not take the trouble, then sometimes vanity is a real help, either to shock you into perception or to furnish motive power. You recall that First Lady of the Land who was steadily losing strength and flesh under her many new responsibilities—responsibilities that seemed to leave her no time for rest or food, and certainly no time to bother about her health or her looks. One day there was presented to her a somewhat flurried woman from the Middle West. This woman had formulated no rules for conversation with the First Lady of the Land, so she talked exactly as she would have done to one of her own friends in her own town.

"You look so much like poor Josie!" she said. "I can't get over it! Josie was my sister, who died last year. Yes; she was ill a long time."

Every thin person has met with this salutation: You look so much like—anybody who is dying or has recently died! But the First Lady had been guarded from this conversational opening by her exalted position. Josie, who had been ill so long and then died, sent the First Lady to her mirror, and then to her doctor.

Suppose you look like poor Josie the summer she died, and are tired of it; or suppose you are like the pretty lady on whom hung the social fabric of an aristocratic little Southern town, whose masseuse, being ill, sent a substitute. The new masseuse did her work in silence for a few minutes. Then she said:

"I declare, it goes to my heart, Mrs. Willington, to massage you; you are so thin! I'm just afraid every moment that my fingers will go through. I never saw a woman so thin - short of a corpse."

The pretty lady sat up with a gasp. She sat up mentally as well as physically. She stopped swathing her arms and neck in tulle, and she began to consume milk and eggs and beef in large quantities. So can you—always remembering that when you can no longer eat you can always drink.

You ought to sleep as much as you can, rising as late as your family and your business will allow. As soon as you have risen you should drink a glass of cool milk—cool, because it is more appetizing that way; and it should be made as appetizing as possible. When you have eaten all the breakfast you can—three eggs, some oatmeal or wheat, some waffles or batter cakes, dripping in maple syrup and smothered in butter—on top of this, when you have no more appetite left and feel quite full, drink another glass of milk.

Between breakfast and luncheon take your third glass. For luncheon eat two lamb chops and creamed potatoes, cauliflower or lima beans, with a cream dressing in which the yolk of egg has been beaten, custard, with jelly on the top of whipped white of egg. And then, instead of a finger bowl, take your fourth glass of milk. Instead of tea at four, have some sandwiches and your fifth glass of milk. Eat as large a dinner as you can, followed by the sixth glass of milk; and drink the seventh before you go early to bed.

Overeat and Underexercise

If you are in earnest about putting on flesh, have a glass of milk at your bedside to drink if you wake up in the night. That will make eight glasses of milk a day, which is two-quarts of nourishment in excess of what your body needs for actual maintenance. This excess has to be stored somewhere, and it will presently appear in your tissues in the form of fat. You may not be able to look a cow in the face; but no matter—it will not hurt the cow's feelings.

The first thing you will say is that you cannot drink so much milk—that nobody can; that you should come to hate milk so it would be impossible for you to assimilate it. But you are not a child, and you know you can drink that much milk if you want to badly enough. Anybody can drink anything if he must. It is merely a matter of will power. If you cannot get it down any other way you can hold your nose and pour it down, the way they give babies medicine. What if you are tired of it! You are more tired of being thin, are you not? It is better to be tired of drinking milk than tired all the time because you are undernourished. Drink it without thinking about it—either how it tastes or how you feel about it. Typhoid patients have to do that for weeks at a time, and tuberculous patients for months. You can do what they can do. You can become quite expert at it after a while. Plenty of fruit, both stewed and fresh, will keep the milk from disagreeing with you.

With the overeating you must underexercise. No long golf games for a while; no tennis; only short dances and small walks and little rides. You are not to give up all exercise unless you are very thin; for with the increase of your fat you must also increase your flesh—your muscle. It will avail you little to achieve rounded contours if the roundness is flabby, and if it does not bring you an increase of strength. In trying to put yourself into a good state of nutrition the condition of your muscles is of real importance, since with good muscles you can expect a normal composition of the blood and a good condition of the glandular organs.

The development of the muscles is not always proportionate to the amount of fat. This is self-evident. There are many persons as lean as Hamlet and as weak in muscle; and there are many as fat as Falstaff who are strong in muscle. Happily there are a few as thin as Julius Cæsar and also as strong. If you are one of these last, be thankful and cease to concern yourself with your appearance. If not, remember that in every plan to influence the condition of nutrition the protection of the muscles must be considered. This is done by furnishing the muscles with the albuminous food they require and by keeping them in condition by exercise. The exercise also improves your appetite and enables you to continue the forced feeding the length of time necessary for you to accumulate fat.

How Massage Helps

But you must never exercise to the point of actual fatigue. You must not even come near it. You must stop while you feel that you could do twice as much as you have been doing. If you find that a four-block walk tires you, walk only two blocks. If all walking and all exercise tire you, then lie still on your bed while somebody massages you. It is not extravagant. A good Swedish masseuse will take you apart and put you together in an hour and leave every muscle exercised and refreshed, charging you no more than would a mediocre piano teacher for an hour's lesson. The massage will help your tissues assimilate all the extra food you are feeding them.

If you do not sleep well it will help you to relax and put you at peace with the world. After a thorough general massage your worst enemy might shake your hand without rousing your ire. It will sometimes work where the forgiveness of sins and the communion of saints fail. They know this in India, where for years before we knew anything at all about it they were massaging for the production of normal conditions.

The brilliant American physician who originated the rest cure for nervous and debilitated patients put his patients to bed, and overfed them, and had them massaged, and had electricity used on them, and rested them, and built them up with new flesh and fat. It was significant that he never did this in their own homes.

He gave two very good reasons for this: First, it was too difficult in most cases to get his orders accurately carried out where there were sympathetic relatives about who thought it was a shame that poor Mary had to stay in bed all day long, with so little to do, and who would go into poor Mary's room and talk her head off in an effort to cheer her, when what Mary needed was to be let alone. The other reason was still more significant: In nine cases out of ten, where there is a nervous invalid there is some member of the family on whom she is sponging for strength and service—some sacrificing mother or sister or aunt who is waiting on her, hand and foot.

The patient can never gain strength of her own while leaning on the self-sacrificing helper, any more than a braced muscle can grow strong. So the helper was eliminated. It was usually very good for the poor helper, whose endurance was frequently worn thin and whose own nerves were apt to be frazzled. Self-sacrifice in behalf of a nervous woman, who ought to be controlling herself and does not, is very wearing.

Frequently if you have not enough will power to give yourself orders and obey them, you have enough to obey the orders of others. One of the first things this doctor insisted on was that his orders should be

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obeyed literally and absolutely. When the patient was very thin and very exhausted he permitted no deviation from the order that the patient should stay in bed. There could be no getting up and walking about the room for variety.

They tell a story of a woman, brought to the doctor in the last stages of emaciation, whom he put to bed in his hospital, under rigid treatment. He was not satisfied with her progress.

"Did you get up to-day?" he asked her casually.

"No, doctor."

The next day he made the same inquiry, bidding her think hard; but she declared she hadn't stirred out of bed. So he had her moved to another room. At his next visit he made the same inquiry: Had she been up during the nurse's hour of outdoor exercise? She said she had not.

The doctor nodded to the nurse, who threw back the covers and showed the soles of the patient's feet covered with bluing. The doctor bade her observe the floor, where the bluing was strewn; and he told her it would be impossible for him to cure her if she did not tell him the truth and if she would not obey him.

Much nervousness begins with fatigue; then it works in a vicious circle—the nervousness brings more fatigue, the fatigue more nervousness. And all the while your stored fat is being used up to feed the overused tissues. You must break the vicious circle somewhere and establish bodily and mental equilibrium. First, give your body a chance. Feed it. Then give your nerves a chance. Control them.

Self-control is attained just as muscular force is—by small beginnings, and by use of what you have gained by these beginnings. Begin by sitting absolutely quiet for three minutes by the clock—not a movement. If you can sit quietly for three minutes, without moving a muscle, you can control any other muscular habit in time. You can eliminate all your nervous, fidgety movements one by one.

Control of the Nerves

If you don't know what your nervous habits are, your best friend—who has doubtless suffered much from them—will tell you.

If it is your nerves that are making you thin you need one other thing in addition to food and self-control: you need rest. There is one prominent man, closely connected with the first establishment of scientific management in factories, who never permits himself to work when he has been tired out. In the midst of an important conference he has been known to adjourn it for no better reason than because he was too tired to give his best.

"Gentlemen, I will meet you again at three this afternoon" is one of his well-known phrases. Then he goes away and rests.

In your own home, the moment you find yourself getting irritable or restless or twitchy, you can leave the room if only for a few minutes. You ought to lie down for a little while. But if this is impossible you can always go away from other people for a moment. You are not fit to be with others, anyhow, when you are irritable and nervous.

It is the little relaxations that keep you from using up the stored fat which you need and the nerve cells which help you to attain poise and equilibrium.

The women of the French Revolution, who knitted while they watched the guillotine behead the flower of France, were doubtless heartless enough; but certain it is that even hardened nerves could not have endured it without knitting to fall back on, stitches to count—a few moments of relaxation. Knitting has soothed many nerves and put actual flesh on bones that otherwise would have been bare; and embroidery and the piano have also helped women to maintain a proper standard of nutrition.

Do you recall how tired you got at the World's Fair, with all your walking and all your constantly stimulated attention? And do you remember how it improved your temper and your joy in living when you stopped looking at things and sat down to eat? That's why all London stops at four for tea.

Four is a slumpy hour. You've worked or played or loafed all day, and the evening is before you. A moment's rest and a little food saves the end of the day. It saves fat, and nerves too. If you are too thin it's well to try it. Try, also: Eating much, hurrying never; resting much, straining never.

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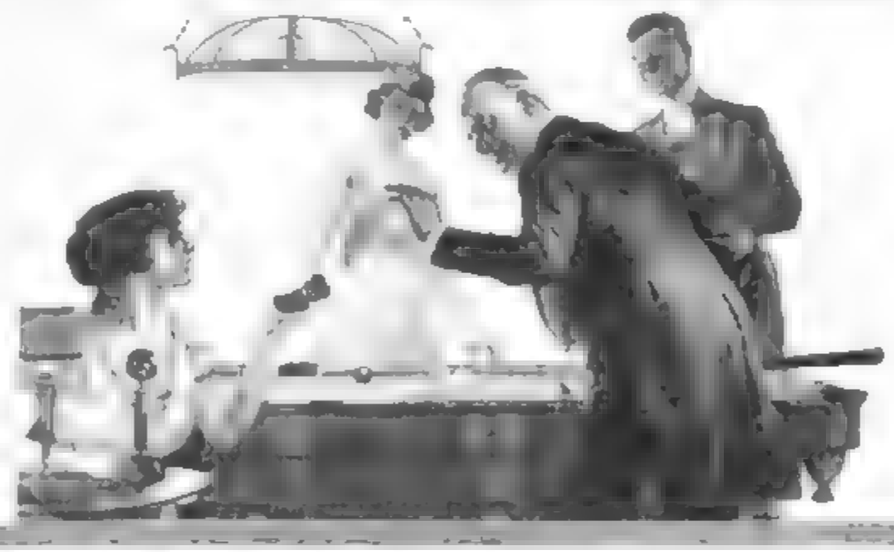

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Only the Goodyear practice of protection by special feature against any form of accident could make them so safe. Building tires this way costs more—in time, in material, in inspection.

Naturally, Goodyear Cords cost a little more to buy. But, mile-for-mile, they cost much less to own.

And motorists everywhere are learning that to pay more in the beginning for Goodyear Cords is to spend less in the end.

And that Goodyear Cords mean safety—in addition to greater comfort, longer mileage, and freedom from delay and inconvenience.

We repeat, you can trust these tires.

They are true Goodyears, from bead to bead—built in an institution where cost is subordinate to quality, where experience and disposition have firmly established the principle that it pays better to give better value.

They come in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, in both All-Weather and Ribbed treads, for gasoline and electric cars.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

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Let These Remarkable Results Guide You In Tire-Buying

Great Mileage Given Under Extreme Conditions

Since Sept. 6, 1915, one 35 x 4½ Goodyear Cord Tire has been run 15,000 miles on the right rear wheel of the Linden Heights bus (Haynes Light Six Chassis) while the same size Goodyear Cord, on the left front wheel, has covered 25,536 miles since the same date. The bus has carried as high as 22 passengers in a load every day since Sept. 6th of last year. The car, empty, weighs 3600 pounds; and the weight with 22 passengers is 6900 pounds. We send our affidavit to these facts.

Linden Heights Bus Company,
Des Moines, Ia.

More Power on the Hills; 15% More Miles Per Gallon

I have been using Goodyear Cord Tires on my demonstrator for the past three years and they have certainly proven beyond any doubt that they cost less per mile than any tire I have ever used. In addition I get at least 15% more mileage on gasoline, more power on hills, and a much easier riding car.

I have just taken a 36 x 4½ Cord off my Cadillac demonstrator that has run 17,500 miles, most of them pretty tough miles, and am having it retreaded and expect to pass the 30,000 mile mark.

Any of my customers that has used Goodyear Cords will have no others.

J. W. Kemp,
Riverside, Cal.

10,000 to 12,000 Miles Over Bad Roads

We wish to acquaint you with what we consider the exceptionally good service of Goodyear Cord Tire equipment on the Locomobiles we have sold in this territory, despite the fact that our roads are hard on tires. Several of the cars we have sold have secured 10,000 to 12,000 miles on the original set of Cord Tires; and we know of none of these tires which has not given at least 7,000 to 9,000 miles of service.

The Chamberlain-Woods M. S. Co.
Denver, Col.

Through Winter Without the Removal of One Tire

My Franklin car purchased about a year ago was equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires. I have driven 9,396 miles, on city and country roads, never carrying a spare tire. In this time I have had to remove a tire on but two occasions for punctures. I have not had a puncture or other cause for the removal of a tire in six months of winter driving, approximately 4,000 miles. All four tires are still in excellent condition, with good promise of yielding many more miles of service.

A. P. Ohlmacher,
Detroit, Mich.

13,000 Miles to Their Credit; Expects 7,000 or 8,000 More

Early last spring, contemplating a tour through the West, I purchased a set of Goodyear Cord Tires. We have now traveled over 13,000 miles, and my garage man tells me the tires are good for another seven or eight thousand miles. I do not know what it is to have tire trouble.

John Sarvene,
Detroit, Mich.

Cut in Tire Stops Service At 15,000 Miles

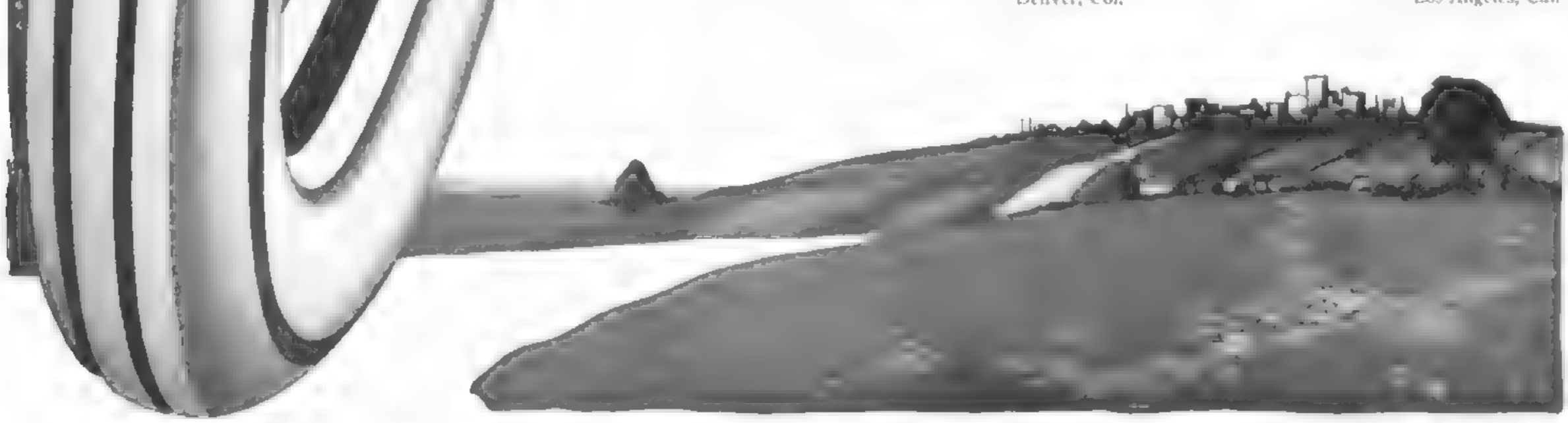
We are sending you a Goodyear Cord Tire taken from one of our demonstrators. It is in perfectly good condition, except a cut due to running over a broken bottle. This tire has gone 15,600 miles, about half the mileage on a rear and the other on a front wheel.

James Sweeton, Jr.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Nothing But Highest Praise For Goodyear Cord Tires

I have nothing but the highest praise to say for Goodyear Cord Tires. Out of the last hundred Franklin cars that I have delivered with your Cord Tires, I do not recall one single tire going wrong under 6,000 miles. They are as nearly right as anything that I have had the pleasure of handling.

R. C. Hamlin,
Los Angeles, Cal.



CORD TIRES

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The reason? Styles perfectly adapted to any man, whether he's seventeen or seventy.

Prove it at the Michaels-Stern dealer's in your town, where you'll find *your* suit in style, in fabric, in tailoring, *whether you're seventeen or seventy.*

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The Style Calendar for Fall is charmingly illustrated with pen and ink drawings. Send for it.

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Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothing
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Your *Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcase* is the center of the family's intellectual life, a hall of learning and a theatre of amusement. Growing as the book collection grows, section being added to section as required, it is the outward symbol of your inward growth.

Write for Catalog 1109 and a copy of "The World's Best Books."

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Globe-Wernicke
Sectional Bookcases

Built to Endure

Moonshining for Millions—By Henry M. Hyde

IT WAS the week before Christmas. On one side of the street stood the buildings of a big factory. In the center of the row of little two-storied brick stores on the other side was a toy shop kept by an old German. The show window of the shop was just opposite the entrance and shipping platform of the factory.

A tall young man, with nothing at all mysterious about his appearance, walked down the street and entered the toy shop. He seemed to take no interest whatever in the great factory across the way. He was an amiable, smiling young man. He bought some candy and asked the old German if he was having a good holiday trade. The old man shook his head. Not even now, just before Christmas, was business at all brisk.

"You need something in the window," said the visitor, "to attract the children. With a public school only a block away this store should be jammed with Christmas buyers."

"Yes, but what?"

The visitor was seized with a bright idea. It amused him so much that he laughed all over.

"I'll tell you: I'll go home and get a Santa Claus costume I wore last month at a fancy-dress ball. Then I'll come back here, put on the white whiskers and the fur-trimmed coat, and stand in your front show window. We'll put up a sign over the store: 'Come in and meet Santa Claus.' If I double your trade you pay me one dollar a day. Otherwise I work for nothing."

The owner of the toy shop agreed. His strange visitor, disguised as Kriss Kringle, took his stand in the show window, exactly opposite the entrance and shipping platform of the big factory across the narrow street. The scheme worked. Children came flocking to the store. Santa Claus proved a most willing worker. He was always waiting before the old man opened in the morning. He insisted on staying until the shop was closed at night. He even persuaded the proprietor to keep open until nearly midnight for the latter half of Christmas week. He was so faithful that he rarely left the window. Sometimes he snatched a hasty lunch of crackers and cheese without leaving his place.

In the window with him he had a small table. On it were paper and pencils. Their ostensible object was to enable Santa Claus to write letters to himself from the small customers. But on a separate pad of paper he made other notes. He kept track of everybody who entered or left the factory over the way. He copied names off the wagons that came to the shipping platform. He was particularly watchful after the factory closed in the evening and before it opened in the morning. And every night, after quitting work, he had a conference with other men in an upper room of the big Federal building downtown.

Kriss Kringle's Discoveries

On the day after Christmas he bade the toy shop good-by. He had more than doubled the trade of the old German. In order to avoid arousing suspicion, he took the six dollars which the grateful proprietor urged upon him.

The next week things began to happen. The owners of the big factory were arrested on United States warrants, charging them with violating the revenue law which provides a tax of ten cents a pound on oleomargarine which has been artificially colored to resemble butter. As a result of the investigation made by Santa Claus, raids were made in various cities and a large amount of untaxed, colored oleo was seized.

One remembers the revenue agent of fiction. With his life in one hand and a long rifle in the other, he and his posse crawl through the black night up the side of the Southern mountain, near the top of which a secret still is supposed to be located. Usually—in magazine romance, at least—the approach of the raiders is discovered by a barefooted mountain beauty in a homespun dress, who is in love with one of the moonshiners. Sometimes accompanied by her little brother and sometimes only by her faithful hound, she starts off instantly for a wild midnight dash through the woods to warn her lover. Surrounded by catamounts, turkey buzzards and other members of the savage fauna of Southern fiction, she flies through the trackless forest, fainting from exhaustion occasionally to lend suspended interest to the tale. But always she reaches the hidden cave on Rag Man Mountain just in time to get Oce Townley, her intended, and the other tall, gaunt, soft-spoken but desperate moonshiners out of the way before the "Govamint raiders" rush the cave in which the illicit still is hidden.

In fiction that sort of thing has served a picturesque purpose. In fact it plays a small and unimportant part in the work of the Internal Revenue Department at Washington. The average illicit still in the Southern mountains cannot turn out more than five or ten gallons of white "corn likker" in a night. They are run only occasionally—just enough to meet the local demand for alcoholic stimulants. "Revenuers"—agents of the department—are after them constantly. Now and then an officer is shot. Continually the stills are raided and destroyed. But, comparatively, the Southern moonshine frauds against the Government are petty and unimportant.

The really great frauds, the big raids, the most startling adventures, the most thrilling stories of the revenue agents, are laid in the big cities of the North. Sometimes a million dollars is at stake in a single case.

Just a Little Color

Back in 1886 Congress passed a law putting a tax of ten cents a pound on oleomargarine which is artificially colored to resemble butter, while a quarter of a cent a pound is collected on the uncolored product. The object of the law is to help the dairy farmer and, incidentally, to add to the income of the Government.

In its natural state oleo is a very pale yellow, almost white. Nobody would mistake it for the product of the churn. The addition of a few drops of coloring matter transforms it to a rich golden yellow. Then it cannot be told from butter.

When one considers that an oleomargarine factory, by evading the tax on a part of its artificially colored product, can net an extra profit of thousands of dollars a year, the temptation to defraud becomes plain. Furthermore, the fraud is extremely difficult to detect. If the Government inspector can be persuaded to glance out the window for a moment the fraud may be committed without his knowledge. The necessity for expert detective work is apparent, if Uncle Sam is going to get anything like all the money that is coming to him.

Shortly after Colonel Osborn became commissioner of internal revenue he decided that the oleomargarine situation needed special attention. First of all he organized a special secret service of his own, composed of ten or a dozen shrewd and trusted men who were unknown to the regular force of revenue agents and inspectors. They were sent over the country in a sort of flying squadron. As a result of their work a number of oleo frauds were uncovered.

Even more dazzling are the temptations to evade the tax on whisky and other distilled liquors. For every gallon produced the distiller is supposed to pay the Internal Revenue Department a dollar and ten cents, which is several times the cost of producing the stuff. If an unscrupulous distiller can market his product without buying the required stamps fraudulent profits amounting to hundreds of thousands—even millions—of dollars are within his grasp. So vast is the stake that the conspirators often adopt desperate methods. Every now and then a revenue agent disappears, and attempts to corrupt agents are frequent. It is surprising that the efforts at bribery are not more often successful, for the average revenue officer is paid only one thousand two hundred dollars—rarely more than one thousand six hundred—a year, and a single complaisant man may easily insure the safety of a conspiracy involving great sums of money.

In the outskirts of one Western city stands a large distillery which was closed down several years ago and has not since been supposed to be running. A rumor came to Colonel Osborn that, in spite of its apparently dismantled condition, this plant was

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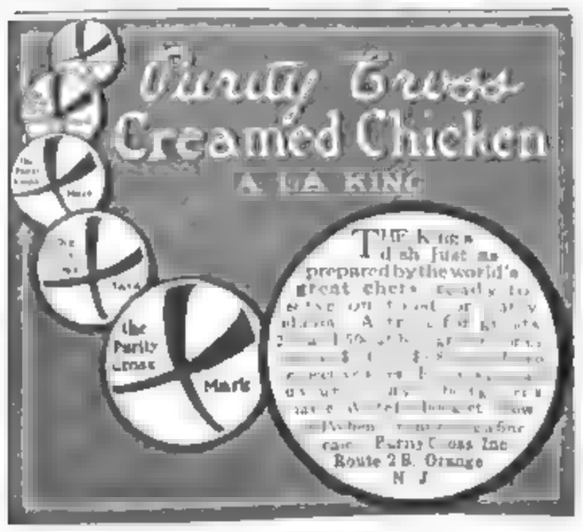

really secretly running and was turning out large quantities of moonshine whisky. Repeated visits of inspection on the part of revenue officers failed to find anything out of the way. Dust covered the old stills and other apparatus, and workmen were never seen going in or out of the place. Still the rumors of fraud continued.

Finally two members of the flying squadron were assigned to the case. They rented a room from which they could get a good view both of the distillery and of a small saloon about a block away. One of them was always on duty, keeping a careful watch.

A week later, one dark night, a one horse wagon driven by a negro drove up to the back door of the saloon. In the wagon were a couple of barrels, which the driver, aided by the saloon porter, unloaded and commenced to roll into the saloon. While the two men were inside the revenue officer slipped up and examined the remaining barrel. It contained whisky and it did not carry the necessary revenue stamps. The officer hid again and waited until the wagon had started to drive away. Then he jumped into the back, pulled his revolver, covered the driver, and demanded to know where the whisky came from. By way of reply the driver attempted to jump from the wagon, but was stopped by a threat to shoot. He absolutely refused to talk and was locked up in jail, while the revenue officer hurried back to the saloon where the illicit whisky had been delivered.

There, by a piece of good fortune, he found another wagon from which barrels were being unloaded. A second time he waited and jumped into the wagon after it had started away. This time the driver, under the influence of the revolver, proved more docile. He finally drove the revenue officer to an old warehouse in a distant part of the town where a large quantity of the moonshine whisky was stored.

Cigar and Tobacco Frauds

Following up this evidence, it was discovered that for more than a year the suspected distillery had been operating at night, work starting at midnight and continuing until nearly dawn. To make discovery almost impossible, a set of stills and other apparatus had been installed in a cellar, under the main buildings, so that no lights or other signs of life would be visible. Every night or two the barrels containing the whisky just distilled were hauled away—also at night—and hidden in the old warehouse.

Almost as tempting to the man with a lust for fraudulent gains is the selling of cigars and tobacco on which the revenue tax has not been paid. A long investigation by Commissioner Osborn's flying squadron developed that enormous frauds were being committed by manufacturers in various parts of the country, some of whom sold goods which were unstamped, some used for the second time boxes and packages on which the stamps were uncanceled.

As a first step toward breaking up this business the secret-service men began to keep a close track of the supplies of leaf tobacco in the country.

A certain dealer in New York City would buy several thousand pounds of leaf tobacco. It would be taken from the warehouse and delivered to him in the regular course of business. Then it developed that this dealer was particularly unfortunate. Time after time, the reports showed, insect or other pests attacked his newly bought tobacco and ruined it. Every month or two, it appeared, he was obliged to destroy a large amount of valuable leaf. Certificates were on file to show that in each case a revenue inspector was on hand to watch the process of destruction. One of the flying squadron got a job in the plant of the unfortunate dealer. He presently discovered that the apparently unfortunate dealer was really the head of a great conspiracy, in which the revenue collector was also involved. The certificates were false. Instead of being ruined and destroyed, the various lots of tobacco were actually sold at a handsome profit to unscrupulous manufacturers who made the leaf up into cigars on which they neglected to pay the tax.

Members of the flying squadron, posing as cigar dealers, traveled all over the country, visiting factories and buying both cigars and cigarettes. In scores of cases they had no difficulty in buying goods which either were unstamped or carried counterfeit stamps. So widespread was the fraud that it was estimated the government was losing more than one million dollars a year in this way alone.

For Fall And Winter Riding

LONG-LIFE
Kokomo
BICYCLE TIRES

KOKOMO Bicycle Tires add materially to the convenience and pleasure of *winter* riding. It requires, in fact, the rougher, harder service on frozen roadways really to *test* the mettle of these splendid tires.

Put a pair of sturdy, resilient, non-skid Kokomos beneath you—and keep the wheels *turning!* You'll *enjoy* it

There is a Kokomo Bicycle Tire to fit *every* pocketbook. And from Kokomo KORD and EVER-LASTER (with its heavy motorcycle fabric) at $5 each, down to Kokomo Oxford (with its 4-ply construction) at $2.50 each, you get a wonderful return in service, comfort and convenience for the price you pay. See your dealer today. Buy a pair of KOKOMO Tires and learn *how good* a bicycle tire really can be!

RIDE A BICYCLE!
The exercise will make your blood sing—and KOKOMO Tires will carry you swiftly, securely and comfortably.

KOKOMO RUBBER CO.
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A leader for more than twenty years.

You Get More Value in MOTORWEAVE

A NEW automobile robe fabric of beauty, warmth and durability at the heretofore unheard-of price of $6.75 per robe—that's MOTORWEAVE, the woolen auto robe of *greater value for your money.* And *every* robe is *guaranteed.*

The varied colors are equal to those of costlier robes which are triple the price of MOTORWEAVE.

MOTORWEAVE is a *double-weave,* soft and pliant, that stays tucked about you and means comfort in cold weather or on a fast drive. There is warmth a-plenty—and warmth, mind you, without weight.

The reinforced woolen construction means long life and sturdy wear during many seasons.

See MOTORWEAVE *first*—feel its soft, warm nap. Examine the rugged texture and pleasing patterns. Then compare it with other robes. Your choice will be MOTORWEAVE at $6.75.

MOTORWEAVE is ideal as well for lounging, camping and all outdoor uses.

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If your dealer does not stock MOTOR-WEAVE send us his name and we will send you a handsome illustrated folder and will also see that you are supplied

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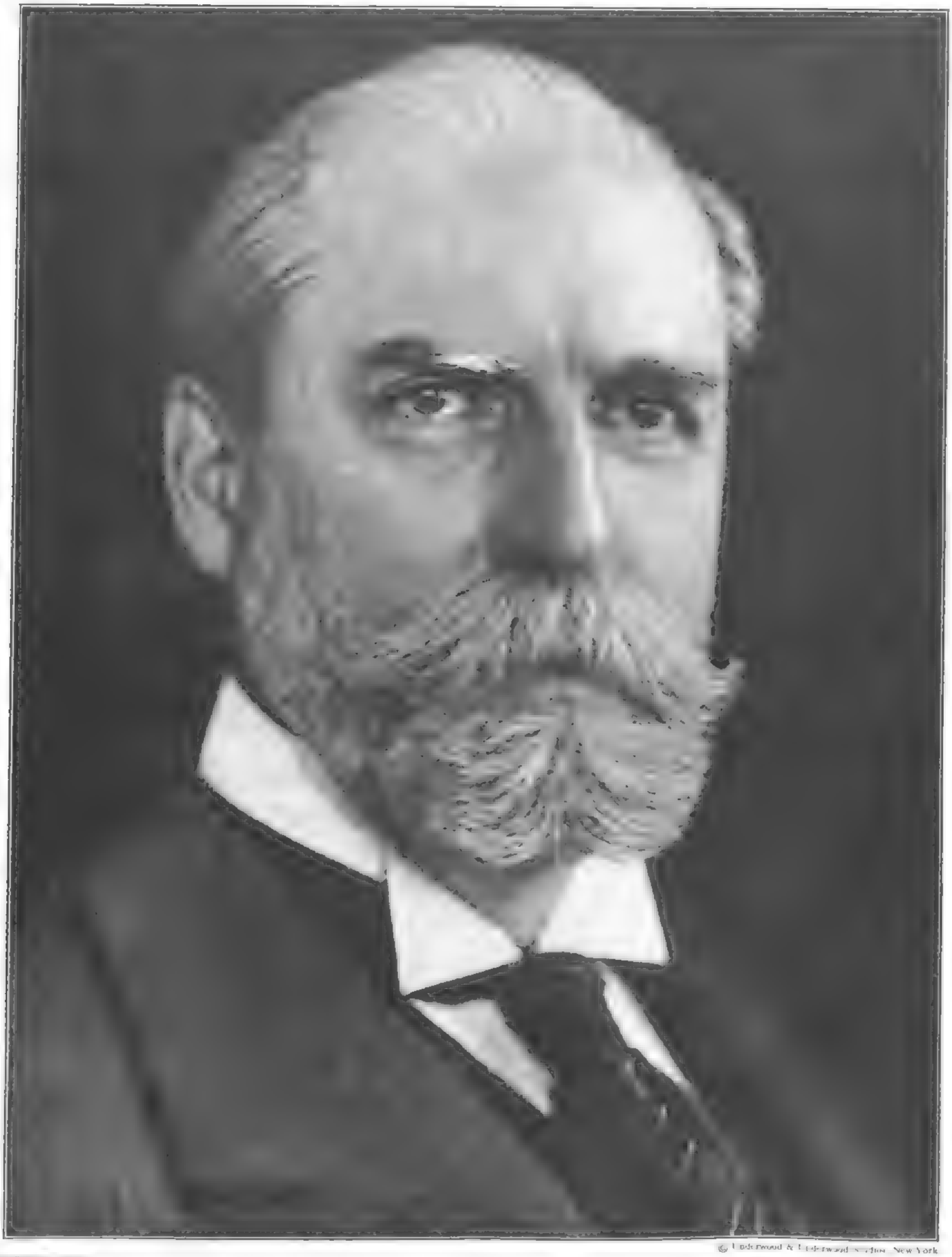

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CHARLES E. HUGHES

You can help the cause by cutting out this photograph of Hughes and pasting it in your scrapbook *See opposite page*

WHY I SHALL VOTE FOR HUGHES INSTEAD OF WILSON

By Lawrence F. Abbott

WHEN President Wilson first entered public life I was greatly attracted to him. He was a scholar, a gentleman, a historian, a student of the underlying questions of social progress and political economy and the head of a great university.

When he became Governor of New Jersey I hailed the event as auspicious. We were about, I thought, to enter upon a policy of choosing for our administrative statesmen highly trained, intellectual leaders instead of serviceable party hacks.

On the whole, his record as Governor of New Jersey confirmed this feeling, although I now realize that I began to question his practical wisdom when he pushed through with great effort his bills to destroy monopolistic corporations in New Jersey, known as the Seven Sisters bills.

These bills turned out to be merely a mass of words and reflect little influence of any kind, that I can find, upon the political or social progress of New Jersey.

His Presidential campaign was disappointing. It was then that he began the utterance of those epigrammatic sayings, such as "a single track mind," "too proud to fight," and "I was never in business and therefore I have none of the prejudices of business,"—phrases which his supporters have had some difficulty in explaining.

"I regard Mr. Hughes as a man whose public record is a guarantee that he will not merely stand for a platform of clean cut, straightout Americanism but will resolutely and in good faith put it through if elected"

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Mr. Wilson's Presidential Record

But the two great and characteristic features of his Presidential administration, by which he must either stand or fall, are his treatment of Mexico and his attitude towards the European war.

President Wilson is running upon a simple platform which at first glance is likely to appeal to a host of American men and women. This platform is emblazoned on the front of the National Democratic Club in New York City in a huge electric sign. It reads "Wilson, Peace and Prosperity."

There are three questions which must be answered concerning the international policy of any statesman. Is it just? Is it intelligent? Will it produce the results claimed for it?

Does President Wilson's treatment of the Mexican problem and his attitude towards the European war justify the country in expecting permanent peace and stable prosperity from his leadership?

Decidedly not, it seems to me. I shall vote against him, chiefly because I am convinced that he has been neither just, nor intelligent, nor effective in handling our international relations with Mexico and Europe.

The Mexican Fiasco

Take Mexico, for example. It is claimed by Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, that Mr. Wilson has treated that unhappy country on the principle of the Golden Rule. If so, it does not seem to have been very intelligently done.

In April, 1914, a boat of an American warship going ashore at Tampico was seized and the officers and sailors were put in prison. The President demanded that the American flag be saluted as a reparation for this affront.

He sent a fleet to Vera Cruz in pursuance of this demand, seized the city, carried on a regular warfare with its inhabitants, in which many Mexicans and Americans were killed, and finally withdrew the troops without having accomplished his purpose.

The flag has never been saluted and no explanation has ever been made, so far as I am aware, of this abject failure to make deeds conform with words.

No international statesmanship could be more unintelligent than this. The United States should never have demanded an apology from Mexico unless it meant to see the matter through. Having occupied Vera Cruz and killed her citizens we never should have left it until the purpose of the occupation had been fulfilled.

Mr. Wilson first took sides with Villa and then with Carranza, and then said that it was not his business to pay attention to either of them. I quote the language of his speech delivered in Indianapolis on January 8th, 1915:

> "It is none of my business and none of your business how long they take in settling it [the revolution] and it is none of my business and none of yours how they go about the business. * * * Haven't the European nations taken as long as they wanted and spilt as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs? Shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak? No."

First we go into Mexico and shed her blood because she will not salute our flag, and then we come out again and say, "After all, it is none of our business."

Then a year later we assert again that it is our business and send as much of the American army as, in a dilatory fashion, we have made ready, to pursue one of the revolutionaries—Villa.

A few months later we decide that the way to settle the trouble is not with an army, but with a Commission.

When the Englishman, Benton, was killed by Villa or Villa's men, and Great Britain made such a protest that Mr. Bryan was compelled to call Villa to account, the story goes that Villa replied: "Please excuse me. When I killed him I thought he was an American!" This, of course, is a joke, but it is a tragic joke that expresses as completely as a state paper the whole situation.

"Mr. Hughes' strength before the people and the importance to them of his utterances and promises grow out of their confidence that he is not an opportunist and that no political expediency will prevent his bowing to the line and fighting to the last for his principles"

—WILLIAM H. TAFT

I do not question Mr. Wilson's kindly and peaceful motives, but I do assert that the unintelligence of his methods and the changeableness of his plans throw grave doubts upon his international statesmanship.

Mr. Wilson's partisans claim that he has saved the country from the dangers of intervention. If the taking of Vera Cruz and the sending of an army into Northern Mexico in pursuit of Villa is not intervention I do not understand the meaning of the word.

The Monroe Doctrine

But let that pass. Let us assume that we have not intervened. What is going to happen at the close of the European war?

Are France and Germany and England going to sit quietly by and see their own citizens maltreated and killed and their property destroyed in Mexico without taking some action? They are inevitably going to insist that the United States must establish order and maintain justice or must allow them to punish murder and robbery and protect international rights in Mexico.

And what will then become of our Monroe Doctrine? The result is almost one of merely mathematical calculation. We shall either have to intervene or fight some European nation or abandon the Monroe Doctrine.

President Cleveland forbade Great Britain to land an armed force in Venezuela at the peril of war with this country. President Roosevelt warned Germany that if she sent her fleet to Venezuela she would find our fleet there protecting its shores.

If President Wilson is re-elected he may find a more serious problem of intervention than any he has so far dealt with. Does his course with Villa, with Huerta, with Carranza and at Vera Cruz inspire confidence in his wisdom or his ability to successfully protect the Monroe Doctrine when Mexico ceases to be a local issue and becomes a world problem? Mexico under the Wilson administration foreshadows confusion and catastrophe rather than peace and prosperity.

The European War

And the European war—what about that? Has the President's course here justified the hope that he is fitted by temperament or by habits of thought and action to deal with the gigantic problems that will confront this country when the war ends?

Whether he be pro-German or pro-Ally, almost every American, even the humblest man on the street corner, is daily thinking about the war, about what produced it, about who is to blame for it and about how similar wars can be prevented in the future. Mr. Wilson says:

> "With its causes and its objects we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore."

Is the statesman who can with premeditation give utterance to a sentiment like this before a great convention gathered to discuss the maintenance of world peace—is such a statesman a man on whom we can depend to tell us what kind of an army we should have, or how large a navy we should build or whether we should work for armament or for disarmament, or what we shall do with regard to the questions of international industries and European immigration when peace comes?

The one great question that every thoughtful man who is not absorbed in office-seeking or money-grubbing thinks of during the day and sleeps over during the night is, what *did* cause this war? What *are* the sources from which it sprung? How can we protect ourselves and our fellow humans from such infernal causes and sources in the future?

The dangers of an epidemic are never avoided until its sources and causes are discovered and removed. What would you think of a Health Commissioner who, if an epidemic of cholera burst forth upon New York, should say, "I am not concerned to investigate its causes. My chief object is to promote the peace and prosperity of my own family"? Would you think he deserved to be continued in office?

Wilson's Peace and Prosperity

Mr. Wilson promises us peace and prosperity. We had some of his prosperity in the winter of 1914-15 when men, women and children literally starved in the streets of New York and Chicago for lack of work, and we are having some of his peace now when American troopers have been killed in Mexico and American guardsmen are being kept on the Mexican border, for the purpose doubtless of showing the Mexicans what a really peaceful people we are.

Safety in Honor

"Safety First" is a good motto for industry, but not for statesmanship. I want my children to be safe, but they cannot be safe in a country whose statesmen are not virile. "A virile nation," said Bishop Brent, in a recent address at Plattsburg, "will never seek its honor in safety, it will seek its safety in honor."

I shall vote for Mr. Hughes instead of Mr. Wilson because neither the words nor the deeds of Mr. Wilson give me confidence that he is the great leader, at a time of an unprecedented world catastrophe, to conduct this country in the paths of permanent peace, prosperity and HONOR.

The National Hughes Alliance

511 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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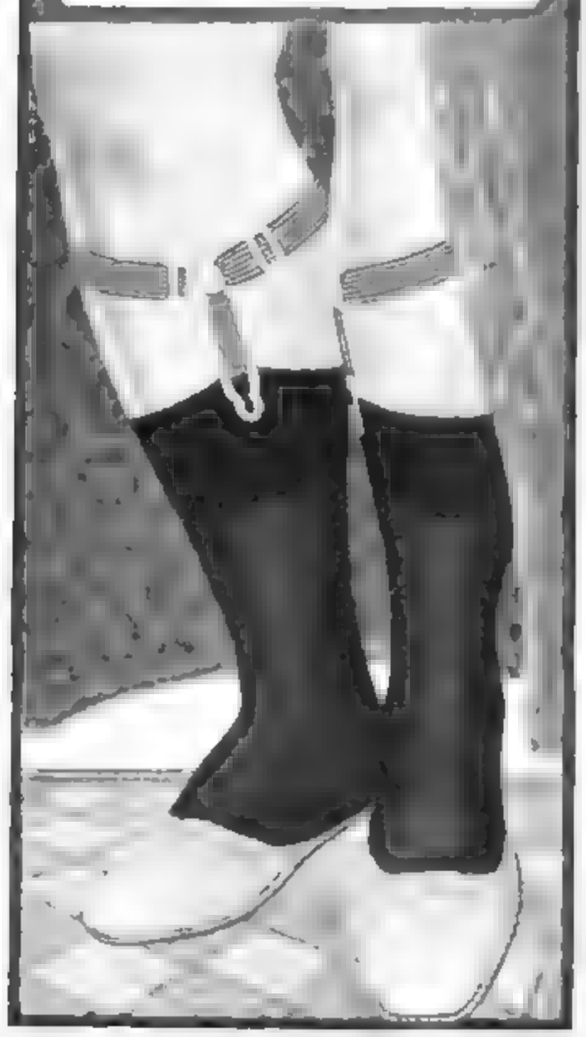

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CONSIDER INDIANA

(Concluded from Page 7)

a political way, have been expertly political, but not expertly ethnological. Indiana is a state between Ohio and Illinois.

The Hoosiers may be more authorial than any others, and they have other trends—one cannot escape that word apparently; but, by and large—which sounds well but doesn't mean anything—by and large they are the same sort of folks as those who live in Ohio, and the same sort of folks as those who live in Illinois. They are more acutely political and better informed on political questions; but they generally go, in the bulk, about as their neighbors go. It has been profitable and pleasurable to establish the contention that the Hoosiers are politically unique; but they are not. Only they are more political than their neighbors.

An underlying issue gets a hold quicker in Indiana than in the neighboring states, because the Indiana folks are forever at politics. But the effect on the voting of the Indiana populace is not different, in its broad aspects, from the effect on Ohio people or Illinois people or any of the other peoples of the Mississippi Valley—the Middle West.

Hence, if Indiana goes Republican, it is likely that Ohio and Illinois will go Republican; and if Indiana goes Democratic, it is also likely that there will be a tremendous reduction in the Republican vote in those states and in other Middle-Western states. The Republican normality in Ohio and in Illinois is greater than it is in Indiana. It doesn't mean the overturn of so many votes to cause Indiana to become Democratic as are required in Ohio and Illinois; but if the swing is that way in Indiana, the swing will be that way in Ohio and Illinois, and in the other Middle-Western states.

Wherefore, what is doing in Indiana? you inquire.

The answer to that is easy: A great number of things are doing in Indiana, and a great number of other things will be doing before this campaign is over. Perfectly simple, isn't it? Absurdly so. Cryptic, also. Sounds like one of those official *communiqués* about the war. Read anything into it you like or leave out anything you like. Take it any way you choose. But, for mercy's sake, do not follow it up with the further query: Who is being done in Indiana? That wouldn't be clubby—not a speck nice.

The state political organizations in Indiana are marvels of their kind. They know that state—know it backward and forward; know it not only by cities and villages and townships and precincts, but know it by individuals. They have the entire voting population card-indexed, classified, ratified and stratified. It is interesting. You go into the Republican State Headquarters, and they can tell you, down to a decimal of six figures, just what proportion of the vote will be theirs and what proportion will be the other fellow's. So they can at the Democratic Headquarters. Astonishing, how closely they have it tabulated and computed! And still more astonishing how the results scientifically vary!

Both Sides Confident

There is no doubt at Republican Headquarters—and they prove it elaborately—that the state is sure for Hughes. There is less doubt at Democratic Headquarters that the state is sure for Wilson. They have the figures to demonstrate it; also, the card indexes. Impossible to be mistaken!

"It is an absolute certainty that Hughes will carry this state!" says Harry New. "I never was so sure of anything in my life as that Wilson will get Indiana!" says Tom Taggart. And the lovely part of it is that both Harry and Tom believe what they say. Both are good boys and loyal members of the pivotal club. Also, both are running for United States Senator. Jim Goodrich will speak similarly concerning the Republican prospects; and Adair will convince you that the Democratic opposite is true. And the similarly lovely part of it is that both Jim and Adair believe what they say—both good boys and members of the pivotal club; also, both running for governor.

Thus it goes, from top to bottom. I made a long search to find a manager, or a candidate, or a card indexer, who would even admit that it wasn't an absolute cinch for his side. There is none. That is the Indiana system. How, for the land's sake, could a state remain pivotal, and thus remain so highly important, if the boys who run things lay down on their end of it in that way and didn't keep her pivoting all the time? No, sir! Indiana has a reputation to sust.. n

Indiana is typical of the entire Middle West—closer as to division of votes, no doubt, so far as party strengths are concerned, but without a notion about this campaign which is not shared by Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, or any other of the states out in that country. Moreover, notwithstanding the ceaseless tom-tomming in Indiana, the thing is just as much of a fight there as it can be. And Indiana isn't telling what she intends to do. Indiana is quite secretive about it all.

The fact that Mr. Hughes is making thirty-three speeches in that state at the moment of writing, and the fact that, later in the campaign, he is coming back to make more, show how the Republican managers feel about it—those facts and other similar strenuous campaigning forays. The fact that the Democrats are making frantic assaults all along the line, and that they will become even more frantic as time wears on, shows how they feel about it. Publicly, each side is sure. Privately, each side is scared, and knows that it is the toughest sort of fight.

Pure Guesswork

Indiana is typical. That is all that is safe to say about it. Indiana will go for Hughes, moderately—or for Wilson, moderately. There will be no landslide there. That's certain enough. Both sides are well organized. Wilson is favored by peace and prosperity. Hughes is favored by the strength the Republican party has, and by the fact that the Progressives, who were strong in Indiana, are showing signs of being back in the fold. Where the predominating favor will be distributed finally is a guess

Now then, I have chosen the situation in Indiana because Indiana is typical. The Indiana political mind will work largely as the collective Middle-Western mind will work. If Mr. Wilson is to win, he must carry Indiana. Also, he must carry New York. If Mr. Wilson carries Indiana he will carry other neighboring states—not all of them, unless there is a landslide: but some of them. If Mr. Hughes is to win, he, too, must carry Indiana; and for that very reason, because if he cannot carry Indiana he will have great difficulty in holding other states necessary to his success.

Those are the premises of this election proposition. It is too early, as I write, to reach a conclusion from them. To be sure, the professional claimers will assert, and do, that the state is safely their way, whichever way theirs happens to be. But that is merely political piffle. And the actual conditions in the state discount that piffle.

Indiana, like the rest of the nation, is in a state of flux as yet. It is a remarkable situation. I doubt that any man of experience in politics in the past thirty years—any man of information and judgment—has ever before found himself in so undecided a condition as to results as every man of experience and judgment, if he is honest about it, finds himself in at present. There is, as yet, no way to tell what is to happen.

Even in Indiana, where they are all politicians, they have come to no determination that can be sensed. They are not apathetic there, as in other portions of the country; but they are secretive. They are not telling. So, the best that can be said about the peerless pivotal state of the West is that as Indiana goes, so goes the election. And the worst that might be said about it would be to say how Indiana is going. Indiana is going some way. It won't be a tie. Personally I am making no predictions. I have set down the facts. Make your own guesses.

It is a fight. It is a fight in Indiana, just as it is elsewhere, notwithstanding the cocksureness of the professionals.

One side claims. The other side claims. Neither side knows. Both hope and both translate their hopes into claims. Some fifteen or sixteen million people are to have a hand in the determination of this affair, and they haven't got round to telling what they will do, as yet. Possibly they don't know, themselves.

That is most likely to be the big fact of it all.

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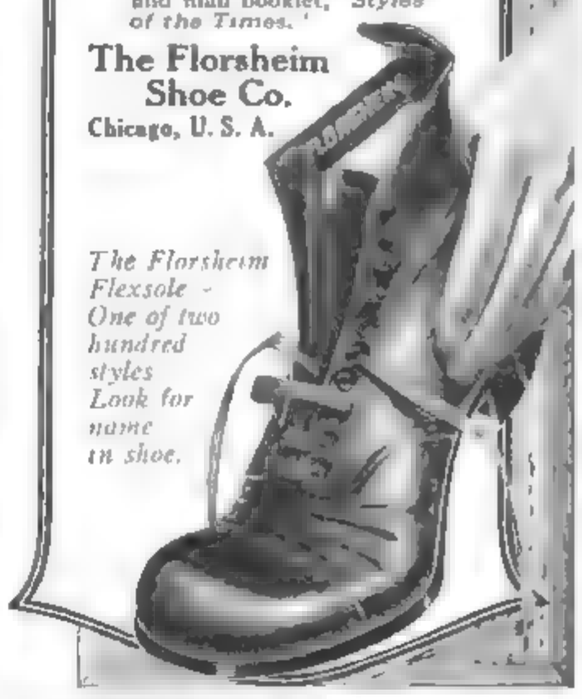

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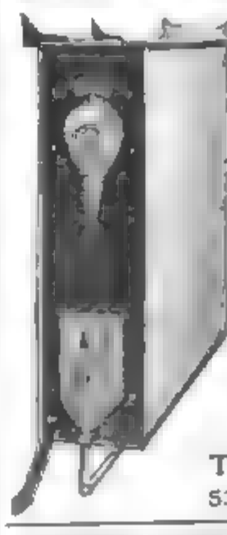

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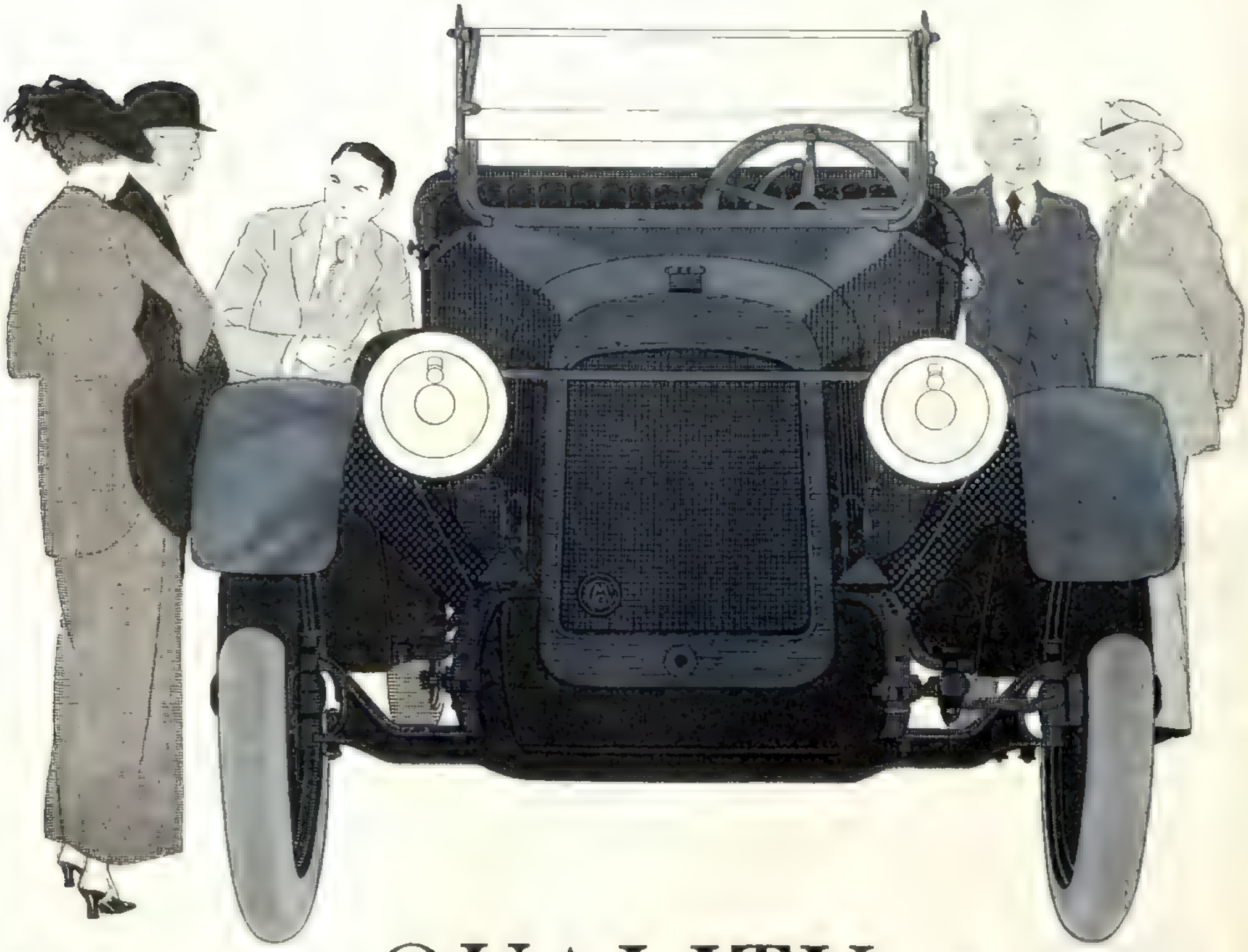

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MONSIEUR LE CAPITAINE RICKS

(Continued from Page 6)

tangle with the United States, he would be damned if he did and damned if he didn't; but if he did, and nobody could prove it, old Von Tirpitz would ask no questions.

"I'll let her have it," Captain Emil Bechtel concluded; and he passed the word to get ready.

A minute later Cappy Ricks, smoking his after-dinner cigar on the bridge of the Narcissus with her skipper and Mike Murphy, pointed far off the port bow.

"There's a shark or a swordfish, or something, breaching," he said. "I can see his wake."

Mike Murphy took a casual glance in the direction Cappy was pointing, while the master of the Narcissus reached for his marine glasses and lazily put them to his eyes.

"Shark be damned!" yelled Murphy. "It's a torpedo or I'm a Chinaman! Hard-a-starboard!"

He leaped for the engine-room telegraph and jammed it over to Full Speed Astern; then dashed into the pilot house and commenced a furious ringing of the ship's bell, summoning the crew to boat drill, the while his anxious eye marked the swift progress of the white streak coming toward them. What wind there was happened fortunately to be on the vessel's port counter, and as the helmsman spun the wheel the big vessel fell off quickly and easily, while the rumble of her shaft, suddenly reversed, fairly shook the ship. To Cappy Ricks it seemed that the vessel must be brought up standing, like one of the bronchos he had seen ridden with a Spanish bit; but a big ship under full headway is not stopped very abruptly, and the Narcissus swept on, turning as she went in order to offer as little target as possible to the torpedo.

"Will we make it, Mike?" Cappy Ricks queried in a very small, awed voice.

Mike Murphy turned and found his owner at his elbow.

"I hope it hits her forward," he replied. "That motor cruiser is cradled aft and we might save it. They never hailed us—ah-h-h, missed!"

The torpedo flew by the port counter, missing the big blunt bow by less than three feet, and continued on.

"I guess they'll get us just the same," Mike Murphy murmured quietly; "but we're going down fighting."

And, disregarding the master of the Narcissus, who was staring vacantly after the flying torpedo, he rang for Full Speed Ahead, and called down the speaking tube to the chief to hook her on for all he had; then, with his helm still hard-a-starboard, he swung the ship in as small a circle as possible and headed her at full speed back over the course so recently traveled by the torpedo.

"That was a beautifully timed shot—that last one," he informed Cappy Ricks admiringly. "If we'd sighted it thirty seconds later ——"

"Where the devil are you going, man?" Cappy yelled frantically.

"I'm going to give that fellow a surprise," Murphy growled. "He expected us to run for it after that first one missed—and I'm running for him! He may not get me with the next one if I come bows on—and I might ram him! I'll take a chance. Keep your eyes open for his periscope."

Aboard the V-14 Captain Emil Bechtel said nothing, but thought a great deal—when he saw that his first torpedo had missed its prey. He was in for it now; he had started something and he had to go through. And, anticipating that the Narcissus would show him her heels and steer a zigzag course, he immediately launched his last torpedo as the horse transport lay quartering to him.

To his disgust, however, the steamer, having avoided the first torpedo, did not run as he had anticipated. Instead, she continued to turn round on her heels, each revolution of her wheel lifting her out of the course of the second torpedo, since the submarine had fired slightly ahead of the vessel, knowing that if she continued for two minutes on the course he expected her to take she would steam fairly across the path of the huge missile. So he missed again—the torpedo slid under her stern—and here was that demon horse transport bearing down on him at full speed and with a bone in her teeth.

"The jig is up," murmured Bechtel, and gave the order to submerge deeper, for he would not risk showing his periscope to the keen eyes on that bridge.

For ten minutes he waited, while the submarine scuttled blindly out of the path of the onrushing transport; then, concluding that the Narcissus had passed him, he came up and took a look round. He was right. A cable length astern and another off his port quarter the steamer was plunging over the darkening sea, and Captain Emil Bechtel knew he had her now; so promptly he came to the surface.

Mike Murphy, glancing off his starboard quarter, saw her periscope come swiftly up; then her turret showed; then her turtle deck flashed for a moment on the surface, like a giant fish, before she rose higher and the water cascaded down her sides.

Cappy Ricks' anxious face turned a delicate green; he glanced up at his bully port captain as if in that rugged personality alone could he hope for salvation. Murphy caught the glance, shook his head, walked over to the engine-room telegraph and set the handle over to stop.

"No use, sir," he informed Cappy. "That Dutchman is out of torpedoes, so he's come up to shell us. We'll heave to and save funeral expenses." He turned to the master of the Narcissus. "Captain, I'll stay on the bridge and conduct all negotiations with that fellow; get your mates, round up everybody and prepare to abandon the ship in a hurry. Get the motor cruiser overside first."

As the captain hurried away, Terence Reardon came up on the bridge. The port engineer's gloomy visage portended tears, but through his narrowed lids Cappy Ricks saw, not tears, but the light of murder. Terence did not speak, but thoughtfully puffed his pipe and, with Murphy and Cappy Ricks, watched the booby hatch on the submarine's deck slide back and her long, slim, three-inch gun appear, like the tongue of a huge viper.

Heads appeared round the breech of the gun; so Michael J. Murphy seized a megaphone and shouted:

"*Nein! Nix!*" accompanying his words with wild pantomime that meant "Don't shoot!"

Captain Emil Bechtel was vastly relieved. He was not an inhuman man, even if, on occasion, as has already been demonstrated, he could, for the sake of national expediency, sink a ship without warning. Having missed with both torpedoes, he could now, in the event of national complications, enter a vigorous denial of any affidavits alleging an attempted breach of international law, and his government would uphold him. This knowledge rendered him both cheerful and polite, as he hove to some hundred yards to starboard of the Narcissus and informed Captain Michael J. Murphy that the latter had just fifteen minutes in which to save the ship's company; whereat Michael J. proved himself every inch a sailor, while Terence P. proved himself a marine engineer. If there was a word of opprobrium, mundane or nautical, which the port skipper didn't shout at that submarine commander, the port engineer supplied it. In all his life Cappy Ricks had never listened to such rich, racy, unctuous abuse; it lifted itself above the level of the commonplace and became a work of art. Cappy was horrified.

"Boys! Boys!" he pleaded. "This is frightful!"

"What do you expect from a German, sir?" Murphy demanded. "Frightfulness is his middle name."

"I mean you two—and your language. Stop it! You'll contaminate me."

"Well, sor," Terence Reardon replied philosophically, "I suppose there's small use cryin' over spilt milk—musha, what are they up to now?"

"They're dragging a collapsible boat up from below," Mike Murphy declared. "That means they're going to board us, place bombs in the bilges, and sink us that way. They know blamed well we've wirelessed for help and a patrol boat has answered; so that ——"

"No profanity!" Cappy shrilled.

"So he has decided he won't try to sink us by shell fire with such a small gun. It'll be dark in five minutes and he's afraid the flame of the discharges or the reports of the gun may guide the patrol boat here before he's finished his job. Oh, wirra, wirra!"

Murphy's surmise proved to be correct, for he had scarcely finished speaking before the submarine commander hailed him and ordered him to let down his gangway. Terence P. Reardon's eyes flamed with the lust for battle.

"Be the great gun av Athlone," he cried, "if they're comin' aboard, sure we can get at them!"

Murphy's rage vanished as suddenly as it had gripped him; he smiled at Terence affectionately, approvingly.

"You with your monkey wrench, eh, Terry, my lad? And they with automatic pistols and wishful of an excuse to use them, not to mention the nitroglycerin and gun-cotton bombs they'll be carrying—a divilish bad thing to have kicking round in a free-for-all fight?" he queried.

Terry's face showed his deep disappointment.

"They'll see us all in the boats," Murphy continued; "then they'll go below, set the bombs, light a slow fuse to give them time to get back to the submarine—and then ——"

"With all these poor dumb beasts aboard?" Cappy Ricks quavered. "Horrible! Horrible! I could kill them for it."

"I could kill them for a greater crime than that," his port captain reminded him. "Didn't they try twice to sink us without warning? Damn them! They're forty fathoms outside the law this minute."

For the first time in his life Cappy Ricks was in financial and physical danger coincidently. Old he was, and a landlubber, for all his courtesy title; but in his veins there coursed the blood of a long line of fighting ancestors. It occurred to him now that in all his life he had never cried "Enough"; that always, when cornered and presumably beaten, he had gone into executive session with himself and, fox that he was, schemed a way out. In this supreme moment there came to him now the words of the gallant Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship!" They inspired him; his agile old brain, benumbed by the shock of the exciting events of the last quarter of an hour, threw off its paralysis; his little five-feet-four body thrilled with the impact of a sudden brilliant idea.

"I have it!" he piped. "By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, it might be done! Mike, the submarine lies to starboard. Tell the mate to lower the port gangway."

Murphy ran out on the end of the bridge and bawled the order. Then he came back, and he and Terence and Cappy Ricks put their heads together while in brief, illuminating sentences Cappy Ricks unfolded the fruit of his genius.

"Tell me," he pleaded when he had finished, "is that scheme practicable?"

"It might be done, sir," Mike Murphy assented.

"I'll thry anything the wanst," Terry Reardon almost barked.

"It means some fighting—probably some killing."

"Sorra wan av me'll feel broken-hearted at killin' the likes av that Dutchman," Terry answered. "Shtill, we'll be needin' some help, I'm thinkin'."

"We'll get it, or I'm no judge of human nature. Mike, pass the word for Sam Daniels, the boss of these muleteers and broncho busters. Sam used to be a Texas Ranger."

Sam Daniels was accordingly sent for and arrived on the jump.

"Sam, my dear boy," said Cappy calmly, "I'm enlisting volunteers to raise hell with that submarine. They're going to put bombs in the bilges and blow up the ship."

"Count me in, Cap," Sam Daniels replied laconically. "Want me to rustle up a couple of the boys?"

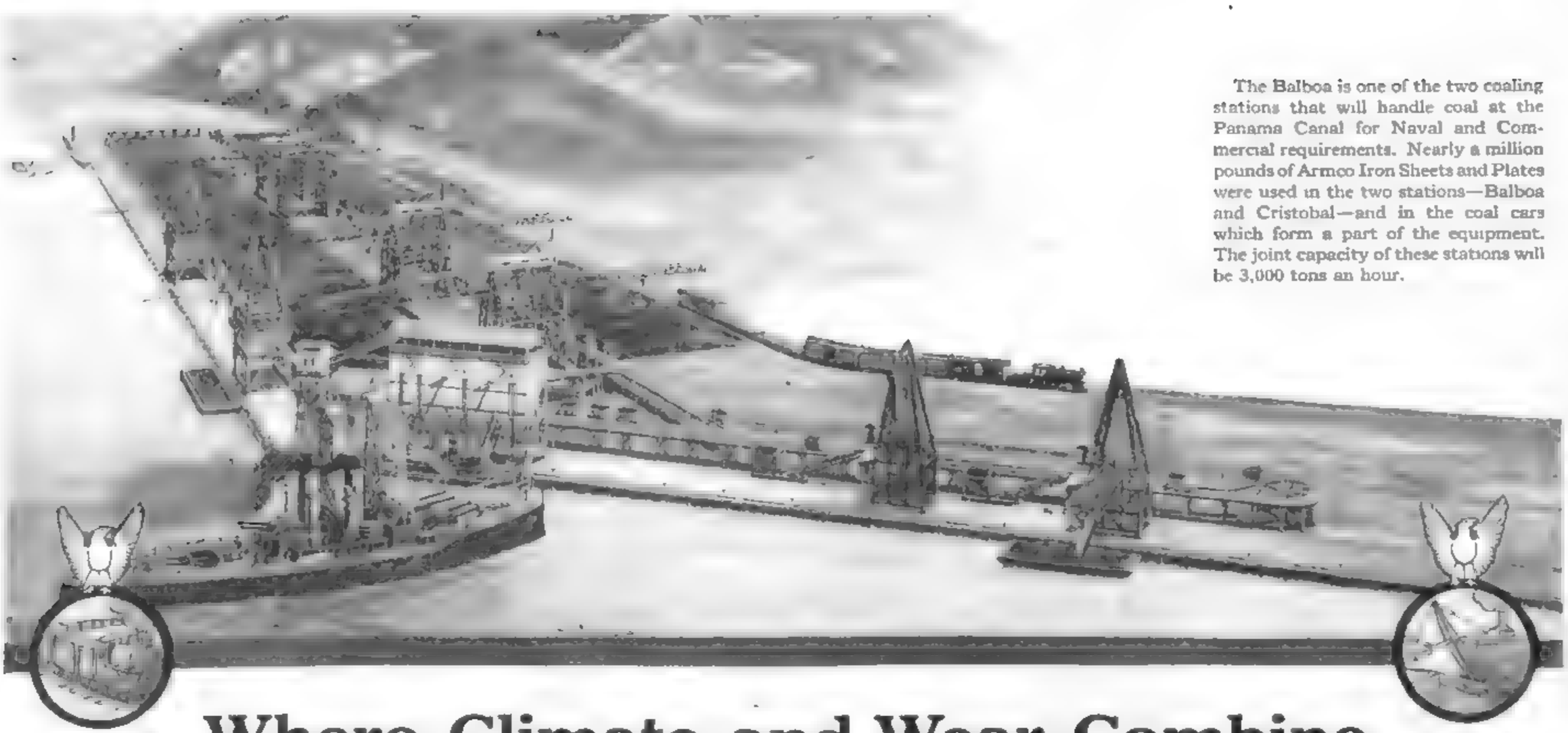
"Yes, about three real ones—boys that are handy with a six-shooter."

"I guess most of the boys from the border have their guns in their war bags. I'll go get them together."

He did—in about three minutes; by which time the collapsible boat from the submarine had been launched and was pulling toward the Narcissus. While her master directed them to pull round to the port gangway, Sam Daniels slipped down unobserved into Number Three hatch, two of his horse wranglers disappeared with an equal lack of ostentation down the gangway into Number Two hatch, and a third man went forward and down Number One. The trap was set.

A stout young lieutenant clad in soiled dungarees, his uniform cap alone denoting his rank, came briskly up the companion,

(Continued on Page 61)



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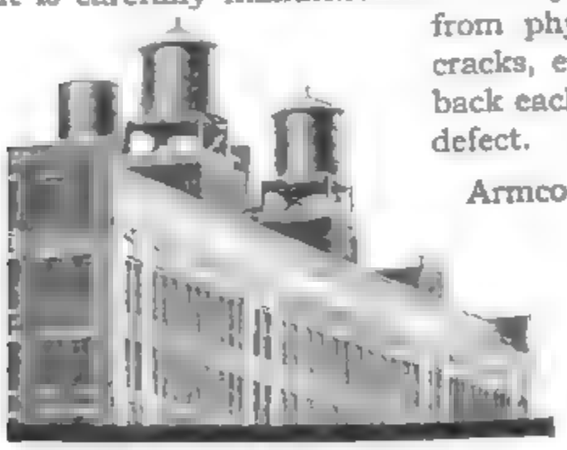
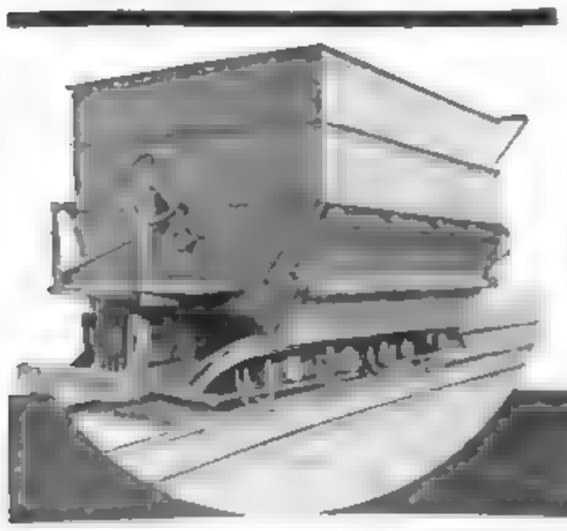


The failure to specify Armco Iron Water Storage Tanks is an admission that less than the most durable will do.

The need of replacing the plates in this coal car at the Panama Coaling Stations is a long way in the future. The plates are of Armco Iron.



Armco Iron has already proved itself the superior material for:

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Furnaces	Metal Cars	Radiators	Silos
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If your manufacturing problems are complex, call on Armco Laboratories for data or for scientific research. They are the best-equipped commercial laboratories in America for the study of sheet metal problems. The men there will work on *your* problems. They will test your product. This service is FREE. Will you accept it?

In writing ask also for the most up-to-date presentation of the fight against sheet metal waste—

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It is full of interesting facts and is free to either manufacturer or user of sheet metal products.

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Licensed Manufacturers under Patents Granted to The International Metal Products Company.

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago Pittsburgh Detroit New York St. Louis Cincinnati Cleveland San Francisco

The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the special intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

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That is why you can be sure of getting the right varnish for each surface in and around your home.

President

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SCAR-NOT FOR INTERIOR WORK

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Showrooms—New York, 116 West 32d Street; Chicago, People's Gas Building; San Francisco, 523 Market Street.
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(Continued from Page 58)

followed by four jackies carrying the bombs. A fifth man remained in the boat, fending it away with a boat hook from the tall black side of the Narcissus.

"Who commands here?" the German demanded in most excellent English.

"I do," the master of the Narcissus replied, and stepped a pace forward.

"Then hurry and get your boats overside. We're going to bomb the ship, and if anybody remains aboard when those bombs explode it will be his fault, not ours."

The motor cruiser had already been dropped overboard, and the lifeboats, having been for two days swung out in the davits, were quickly filled and lowered away. As each boat pulled clear of the ship the man in charge of it was ordered by the submarine lieutenant to stay to port of the Narcissus, and to pull well clear of the ship before proceeding to pass the towing painters to the cruiser.

"Are all your men off the ship?" the officer queried of the skipper as the latter entered the last boat and gave the order to lower away.

"All off; I've accounted for all of them," was the answer.

The German waited until the boat had slipped away in the gloom before turning to his command.

"Proceed!" he said briefly; and, followed by his four men, he led the way down the cleated temporary gangway built diagonally down Number Three hatch to accommodate the horses when they had been led aboard.

The better to facilitate their progress, Terence Reardon had turned on all the electric lights in the ship, and the detail proceeded quickly to the lower hold, where they set two bombs and piled double-compressed baled hay round them, with the fuse leading out from under the bales. In addition to blowing a hole in the ship they were taking the added precaution of setting her afire after the explosion.

From the spot where the bombs were set a long alleyway, lined on each side with the rumps of horses, each neatly boxed in a stall just wide enough and long enough to inclose him firmly and hold him on his feet in the event of rough weather, led forward and aft to the bulkheads. And in one of these stalls, close up against the rump of a horse he could trust, Sam Daniels, the ex-Texas Ranger, crouched, with one eye round the corner of the stall, calmly watching the grim proceedings. Something told him that, having arranged the bombs in that hold, the enemy would not light the fuses until he had set similar bombs at the bottom of the other hatches; then, all being in readiness, a man would be sent into each hold to light the fuse, scurry on deck, descend to the waiting boat, and be pulled clear of danger before the fuses should burn down to the fulminating caps.

So Daniels waited until the men were about to pick up the remaining bombs and ascend to the deck; whereupon he stepped quietly out into the alleyway, a long-barreled forty-five in his hand, and pussyfooted swiftly toward the Germans, whose backs were now turned toward him. Halfway down the alleyway, on one of the heavy six-by-six-inch uprights temporarily set in to support the weight of the hundred mules on the deck above, was the electric switch controlling the circuit in that hold—and Sam Daniels reached up and turned it down. Instantly the hold was in darkness; and then the horseman spoke:

"Hey, you Dutchies! Stay right where you are! I want to have a little powwow with you before you go any farther."

Having said this, the astute Mr. Daniels, out of a vast experience gained while fighting Mexicans and outlaws in the dark, promptly lay down. In case the enemy should become rattled and fire at the sound of his voice he preferred to have plenty of room for the bullets to pass over him.

"Who's there?" the lieutenant demanded in English; and by the firm, resolute voice the Texan knew that the German was not rattled and that his men would not fire unless he gave the word.

"Great thing, this naval discipline!" Mr. Daniels soliloquized. Aloud he replied:

"The fastest, straightest little wing shot with a six shooter that ever was, old-timer!"

"What do you purpose doing, my friend?"

"I purpose giving you some good advice; though whether you accept it or not is a matter of indifference to me. You will observe that this hold is in comparative darkness. I say comparative, because through the hatch space a certain amount of light is projected from the deck above, and you and your men are standing in that light, whereas I am in the dark. I can see you and you cannot see me. I have a forty-five-caliber revolver in my hand and another in reserve. There are five of you fellows, constituting a fair target—and I seldom miss a fair target. I can kill all five of you in five seconds. Of course some of you may manage to fire at the flash of my gun and accidentally kill me; but—make no mistake about it, son—I'll get you and your gang before I kick the bucket. Now, then, which do you want to do—live or die? I'm going to be fair to you fellows and give you some choice in the matter—which is more than you did when you launched those two torpedoes at us. Speak up, brother! I'm a nervous man and dislike suspense."

The German lieutenant glanced at his men, who had not yet touched the other bombs and were looking stolidly at him for orders. He licked his lower lip and scowled, sighed gustily—and made a swift grab for his automatic. A streak of flame came out of the dark alleyway and the German's arm hung limp at his side. He had a bullet in his shoulder.

"Told you I was a wing shot!" the plainsman cautioned him pleasantly. "I would have put that one through your heart if I didn't need an interpreter. I imagine these roustabouts with you only speak their mother tongue. How about you, old-timer? Does it occur to you that I have you *tiron?*"

"I do not understand."

"*Tiron* is Mexican. It is a well-known expression along the Rio Grande and means, literally, that I have you cornered; that there is no possible way out."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Well, first, I want you to leave that high explosive right where it is. Then I want you to deposit all your sidearms on the floor, and have your men do likewise."

The German had had his lesson and arrived at the conclusion that valor without discretion is not good business. He slipped his belt off and let it drop to the floor; at a word from him his men did likewise, whereupon Daniels stood up, threw on the electric switch, and revealed himself and his artillery to the gaze of the invaders.

"Forward, in a bunch, up the gangway!" he ordered.

They obeyed. As the Texan passed the little heap of belts, with the automatics in the holsters attached, he gathered them up and followed. Just before the procession reached the main deck he halted them and whistled—whereupon Michael J. Murphy, Terence P. Reardon and Cappy Ricks came to the edge of the hatch and peered over.

"Well, look who's here!" Cappy exclaimed maliciously. "Five nice little pirates, who would sink my Narcissus without so much as a be-damned to you! Mike, bring the irons. Terence, my dear boy, restrain yourself. If you use that monkey wrench until I give the word the Blue Star Navigation Company will have a new port engineer. Undress these fellows. Just remove their caps and outer garments—and be quick about it."

"Tell them to molt—*muy pronto!*" Sam Daniels ordered the lieutenant, who relayed the order in a voice that had in it a suspicion of tears.

In three minutes they were undressed and handcuffed together; leg irons were put on them, and they were expeditiously gagged and chained to a stanchion.

"Now then, Terence, I have work for you and your monkey wrench," Cappy continued. "You're about the same size as this officer. Into his dungarees and uniform cap; and don't forget to slip on his belt, with the automatic."

"In two shakes av a lamb's tail, sor. What next?"

"As you run down the gangway to the waiting boat, hold your handkerchief over that Irish mug of yours. Pretend you're blowing your nose. The man in the boat won't recognize you until you're on top of him."

"Wan little love tap—no more!" Terence breathed longingly.

"When Terence has tapped him, Sam," Cappy continued, "you go down and help to get him out on the landing stage. He'll be off our hands there and the submarine people cannot see what's happened to him. They're still lying on our starboard beam."

Terence and the deadly Samuel disappeared, to return presently and report all well. Thereupon Michael J. Murphy retired to the port side of the house, lit a

(Continued on Page 64)

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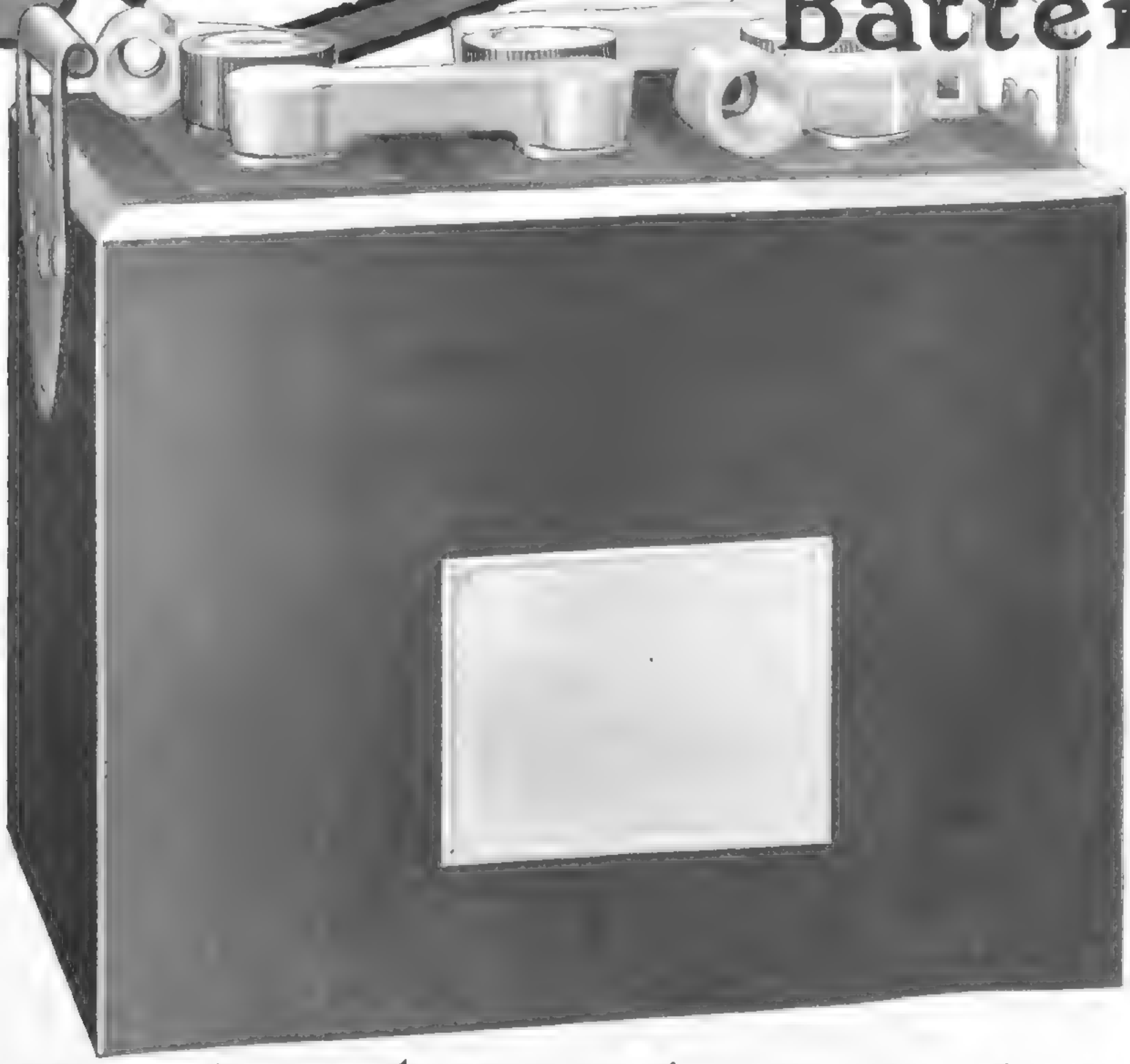

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And it is "Backed by Prest-O-Lite Service"—the same broad-minded, progressive, wide-spread service that made night motoring not only pleasurable but even possible in the very dawn of the automobile era.

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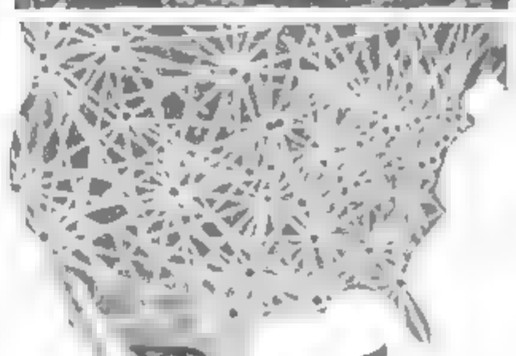

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INDIANAPOLIS	510 N. Capitol Ave.
JACKSONVILLE	810 Laura St.
KANSAS CITY	1704 Grand Ave.
LOS ANGELES	410 W. Pico St.
MEMPHIS	290 Monroe Ave.
MILWAUKEE	18 Martin St.
MINNEAPOLIS	105 S. Tenth St.
NEW YORK	206-208 Amsterdam Ave.
OMAHA	1923 W. Farnam St.
PHILADELPHIA	1418 Race St.
PITTSBURGH	3575 Grand Blvd.
SAN FRANCISCO	1430 Van Ness Ave.
SEATTLE	921 E. Pike St.
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★ ★ ★

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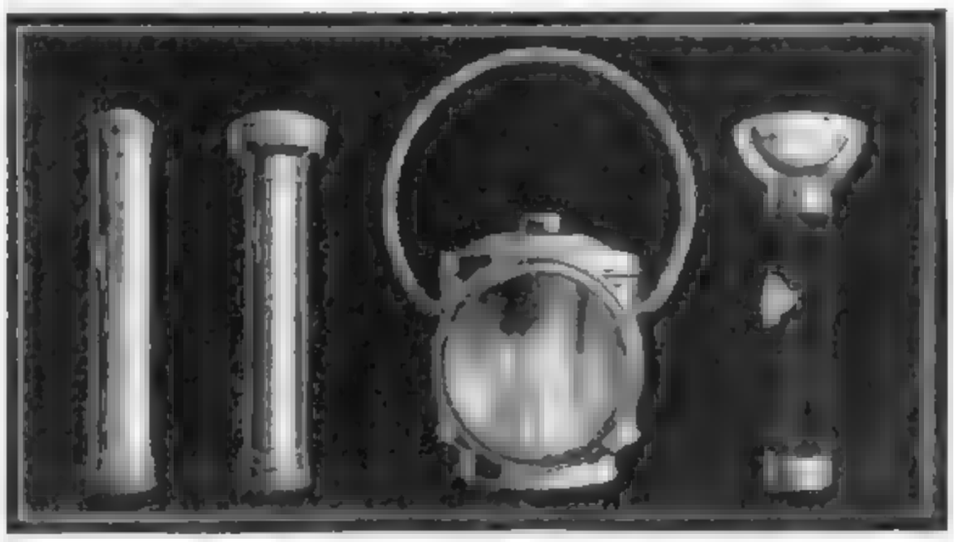

With that long lived TUNGSTEN *battery*

(Continued from Page 61)

kerosene torch he had brought up from the engine room and waved it. He waited. Presently, in the gloom off to port, he saw the red and green side lights of the little cruiser. For a moment both lights were visible; then the master of the Narcissus, now in charge of the cruiser, ported his helm and showed his red only. Murphy waited, and presently both red and green showed again.

"Starboard now, and show your green," Murphy pleaded.

The red went out and the green alone showed; so Mike Murphy extinguished his torch and rejoined Cappy Ricks, Terence and the ubiquitous Mr. Daniels.

"Sam, my dear boy," Cappy was saying as Murphy came up, "Mike and Terence own in the Narcissus and they work for me—hence their allegiance. You owe me no fealty ——"

"The hell I don't, Cap!" Sam retorted lightly. "You're a fine old sport, and I'm for you till the last dog is hung."

"Sam, I am deeply grateful. Your friendship is very dear to me indeed. I have a twenty-two-thousand-acre ranch down in Monterey County, California—don't know why I bought it, unless it was because it was a bargain and ranch property in California is bound to increase in value—and you're my foreman if we ever get out of this with a whole skin. I'll make it the best job you ever had, Sam."

"Thank you, Mr. Ricks!" Five minutes before it had been Cap. "If you never saw a man fight for a good job before just watch me!"

The horse tenders in the other holds were summoned and informed that for the present the Narcissus would not be bombed. Quickly two of them, Mike Murphy and Sam Daniels, donned the dungarees and caps of the prisoners and strapped on their belts containing the automatics in their holsters. In the interim Terence had descended to the collapsible boat bumping at the gangway and fended her off until Sam Daniels, the two cowboys and Mike Murphy joined him; whereupon Terence took one pair of oars, while Murphy handled the other, and the boat crept out from the steamer and headed directly for the submarine, which had been ratching backward and forward under a dead-slow bell, watching the towering black hulk of the Narcissus rolling idly. A light showed on the turret of the submarine, outlining vaguely the figures of half a dozen men on her small deck.

The disposition of Mike Murphy's forces was such that the chances of the enemy detecting the substitution of the boarding party before it should reach the submersible were reduced to a minimum. In the bow of the collapsible one of the cowboys sat, facing the stern; Terence and Mike also faced the stern, by reason of the fact that they were rowing; and Sam Daniels and the other cowboy, seated in the stern sheets, were under orders to turn and look back at the Narcissus as the boat came within the radius of the meager light from the submarine's turret. Thus they ran little risk of premature discovery.

"For," as Cappy Ricks sagely reminded just before they pulled away from the Narcissus, "the German is both cautious and cocksure. The capture of his bombing party has been effected without a sound; the commander saw our men leave the steamer in the boats; he sees the Narcissus now not under command and wallowing; he figures that all is lovely and the goose hangs high. Therefore, he will be off his guard, since his suspicions have not been roused. His deck is very dimly lighted by that single light on the turret, and he knows that light is sufficient to guide the boat party back to the submarine. There is no sea running to speak of; so it will not be necessary for him to turn his searchlight on you to light the way for you.

"Moreover, he will not care to use his searchlight, because it may guide a patrol boat to this spot, and Terence has very carefully turned out all the lights on the ship which might be visible from a distance, because that is precisely what that lieutenant would or should have done if we had given him time. And when you row toward that submarine, row like the devil, because that's the way the bombing party would row in their hurry to board the submarine and steam clear of the explosion. It is my guess that the instant you heave alongside you will be snagged with boat hooks by the men on her deck. In the excitement of making a quick get-away nobody will be looking into your faces, anyhow; they'll see your familiar dungaree suits and caps, some of them may even give you a hand to help you when you leap aboard. Do not despise such help; just extend your left hands and before you let go the enemy's right hand your guns—and you, Terry, your monkey wrench—over their heads. You'll have the deck in a pig's whisper! Then, Mike, the rest is up to you. I've made the ball; now you fire it.

"I take it the submarine will be in such a hurry to get away that all the men on her deck will reach down and snake the boat in; once out of danger, they'll plan on knocking that collapsible down and storing it away at their leisure. Tackle 'em while they're busy with the boat—provided you get aboard unsuspected. Terence, remember to shout the minute you go into action—and I'll give you fighting light."

Following these instructions, Cappy had very solemnly shaken hands all round and departed for the bridge, where he removed the canvas covering from the searchlight, bent the reflector toward the submarine, and waited, with his nervous old finger on the switch.

In pursuance of Cappy Ricks' instructions, Mike Murphy and Terence Reardon rowed furiously toward the submarine—so furiously, indeed, that the harsh grating of their oars in the rowlocks apprised Captain Emil Bechtel of their approach some seconds before the boat was visible. At his brisk command the men on deck stepped down to the low pipe railing on the port side of the deck, prepared to snag the boat the instant she drew alongside. When he could hear the sound of the commander's voice, Mike Murphy chanced a quick look over his shoulder, noted the position of the submarine, and turned his head again.

"Four more strokes, Terry; then ship your oars," he cautioned the engineer in a low voice.

At the fourth stroke Terence obediently shipped his oars; with a deft twist of one oar, Murphy straightened the boat and shot neatly in alongside the submarine, the deck of which was less than three feet above the water. As Cappy Ricks had anticipated, the men on that deck promptly snagged the boat at bow and stern with boat hooks—and on the instant Cappy Ricks' bully boys leaped for their prey.

As luck would have it, Terence P. Reardon was the only one offered a helping hand—and he did not despise it; neither did he forget Cappy's last instructions. With neatness and ample force he brought his monkey wrench down on the German's skull; and then to Cappy Ricks, waiting on the bridge of the Narcissus, came the ancient Irish battlecry of *Faugh-a-ballagh!* For the benefit of those not versed in the ways of the fighting Iberian, be it known that *Faugh-a-ballagh* means Clear the Road. And history records but few instances when Irish soldiery have raised that cry and rushed without clearing a pathway.

The fight was too short and savage for description. Suffice that not a shot was fired—the work was too close for that, for the surprise had been complete. Even before Cappy Ricks could focus the steamer's searchlight on the fracas, it was over. Terence Reardon got two in two strokes of his trusty monkey wrench; Sam Daniels and his two fellow broncho busters each laid open a German scalp with the long barrels of their forty-fives; and Michael J. Murphy, plain lunatic-crazy with rage, disdaining all but Nature's weapons, tied into the amazed Captain Emil Bechtel under the rules of the Longshoremen's Union—which is to state that Michael J. Murphy clinched Emil Bechtel, lifted him, set him down hard on his plump back, crawled over him, knelt on his arms, and addressed him in these words:

"Hah! [A right jab to the face.] You would, would you? [Left jab to the face.] You pig-iron polisher! [Bending the nose back forcibly with the heel of the fist.] When I get [smash] through with your [smash] head [smash] it'll be long [smash] before you'll block [smash] your hat again [smash] on the Samson post, you —— "

"Out av me way, Michael, lad, till I get a kick at his slats!" crooned Terence P. Reardon, heaving alongside.

"You gossoon! Take care of the scuttle; don't let them close it down, or they'll submerge and drown us. Leave this lad to me, I tell you. He's the captain, and why shouldn't he be killed by one of his own rank?"

Thus rebuked, Terence curbed his bloodthirsty proclivities. Leaving his countryman to beat his devil's tattoo on the

submarine commander, Terence leaped to the open scuttle just in time to bang another head as it appeared on a level with the deck.

"Let that be a lesson to you!" he called as the unconscious man slid back down the companion into the interior of the vessel.

Then he sat on the lid of the scuttle, poised his monkey wrench on high over the scuttle, and awaited developments the while he tossed an order over his shoulder to Sam Daniels

"Bring me the bum!"

"Which one?" Mr. Daniels queried

"The German bum, av coorse," Terence retorted waspishly.

"But all these bums are Germans – "

"Not that kind av a bum!" howled Terence. "I mean the bum in the boat."

Thus enlightened, Sam brought a bomb from the boat and handed it to the engineer. In the interim Mike Murphy had polished off his man to his entire satisfaction and joined Terence at the scuttle, while one of the horse wranglers, a cool individual and a firm believer in safety first, collected the weapons from the fallen.

Mike Murphy approached the scuttle and bawled down it to the amazed and puzzled crew below. As a linguist Mike was no great shakes, particularly when called upon to juggle German; but he was a resolute fellow and not afraid to do his best at all times. Consequently his hail took the form of "Hey! *Landsmann!*"

Something told Terence Reardon that Michael was through; so he added his mite to the store and bellowed

"*Spreckels die Deutsch*, ye blackguards!"

Then both sat back to await developments. Presently a voice at the foot of the companion said

"Hello dere! Vat iss?"

"Vat iss?" Murphy jeered jubilantly. "Vat iss? Hell iss! Dot's vat! Listen to me, you Dutchy. I'm the skipper of that horse transport your commander tried to sink without warning, and I'm in command of the deck of this craft, with the scuttle open; and you can't submerge and wash me off, either. When I give the word I want you and your men to come up, one at a time and no crowding. And if you're not up five minutes after I order you up I'll not wait; I'll set a bomb in your turret, back off in the small boat and kill with revolvers any man that tries to come up and see where the fuse is burning in order to put it out. Do you surrender or would you rather die?"

"Vait a minute und I find oud," the German answered promptly.

It required five minutes for a council of war below decks; then the interpreter came to the foot of the companion and informed Mike Murphy that, considering the circumstances, they had decided to live. In the interim the skipper of the Narcissus had arrived, with reënforcements, in the cruiser, and reported that his crew was getting back aboard the steamer as fast as possible and would have her under command again in a minute. At Murphy's order the unconscious Germans were put aboard the cruiser; later, when the remainder of the submersible's crew came up, one at a time, they were disarmed and lined up on the little deck; whereupon Michael J. Murphy addressed their spokesman thus:

"Listen—you! It would be just like you to have set a time bomb somewhere in this submarine to blow her up after you were all safely out of her. If you did you made a grave tactical error. You're not going to leave her for quite a while yet. You're going to sit quietly here on deck, under guard, while the steamer hooks on to this submarine and tows her; and if my prize crew is blown up, remember, you ——"

The spokesman—he was the chief engineer, by the way—yelled "*Ach, Gott!*" and leaped for the scuttle. Mike Murphy followed him into the engine room in time to see him stamp out a long length of slow-burning fuse.

"Any more?" Murphy queried.

"Dot von vas sufficient, if it goes off," the German answered simply.

"All right!" Mike Murphy answered. "I'll take a chance and so will you. You'll stay aboard and run those oil engines."

Half an hour later, with the submarine's crew safely under lock and key on the Narcissus, the big freighter continued on her course, followed by the captured submarine, with Michael J. Murphy in her turret and a quartermaster from the Narcissus at her helm. In the engine room her own engineer grudgingly explained to Terence P. Reardon the workings of an oil engine and the ramifications of the electric-light system—and during all of that period the deadly monkey wrench never left the port engineer's hand.

Sam Daniels and his comrades were once more back aboard the Narcissus, attending to the horses; and Cappy Ricks, his heart so filled with pride that it was like to burst, occupied the submarine's turret with the doughty Michael J. For an hour they discussed the marvelous coup until there was no angle of it left undiscussed; whereupon fell a silence, with Michael J.'s eyes fixed on the lights ahead that marked the Narcissus, and Cappy's thoughts on what Matt Peasley and Mr. Skinner would say when they heard the glorious news.

For nearly an hour not a word passed between the pair

Presently Cappy's regular breathing drew Murphy's attention to him. He had fallen asleep in his seat, his chin bent on his old breast, a little half smile on his lips. And as Murphy looked at him pridefully Cappy spoke in his sleep:

"Holy sailor! How Mike Murphy can swear!"

Terence P. Reardon came to the foot of the little spiral staircase leading to the turret.

"Michael, me lad," he announced, "the internal-combustion ile ingin' is the marine ingin' av the future. They're as simple as two an' two is four. Listen, *avic!* Does she not run like a twinty-four-jewel watch? An' this man that invinted thim was a German—more power to him! Faith, I'm thinkin' if the Ger-r-mans were as great in war as they are in peace 'twould need more nor the Irish to take the measure av thim!"

"Irish?" Mike Murphy answered irritably. "Terence, quit your bragging! God knows the Irish are great ——"

"The greatest in the wide, wide wur-rld!" Terence declared, with all the egotism of his race.

"Whist, Terry! There's a little old Yankee man aboard; if you wake him up he'll call you a liar."

"The darlin' ould fox!" Terry murmured affectionately, and went back to his engines.

The entire office force of the Blue Star Navigation Company and the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company had assembled in the general office to greet Cappy Ricks, Mike Murphy and Terence Reardon upon their return from Europe, and to hear at first hand the story of their wanderings and adventures. And when the wondrous tale had been told, and business was once more resumed, Matt Peasley, Mr. Skinner, Mike and Terence convened in Cappy Ricks' office for further discussion.

"We sent that half million dollars to New York to be transferred to the credit of the French Government when the bill of sale for that steamer should be deposited with the bank there," Matt remarked presently. "What kind of a vessel did you buy, Cappy? What are her dimensions?"

"What kind of *a* ship did I buy?" Cappy piped. "Hum-m-m! A ship is good. I bought four; and—believe me!—they're no skiffs, either. All of them are big foreign-going steel tramps, with lots of speed and power."

"Four for half a million dollars?" Matt Peasley cried unbelievingly.

"They would have cost anybody else a million and a half; but—er—well, you see, Matt, I had a stand-in with the right people. The four vessels I bought were all prizes of war—German merchantmen converted into commerce raiders, which had slipped through the cordon of British cruisers and got into the North Atlantic, where French cruisers overhauled them and brought them into port. They were all there and up for sale to the highest bidder when we got there with the horses and our captured submarine.

"I bid half a million for the lot, which is probably about half of what it cost to build them; and there was a Frenchman and an Englishman bidding against me. They each had me topped, and the vessels were knocked down to the Frenchman; but when he found I was a competitor—that I was Monsieur le Capitaine Ricks—that's what they called me, Matt—in command of the party that captured a German submarine, intact and without the loss of a single man on either side—say, Matt, the stuff was all off!

"He and the Englishman went into a conference; and the result was, the Frenchman ran out on his bid and forfeited his ten-per-cent certified check. That left the Englishman the next highest bidder; and

(Concluded on Page 68)

Nick and Pull
—and save on pencil costs

Save time—no whittling; just nick and pull, and the pencil's sharpened. Save bother—no soiled fingers; no muss. Save lead—no scraping; lead lasts three times as long. Save temper—so quick and easy it's a real delight to point a Blaisdell pencil. And Blaisdell leads are of the smoothest, easiest-writing quality.

Every modern business and professional man recognizes the Blaisdells' convenience and economy, and uses them daily.

Don't go through the wasteful, trying ordeal of whittling wooden pencils any more—"nick and pull" and make your pencil sharpening a pleasure and profit.

Blaisdell 202 with eraser is the ideal of stenographers, bookkeepers, and all office workers. 60c a dozen. $6 a gross.

Blaisdell 151 blue pencil is head and shoulders above them all—outsells all other blue pencils combined. $1 a dozen. $10.80 a gross.

Blaisdell spun-glass Ink Eraser eats the blots and leaves the paper. A real friend of clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, etc. Sharpens like a Blaisdell pencil. Lasts three times as long as the ordinary eraser, and costs only 10c.

Blaisdell is a complete line of pencils—every kind for every purpose, including Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's and Railroad pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness.

Stationers everywhere sell Blaisdell Pencils. Ask yours for Blaisdells today!

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

In Most Families There is a Host of Duds to Wash

The rapacious appetite of the family wash basket is never appeased—it is emptied, only to be refilled again. The task of clothing the family is only equaled by the problem of keeping all cleanly clothed. Now this perplexing problem can be so easily solved by installing a

Maytag Multi-Motor Washer
Swinging Reversible Wringer

Simply put in the clothes and start the little engine—a touch of the foot does it. Requires no attention. Cleanses thoroughly, yet gently.

DOES MORE THAN WASH AND WRING

It's a household "servant" that does all the work a machine should do. Engine [illegible] to run [illegible] lawn mower, ice cream freezer, home grinder, any small machinery while washing and wringing if desired. Operates on gas or gasoline. Absolutely safe.

Guaranteed for 5 years—money promptly refunded if not satisfied.

FREE "The Maytag Laundry Manual" [illegible] free—send today

THE MAYTAG CO. Dept. 83, Newton, Ia.

Branches and Warehouses in most principal cities. There is a Maytag Washer of every type—hand—power driven—electric—all built to the enviable Maytag Standard.

DEALERS: A high-class proposition. Write!

We Must Add $175 to the HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Here is an issue which we can't evade. So we meet it fairly and frankly, but give you a full month's warning. Every Super-Six will be sold at present prices while they last. If you can get one, get it.

The Super-Six of the present series is built from materials contracted for last year. There are only 3500 more to go out, including open cars and enclosed. And part of them are sold.

The next production—starting December 1—will be like the present models. The changes, if any, will be only minor refinements. But materials for that series were contracted for this year, and at prices enormously advanced.

So the cars now in process are the only Super-Sixes we can deliver at the present Hudson prices. The advance will be $175 per car.

No Way Out

Most people know that Hudson profits are amazingly low for our output. Here is the top-place car—now the largest-selling fine car in the world with a price above $1100. Yet it sells way below some fine cars. Still our standards are so high that, despite our big output, profits are very small.

Now these high-grade materials, in one year, have enormously advanced. We must either adopt lower grades of materials, or add the advance to our price.

There is no other way out for fine-car makers whose profits have been fair. This enforced raise means no greater profit to us. So we frankly state the facts.

We shall continue the present-grade Hudson. Next year's models will be the same as this year's; save perhaps in some minor refinements. There will positively be no change in the Super-Six motor. So the added cost—and that alone—will be added to our price.

Good News for Owners

This will be good news for owners. About 25,000 have, or will get, Super-Sixes at present prices. With this patented motor, where wear and friction are almost eliminated, depreciation is a trifle. And like cars, of the next production, will cost a great deal more. So a Super-Six can be bought now at a saving of $175.

We have under way of the present production about 3500 cars. Part are open models, part enclosed. Many of them are sold.

But many Hudson dealers, suspecting the advance, have unsold Super-Sixes. If you get one now, you will save $175. For all Hudson dealers will advance the Super-Six when we start production of the next series.

If you can get one now, go get it.

Next Year's Ruling Car

Next year, as this year, the Hudson Super-Six is certain to hold its supremacy. The Super-Six is controlled by our patents—the motor which added 80 per cent to efficiency. So other cars can't use it.

The Super-Six now holds all the worth-while records. All the world's stock car records up to 100 miles. It holds the 24-hour record of 1819 miles. It won the Pike's Peak hill-climb—the world's greatest event of its kind.

In September it won the ocean-to-ocean record. It went from San Francisco to New York in 14 hours 59 minutes less time than the next best record.

It won all these records because of endurance. Because this invention has so nearly eliminated all friction, vibration and wear.

So every man who knows the facts must concede the Super-Six supremacy. Every test has proved it. If you want such a car—even for next year—now is the time to get it, if you can.

Phaeton, 7-passenger,	$1475	Touring Sedan . . .	$2000	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger,	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet .	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger,	1775	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet .	2850

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Same Hudson Super-Six Again Breaks Ocean to Ocean Record

On Return Trip Across America It Beats Best Previous Time and Establishes World's Endurance Record

The same Hudson Super-Six Touring Car which ran from San Francisco to New York in 5 days 3 hours and 31 minutes, started back from New York on its arrival there and again made the transcontinental trip in shorter time than any other car ever made it.

Last Spring the wonder record for the one-way trip made by a famous eight was 2⅓ days longer than the time required by the Super-Six.

No other automobile ever made the round trip against time. Yet in both the going and return trips the Hudson Super-Six lowered the best previous one-way record.

In a little more than 10 days the Super-Six covered 6,952 miles.

Counting all stops, and slowing down to the speed restrictions of 350 cities, towns and villages each way, the average time from San Francisco to New York and back to San Francisco was almost 700 miles a day.

In the last leg of the return trip, between Elko, Nevada, and San Francisco heavy mountain rains were encountered. In the going trip that distance was covered in 20½ hours. On account of the rain and mud 35 hours were required on the return. Under similar road conditions as were met in the going trip the return would have been under 5 days.

There are no important world's records which refer to a stock car which the Hudson Super-Six hasn't won. The best former records are too easy for the Super-Six. The events are too easily won. For instance, in the 24-hour record of 1819 miles, it exceeded the best former record by 52%. And the Super-Six made the best time in the world's greatest hill climb up Pike's Peak. The best time for 100 miles. The greatest distance covered in one hour and the fastest time for a stock chassis at the rate of 102½ miles an hour.

Such Endurance Is Convincing

Here we prove again that the Hudson Super-Six has more endurance than we have ever claimed for it.

What can be more convincing than that round trip across the continent made with a Hudson Super-Six light-weight 7-passenger phaeton? Previous records were made with roadsters and stripped cars, but the Hudson at all times carried 3, and sometimes 4, passengers, and with its baggage weighed in excess of 5,000 pounds.

No Engineer Hopes to Excel It

Remember that the Super-Six is a Hudson invention, controlled by Hudson patents.

A hundred cars have motors of like cylinder capacity. Many cars have more cylinders. But in the Super-Six, vibration has been reduced to almost nothing. That adds 80% to efficiency.

The Super-Six is not one of the passing sensations. Ours is not one of those claims to motor supremacy which yields in a year or two to another. Mark what these records mean. There is plenty of evidence now to convince you that it cannot be superseded.

Now Is the Time to Get It

For many reasons, now is the time to get a Hudson Super-Six.

In the first place you can get delivery now. Last Summer thousands had to wait, and thousands must wait next Spring.

Then by buying now you can save $175. The price will be advanced December 1. The models will not be changed. You get the same Super-Six motor, the same wonderful chassis, and the same beautiful body. Your car you get now will be identical with those we shall sell after December 1, except for some minor details.

Phaeton, 7-passenger,	$1475	Touring Sedan . . .	$2000	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger,	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet .	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger,	1775	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet .	2850

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Concluded from Page 65)

he ran out on his bid—and left the ships to me! Then the Englishman shook hands with me and the Frenchman kissed me. I thought the least I should do was to make good to them on the earnest money they had forfeited, and they accepted it. Then the President of France heard about it and came down to Brest to see me; and he kissed me, too, and gave me the Officers' Cross of the Legion of Honor. I didn't tell him I was just a private in the ranks. Oh, no! Nothing doing. I was introduced as Monsieur le Capitaine Ricks—and that settled it. I was an officer, for all my courtesy title; and I took the Cross, because I was prouder than Punch to have it.

"Then the Chamber of Deputies met and voted the Frenchman and the Englishman back their forfeited earnest money, and they gave me back my checks, and I wrote new ones for the same amount and split the swag fifty-fifty between the two nations for the care of their wounded. Then I gave a dinner aboard the submarine, and President Poincaré was present. I presented the submarine, with the compliments of the Blue Star Navigation Company, to the Republic of France, and the President accepted, all hands went out on deck and we cracked a bottle of champagne over that submersible's bows and rechristened her."

"What name?" Matt and Skinner chorused.

"The Shamrock—out of compliment to Mike and Terence."

"Fine!" Matt cried. "Then what?"

"Nothing, Matt. Our business was finished and I was anxious to get back on the job; so we engaged skippers and crews to bring our four freighters to New York, and came home.

"Better step lively, boy, and dig up some business for them! Mike will give you the data on their tonnage."

Matt drew Mike Murphy aside.

"Tell me, Mike," he whispered, "did the old man get soused at that dinner aboard the Shamrock?"

"Look here, Matt," Murphy answered; "what Monsieur le Capitaine Ricks does outside of office hours is none of my business or yours, either. And if you don't like that answer help yourself to a new port captain. I'm not telling everything I know, Matt."

BLUEBIRD
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"THE PLAYS THE THING"

Fascinated—spellbound—oblivious to your surroundings you sat, far into the night, under the enchantment of Émile Gaboriau's romantic tales. Particularly, do you remember that famous story, "The Clique of Gold"? From this absorbing romance, BLUEBIRD Photo Plays have fashioned the wonderful screen production,—"THE EVIL WOMEN DO," which with its brilliant Company is well considered one of the big accomplishments of the season. In this screen drama there are five Star Players, chosen not because they are Stars but because they are best fitted to portray the characters in this particular play.

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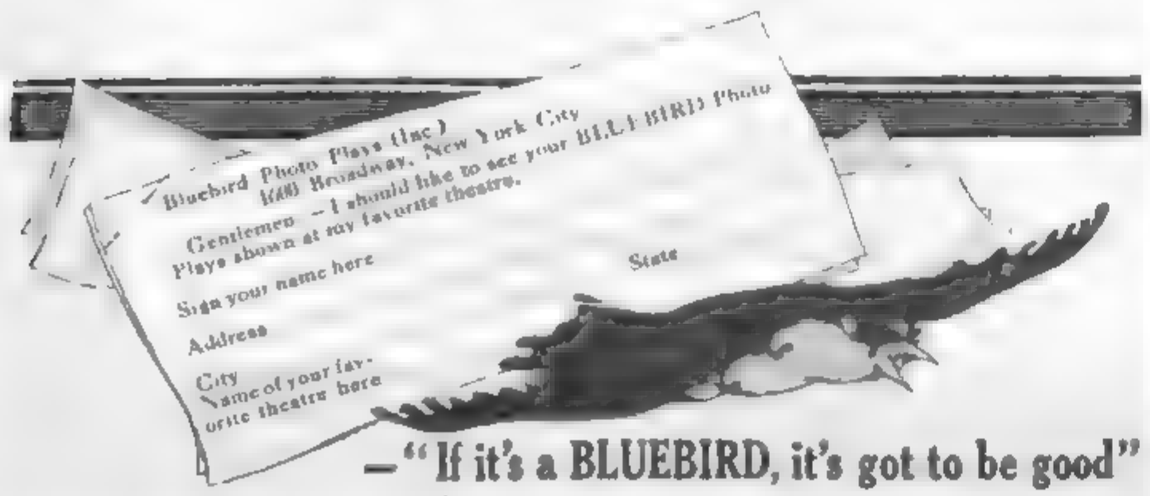
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—"If it's a BLUEBIRD, it's got to be good"

Sense and Nonsense

Nothing to Laugh At

THEY were talking at one of the theatrical clubs about tricks of absent-mindedness, when an English actor of solemn mien spoke up.

"Most 'stroidinary, some of these things you chaps tell! I recall one little incident myself—not humorous, you understand, but rather interesting, I think, in a way of speaking. When I was at home, in London, two American performers were playing at one of the halls. One of them was a memory sharp—most marvelous chap, really; seemed to know everything. Right out of his head, without a moment's hesitation he could give you the date of any great event in the world's history; tell you the distance from Copenhagen to Shanghai; or the exact size of the Planet Mars—all that sort of thing, you know. The other was one of these handcuff experts. He could pick any lock or undo any chain. Wonderful fellow in his line too.

"Well, one night they left the hall together and started for their lodgings. You see, they roomed together. But they drove round in the cab for hours and hours, trying to find their address. The memory sharp couldn't remember where they lived—absolutely!

"And finally, when it did come to him and they got there, they had to stay outdoors the rest of the night."

"Why so?" inquired one of the listening group.

"Oh," said the Englishman, "the memory sharp had forgotten to take his keys with him and the handcuff king couldn't get the door open!"

Reopening the Old Wounds

WHEN Tom Sharkey was in the heyday of his prominence as a heavyweight contender he capitalized some of his popularity by opening an athletic club at Vallejo, across the bay from San Francisco. He hired Tim McGrath as manager.

For the opening night McGrath arranged a program of boxing bouts and a large crowd came to witness the sport. Tim was on the door, taking tickets. The owner lurked in the offing, keeping a general eye on things.

Presently there approached a sizable group of McGrath's cronies, and Tim, extending the hospitalities of the occasion, waved them in. Sharkey saw them pass the wicket and drew near.

"Say, Tim," he whispered, "who was all those fellows that just went by without payin'?"

"Oh, them?" said McGrath. "They're lads who are goin' to be in the corners behind some of the boys that are fightin' to-night. Some of them was seconds, and the rest was bottle holders—and the likes of that."

Sharkey fell back just as another party of McGrath's personal friends drew near. McGrath passed them in also.

"And who was those?" inquired Sharkey.

"More seconds," explained the manager.

"Say, Tim," inquired Sharkey, "who you got fightin' here to-night—the North and the South?"

Piling Up the Expense

EDGAR SELWYN, the playwright, owns a big touring car. Not long ago he purchased a small car of the type popularly denominated as a Flivver for use on his country place in Westchester County, New York.

A few days later his chauffeur came to him, saying:

"Mr. Selwyn, I'd like to buy a part for the new car that wasn't included in the regular equipment. I think it would make the car run better."

"Say, look here!" answered the owner. "I'm getting sick and tired of blowing my money in dressing up automobiles to look fancy.

"Our repair bills are too heavy already. Only last week I spent eighty-five dollars for supplies for the big car."

"This here device won't cost very much, sir," said the man, "and it would come in mighty handy."

"Well, how much will it cost?" demanded Selwyn.

"Nineteen cents, sir," said the chauffeur. "I can get it at the five-and-ten-cent store!"

In Autumn

JUST for a day of the yesterdays
We in our springtime knew;
Just for a day of my olden dream,
Dreaming the dream is true!
Only a day of the hundred days—
What would my heart not do
Just for a day of the yesterdays?—
Just for a day with you!

Days that we squandered carelessly
Out of our seeming store,
Flung to the winds that laughed and cried:
"More of them, youngsters—more!"
Now I would give all the years to come,
Though the years to come are few,
Just for a day of our yesterdays—
Just for a day with you!

Slowly the leaden hours pass;
Silently here I see
The night-mask fall from the morning's face,
The sun set wearily;
And ever I wait till my last night end
In my last to-morrow's blue,
When I may fare to our yesterdays
For the Endless Day with you!

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

The Gradual Process

A POPULAR comedian, who has had so many engagements lately that he might very well qualify for the title of The Wandering Juvenile, sought surcease from his worries—after the failure of the latest production in which he had appeared—in the well-known flowing bowl. A few hours later a friend found him leaning against the bar in his club in a far-gone condition.

"Well, old man," said the friend, "I see you've slipped. I thought you were on the water wagon. How did you get it?"

The tired actor raised his head.

"Drink by drink!" he said truthfully, and then went right back to sleep.

Finish the Little Things Yourself—

Without stopping to look, you can think of dozens of "little things" about your home that need refinishing

Some of them are in the living rooms or sleeping rooms. Some are in the attic or even down in the much neglected basement. Worn floors, woodwork or trim, furniture of the good old days, heirlooms, articles in daily use, and some that you no longer use because they show wear.

You can easily and economically bring them back with Jap-a-lac Household Finishes.

It's not simply a matter of making them better looking, but also of preserving them against decay, rust or destructive wear.

That's why Jap-a-lac Finishes have extra quality in every kind and color. They are made for good wear—for results that will repay you, every time and everywhere you use them.

Don't get the notion that "anything in a can" will do. You'll not get the good Jap-a-lac result unless you use the good Jap-a-lac quality

Many Kinds—Many Colors Many Uses

There are many kinds of Jap-a-lac in an endless variety of colors and effects

Jap-a-lac Varnish Stains

Jap-a-lac Clear Varnish (Natural)

Jap-a-lac Enamels

Jap-a-lac Gold

Jap-a-lac Aluminum

Jap-a-lac Floor and Porch Paint

Jap-a-lac Black Finish

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes sold by dealers everywhere. Send for color card and interesting, instructive booklet

—but Call in a Practical Painter for the Big Jobs

If you are building a new home or refinishing the old one in a big way call in a practical painter and ask him to use Glidden Architectural Finishes (Varnish, Enamel, Stain, etc.).

He will be glad to help you get the extra-quality results that are obtained with Glidden quality products. He will be glad to offer suggestions for their use that will help you get the *right* finish in the *right* place at the *right* cost.

The dependable quality—the integrity—of Glidden Products is their chief claim to your consideration. They have been standard for years in the world's largest piano, furniture and automobile factories, in the country's leading hospitals and institutions—everywhere that real quality and economy mean most.

Leading Finishes in the Glidden Line

Look for the familiar Green Label

JapSpar (the all-test varnish)

M. P. Durable Interior Varnish

M. P. Durable Floor Varnish

Velvet White Enamel

Superior White Enamel

Endurance Wood Stain

Flat Wall Finish

Glidden Architectural Finishes sold by dealers everywhere. Special color suggestions and helpful information sent upon request.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., CLEVELAND, U. S. A.
THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Look for this Label

THE reason Chalmers Underwear is so well made (by the most costly process) of such high quality yarn, to retail at so little money, is to *satisfy* YOU—the wearer—to give you more for your money than you ever got before. Because we know that every wearer we *please* with Chalmers Underwear means a customer for keeps. One who will recommend our product to his friends. And that means a growing volume of sales—all the time. That's why we can afford a narrow margin of profit.

Chalmers Underwear is knit on expensive spring needle machines—the same as knit the highest priced garments. This and the highest quality yarn produce a fine, soft and elastic fabric—extremely firm and durable. So Chalmers Underwear affords ample room for the freest movement of the body. And it always springs back into shape. This ensures fit—plus comfort.

All the seams are covered to make them strong, flat and comfortable. The shoulders are reinforced to keep the sleeves from pulling down over the shoulders. The triangular piece in the back gives great elasticity from shoulder to crotch and prevents binding and cutting in the crotch.

See Chalmers Underwear at your dealer's. The fabric, make, finish and appearance will delight you. And it will fit you as though *tailored* for YOU.

Fall and Winter Weight, Spring Needle Ribbed, Closed Crotch, Union Suits, $1.50 up. Shirts and Drawers, $1.00 each.

Unusual Illustrated Booklet Free

Chalmers Knitting Co., Amsterdam, N.Y.

Also Makers of the Famous Pointknit

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

RICE LEADERS OF THE WORLD ASSOCIATION

REVERSE ENGLISH

(Continued from Page 17)

the longest hit they made off Bugs that afternoon. Before the game was over he had them Seals so tame they would've been afraid to pick wild flowers.

That series with the Seals put us just two games behind the Oaks, who was leading the league. Jake and all the rest of us was happy as a lot of school kids on a vacation. We were going good and we figured on cleaning up the Oaks and going home in first place. It was a nice dream. It's a good thing we did all our three-cheering then, because what happened to us against the Oaks ain't fit to print.

We blew the first two games and on Thursday Jake sent Bugs in to stop the brutal Oaks. Right away I had a hunch that it was all wrong, because Bugs had been out the night before and was suffering from a lot of things that don't help a pitcher none when he's out on the hill. He wasn't there long, though. They had to break the news of that game to our home fans with shock absorbers. Every time Bugs threw the pill I wanted to duck. I ain't much on tenderness but my heart went out to the outfielders during that game. Toddy had his back to the stands so much some of the fans thought that that was the regular way he played his position. By the fifth inning he was so tired he could hardly walk when he came up to the plate. What did he do but swing from the sea level up and meet the pill square on the nose. The ball went out and out, and up and out! It looked like a home run! No, it looked like two home runs! Toddy ran and galloped and staggered and ran some more, and was tagged out going into third, on a hit that was long enough to let a man run from here to Brazil and back.

Jake took Bugs out in the fifth and let Porter finish, only the Oaks did the finishing. They could've made base hits in a tunnel that afternoon. They plastered the ball between our legs, over our heads, against the fences and over 'em, until we lost all track of things and got groggy watching 'em going around the bases. Someone said the final score was seventeen to two, but I guess the score keeper must've fainted and missed half them runs.

That was the start of it all. The whole club flew into more pieces than there are parts to a watch. Bugs must've got a job as a night watchman, because I never saw him much, except at the park in the day time. His pitching looked it too. Our men ran bases like they had creeping paralysis, though I ain't exactly fair in saying that, because they didn't get on often enough to do any real base running. Rube Burch had trouble with his head and Jake put Hi Dunn in left. Hi could chase a fly ball into the next county and get it, but you could write his batting average on the head of a match. The whole club fell away in batting until there wasn't a one of us that could've hit a dead horse with a spade. Jake changed our line-up every day, but it didn't change our playing none.

I got hit by a pitched ball and had to do all my sliding to bases on my stomach for three weeks. If one of our men got on base and tried to steal, the catcher would have a rifle hid up his sleeve and shoot him out by twenty feet; but if the other guys tried to swipe one off us, Dutch Schmidt would start throwing base hits into the outfield. The umpires helped the good work along by having blind staggers whenever we had a chance to win, and all their staggers were toward the other club. At the plate all we did was strike out or hit pop flys to the infielders. Jake told us that some day we'd find a club that was weak on pop flys and then we'd beat 'em to death. It didn't make much difference anyway, because if we hit 'em where they looked safe, some guy would go where no self-respecting fielder ever went before and grab the ball off the dewdrops. The newspapers started calling us the Clams.

We went from bad to worse and back again. When the last week of the season rolled around, we were third in a six-club league, and only for the reason we hadn't had time to drop no further.

We wound up the season with Portland. The Ducks, as they were called, were in fourth place and so close behind us that they didn't look no farther away than the end of your nose. On the train going north Jake was like a sick bear. He got us all in one end of the car, the night before we hit Portland, and gave us a few hot ones.

"I've been in this league for seven years as a manager," says Jake, "and I ain't finished in the second division yet, an' what's more I ain't goin' to finish there this season. If we blow more than four games this week I'll ship some of you birds so far away next year that Siberia will seem like a suburb alongside where you're goin'."

We got into Portland the next morning, which was Tuesday, and opened the series that afternoon. Old Dave Hauger worked. You could hear Dave's joints creak as he walked across the field before the game. It was a cold damp day, with the usual mess of Portland rain clouds hanging in the sky. It was just the kind of day Dave liked to work. Most old-timers want sunshine and lots of it, but give Dave a bum day and the other fellows might as well throw their bats over the fence. We was all feeling sorry for the poor Ducks when the game started, and after we made two runs in the first inning it looked like a cinch. It was! The Ducks gave Dave the saddest day he'd had in years. It got so sad that the old boy disappeared through the clubhouse door in the fourth, with the Portland Club leading so far that the last few innings was a joke.

The next day Jake came to Bugs before the game and told him he was to work.

"I got some more news, too, that might [illegible] yet," says Jake.

"Spill it!" says Bugs.

"You've been sold!"

"Where to—Seattle or Valdosta?"

"To the Moguls. Their scout must be a friend of yours or mebbe he's pullin' a joke on the owner."

"I'll deliver the goods! I'll show the boys this afternoon why I was bought!"

The Ducks hadn't beaten Bugs all season, and you could still say the same after the game. If ever a pitcher had the Indian sign on a ball club Bugs had it on them. They might as well have batted with their fists, when he worked against them. Bugs let them down with a three-to-nothing beating, and their one hit fell safe, while some of our fielders was matching to see who would take the ball.

I ain't going to say much about the next three games. Jake said enough to last for years. We dropped all three of 'em by scores that was a crime against the game. Every pitcher on the club, except Bugs, was in and out of there, until they wore a dusty path between the pit and the pitcher's box.

That left it up to the last game of the season on Sunday afternoon to decide whether the Ducks or our club wound up in third place. Most fans don't think the clubs care much where they finish, once they're out of the pennant fight, but you'd thought we was in a world's series to hear the way Jake raved in the clubhouse after Saturday's game. He wound up by picking Bugs to work the final game and made a big hit by telling us that the owner had offered all the boys a week's trip to a fishing-and-hunting camp in the mountains, if we stuck in third place.

It was after six o'clock when I got back to the hotel that night. I went into the dining room and looked for Bugs, but I couldn't locate him no place. After I'd filled up I went out in the lobby and sat down to wait. Pretty soon the house detective dropped into a chair next to me.

"How you hittin' 'em?" he asks.

"High and far! Have you seen anything of Brennan?"

"Yep! I saw him around here about six, talking with some fellows in the lobby. They went out a little while before you came in. It ain't any of my business, Rowan, but I don't like to see Brennan mixing with them birds."

"Who were they?"

"Some of the slickest shell-game men in the city. It doesn't look right."

"I get you! Don't mention it to Jake or anyone else. I'll go out and see if I can dig him up. If he comes in before I get back, tell him to wait for me!"

I was still looking for Bugs at ten o'clock that night. I may have been a sucker to waste that much time on him, but I liked the kid and didn't want to see him get in bad. Bugs was our one hope and I wanted him to be in shape to win us that fishing trip. I finally gave it up and went back to the hotel and hit the hay. It looked like a lost cause to me.

It must've been about two in the morning when someone switched on the light in

(Continued on Page 73)

An Advertisement by

THE PULLMAN COMPANY

Convenience.

Through the service of the Pullman Company it is not only possible to secure in advance accommodations in a car never crowded beyond its normal capacity, but it is possible to enjoy, while traveling, comforts and conveniences usually associated only with the most modern hotels in larger cities.

By building its own cars the Pullman Company has been able to test every innovation which might add to the convenience of its passengers. Constant ventilation, comfortable temperature, electric lights, electric fans, modern plumbing and other distinctive features of the Pullman car have been provided in spite of the difficulties arising from the natural limitations of car construction, and the fact that these conveniences must at all times be available while the car is moving from place to place.

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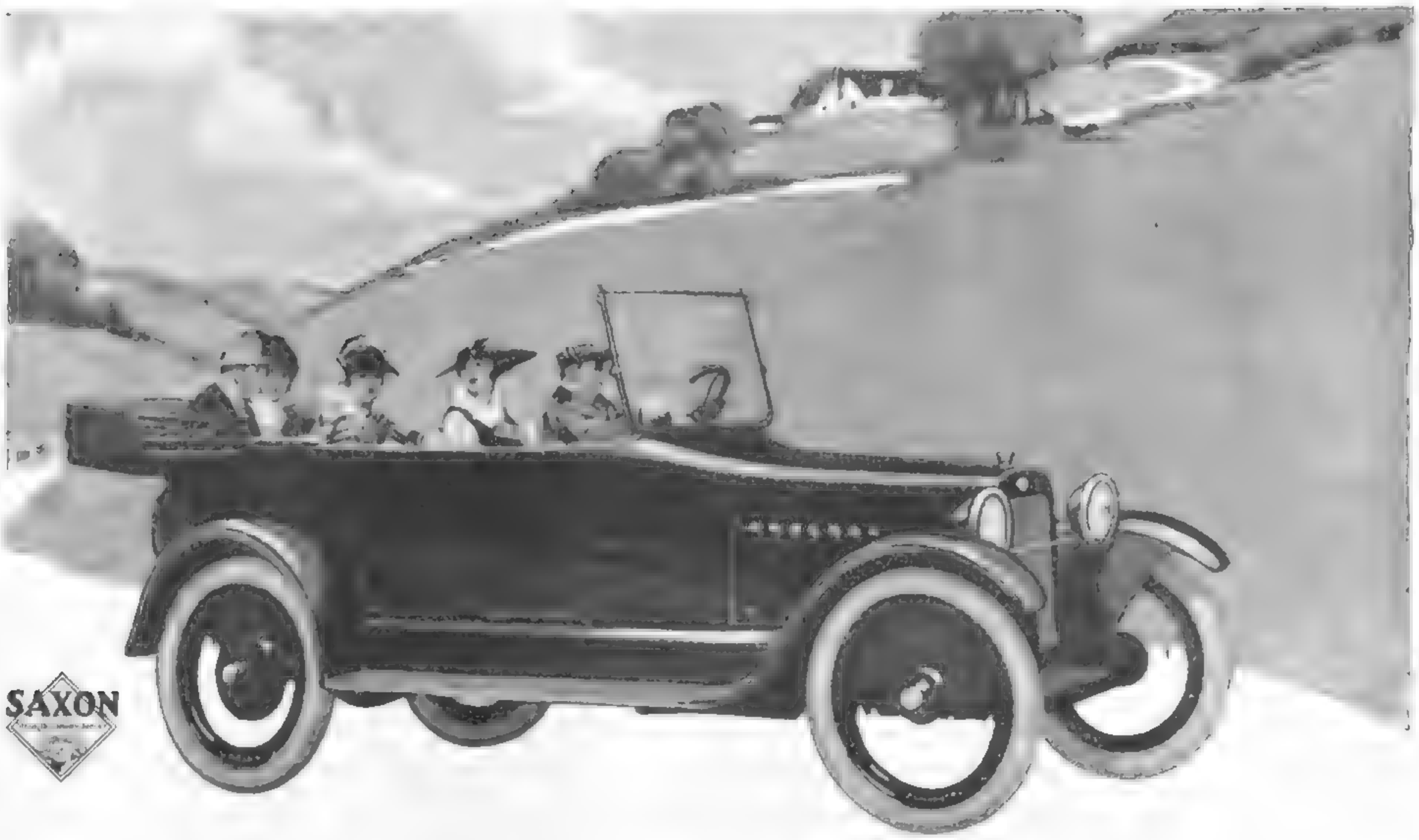

This Preference for Saxon "Six" Is Based Upon Very Definite Reasons

Throughout the country you will find a very marked preference for Saxon "Six" springing up among motor car buyers.

Unlike many preferences it is not flavored with prejudice, but has more the aspect of a conclusion in favor of Saxon "Six" arrived at unhurriedly after careful comparisons.

We have told you time and again that the Saxon "Six" motor—both because of its type and its high development—is far superior to a motor of fewer cylinders.

Evidently this statement has been confirmed by buyers themselves, for a census reveals that 75% of the owners turning in their cars for Saxon "Sixes" formerly drove cars of less than six cylinders.

The reason for this change is found in the superiority of the Saxon "Six" motor.

Between the power-impulses produced by a "less-than-six-cylinders" motor there are intervals. That is a mechanical truth.

These intervals are responsible for vibration. And vibration is a dread danger to a motor.

It impairs flexibility, slows up acceleration, makes a difference of degrees in the quietness of operation, increases repair-service costs, and finally takes nearly 50% from the standard efficiency of the motor.

These are serious disadvantages and buyers are now seeking to avoid them.

In the Saxon "Six" motor, on the contrary, you get a power-flow of uniform, constant torque, that is, perfect smoothness or continuity.

Vibration is practically nil Briefly, that is why Saxon "Six" excels in pulling power, in acceleration, in high-gear work, in flexibility.

And that is why the cost of repairs on Saxon "Six" is so insignificant.

In this connection it is enlightening to note that the figures on the cost of all repair parts bought by all Saxon "Six" owners during the past two years show that the cost per car averaged less than $10.

You will find the value of the highly efficient Saxon "Six" motor demonstrated in another definite advantage.

And that is in respect to gasoline economy. It extracts full mileage from each drop of gasoline. 23.5 miles is the gallon average established recently by 206 stock model Saxon "Sixes" in a 300 mile non-stop run.

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At 1½ miles per hour "on high" the motor pulls smoothly without "bucking" or jerking. At full speed you feel safe and secure.

And added to these virtues is a further feature. That is comfort—riding ease.

Long, resilient cantilever springs of fine vanadium steel, together with deep, restful cushions, guard you completely from rough-road discomforts.

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Saxon "Six" is $815 f. o. b. Detroit.

SAXON "SIX"

A BIG TOURING CAR FOR FIVE PEOPLE

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

THE SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION DOES NOT ANNOUNCE YEARLY MODELS.

(Continued from Page 70)

my room and woke me up. Two bell hops piloted the sagging Bugs into the room. We got him undressed and put him under the covers. I slipped the boys a good tip and made them promise to keep the affair under their hats. After that I went back to bed and finally dropped off to sleep again.

In the morning I locked the door from the outside when I went down to breakfast. I told Jake that Bugs had gone out early to see some friends and would be back about eleven. After breakfast I went out to a drug store and got some first aid for the injured and went back to the room. At ten o'clock Bugs began to show signs of life, and I went over to the bed and shook him until he opened his eyes and looked around like a fellow that's just coming to from a beaning.

"Why did you pull such a stunt at this time?" I asks him in no pleasant tones.

"Ain't a fellow got a right to celebrate when he's been sold to the big show?"

"I don't think much of the gang you was celebratin' with."

"What's wrong with 'em?"

"Nothin', except they'd steal the laces out of your shoes an' sell a man that was dyin' of thirst a box of salted crackers. Outside of that I guess they're fine fellows."

"Aw, you're wrong, Steve. They're just some fans I happened to meet in the lobby last night, an' they asked me to go out an' join in a little party to celebrate my goin' up."

"You fell for that? Say, those birds were playin' for you. They knew your weakness an' pitched to it. Every move was framed. They knew you could go out an' beat the Ducks with your hands tied behind you, an' they knew that the bettin' was seven to five that we would win today's game. All they had to do was to get you in such shape you couldn't pitch an' then they could go out an' cover the short-end bets an' clean up when the Ducks walk away from us this afternoon. They made a sucker out of you last night, an' the Ducks will help the good work along to-day. Good-by, little fishin' trip!"

I won't tell you what Bugs said, because it couldn't be printed noway. He wanted to get his gun and go hunting for them fellows, but I talked him out of this notion. He kept saying over and over that he'd show those guys. Finally he cooled off enough to start dressing. This was done in silence, until he started looking for his watch and money. They was missing.

"Wow!" he yells so's you could hear him a mile. "I'm cleaned! Why ——"

He trailed off into a line of talk that would've shocked a sailor's parrot.

"What all did they get?"

"My watch, some dough—about forty bucks, I think—an' that diamond pin the fans gave me when I left Phoenix. Can you beat that?"

"Not unless they'd taken your gold teeth. They gave a party an' made you pay the freight. Your friends have takin' ways. We'll drop down an' see my friend, Lieutenant Doyle, at the police station after the game. He'll get the stuff back if anyone can."

There was a big mob of Portland people out that afternoon to see their club climb into the first division. I never saw such a crowd in the stands on the last day, with both clubs out of the fight for the flag. It was one of them forlorn hopes with that crowd, because there wasn't anyone that expected the Ducks to beat Bugs, unless it was the bunch that took him out the night before.

McCord, the Portland manager, sent big Moose Billings in against us. Moose was the best pitcher they had, and no one could tell you why. All he had was personality. I'll bet there wasn't five pitchers in the league that got by with less stuff than he had; but he got by—I'll say that for him. The big stiff ought to have throwed the ball right past you, but all he did was chuck them up there from his knees with a move like an underhanded crap shooter. There was more pop flys hit off Moose in a season than off any other ten pitchers in the league. Every time he worked against us, it looked like we was trying to bat up an altitude record. We didn't look no different in the first inning that day, knocking two poppers to the shortstop and one high one to the centerfielder.

Bugs looked all right when he warmed up; he didn't seem tired or nervous, and he was fast as ever. That ain't half of pitching, though. It ain't how you look, but what you got in there that counts. I stood over near third and did a little praying in my own silent way when Davies, the Portland lead-off man, came up.

"So you're goin' up next year," says Davies to Bugs. "If I was you I'd hate to take a round trip to Florida next spring. You'll be all out of shape when you get back here."

"Mebbe so," says Bugs. "You'll be sorry to see me come back. If you hit against me all season, your battin' average wouldn't be no bigger than the size of your hat, which ain't much. Take a look at this one."

Davies and the umpire both looked it over and agreed that it was a ball. Three out of the next four were the same thing and Davies jogged down to first.

"Nice day," says Carter as he came up to the plate. "I think I'll bunt one."

"You better hit it," says Bugs. "That guy on first has two left feet an' can't run. The only way he'll ever get to second is on a hit."

Carter never got a chance to bunt or nothing else. Bugs cut loose a fast one that caught Carter on the hip. Dutch Schmidt walked out and talked with Bugs, and all us infielders chattered encouragement to him while Carter limped down the line, cussing Bugs every step of the way. Jake was sliding up and down the bench, wearing out his vocabulary.

"Don't worry about me," says Bugs. "I'll get these stiffs!"

Parks came up and dumped a perfect bunt down the third-base line. I threw him out at first while the runners advanced. Fisher poled a tall one to deep right, and Davies scored from third after the catch. Then Bugs came through and fanned Briggs on four pitched balls.

"Cut out the charity!" says Jake, when Bugs gets back to the bench. "Get the ball over the plate! These guys can't hit you! What are you afraid of? Come on! Let's get that run back. Bust one, Gill, old boy!"

Gill busted one that would've cleared the centerfield fence, if it had been headed that way instead of at the moon. When it finally came down the first baseman was under it. We kept on busting 'em that way all afternoon while Bugs was getting better every inning, pitching ball like they tell about in the books. After that bad first inning he sat the Ducks down in rows. He never had more zip on his fast ball, and his curve ball broke so fast it made my head swim to watch it.

The first of the ninth came around with that figure one standing out on the Duck's side of the score board like a steeple on a church.

The glad Portland fans crowded to the exits ready for the last dash to the street, never knowing how it had happened.

Harry Todd came up from the pit, swirling two bats around in the air. He shed one and stood up at the plate with his bat laid back across his shoulder.

"They tell me you started pitchin' before Columbus found out the world wasn't on the level," says Toddy to Moose. "Say, Moose, you ain't never looked like the same pitcher since your old catcher, George Washington, died in 1799. It's tough to lose an old battery mate like that."

"So!" says Moose. "Say, Todd, when you get back home, mail me one of the papers from your town. I want to find your battin' average an' they don't print 'em below .200 up here. Look out! I got somethin' to-day."

"What is it, a neck-in?"

"Nope, a high hard one. Watch your bean. It may slip."

"Hard one! You ain't got enough speed to knock a drunken sailor off a sick horse."

"Mebbe so," says Moose, unfurling a slow curve over the outside corner for a strike.

"They tell me you're a moth-ball pitcher."

"Try one," says Moose, chucking over a downer. Toddy swung too hard and missed.

"You must've got your battin' eye spearing oysters in the Chesapeake," says Moose.

"Who knows? Oh! Look, Moose! Look at the buzzards flyin' over the park! They know your arm's dead, even if you don't. Smart birds, them buzzards! Can't fool 'em!"

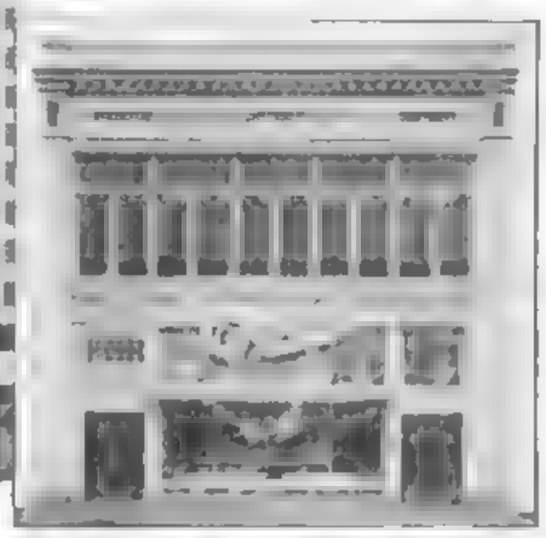
Moose threw up an underhand hook and Toddy fouled out.

Then Rube Burch came up, bawling out Moose to the four winds.

"You'll get fat doin' that," says Moose.

FROM SKYSCRAPER TO DAIRY LUNCH

RAILWAY EXCHANGE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.
D. H. Burnham & Co. Architects
Buff, bright cream enamel Terra Cotta with delicate ornamentation of distinctive design.



CHILDS RESTAURANT, NEW [illegible]
Lavrot & Lavaudais Architects
This simple, graceful front of Terra Cotta gives the right suggestion of appetizing cleanliness within.

TERRA COTTA is firmly established as the universal modern building material, where beauty of design must be combined with economy of construction. It is used for all kinds of building operations, from the tallest of skyscrapers, to the most modest of dairy lunches. From coast to coast Terra Cotta adorns and beautifies the newest and finest hotels, residences, office buildings, railroad stations, stores, schools, banks, theatres and moving-picture houses.

For store fronts in particular, Terra Cotta has many unique advantages. It gives character and distinction to any building. The Terra Cotta store shines out by contrast with dull and dingy neighbors. It has the trim, neat appearance that fairly invites a customer in. If erected to rent, a Terra Cotta building seldom lacks tenants.

Terra Cotta is an economical, permanent, fireproof building material. Architects favor it. Any good builder can erect it.

An Illustrated Book of Store Fronts

"Store Fronts in Terra Cotta" is an illustrated book that everyone who owns or rents property should read. It shows a variety of Terra Cotta fronts for many kinds of stores. Write on your letterhead and we will send you a complimentary copy. We have other booklets on other types of buildings. Tell us the kind of building that interests you and we will send you the right book.

NATIONAL TERRA COTTA SOCIETY, 1 Madison Avenue, New York
Members' plants located in all parts of the country from coast to coast

SALOMON BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS Leteinaum & Mack, Architects
A beautiful treatment in cream enameled Terra Cotta proved an asset of great business value in securing desirable tenants for this store building.

A fit for every foot in the family. This one is a *Man's* Rubber—and gives a *Man's* Service!

Goodrich "STRAIGHT-LINE"

are the longest wearing rubbers made and 20,000,000 pairs have proved it!

If you had witnessed a gigantic test wherein 20,000,000 pairs of one brand of rubbers actually wore as long as 40,000,000 pairs of other makes, you'd never buy any rubbers but the kind that had won out 2 to 1.

This test *has* been made. It began 10 years ago. And the 20,000,000 pairs of Goodrich "STRAIGHT-LINE" Rubbers have proved beyond question that they have "*double the wear in every pair.*"

The Goodrich Rubber in them—(the result of 47 years' experience)—is *tough*, almost, *as rawhide*, yet *light in weight.* So "STRAIGHT-LINE" Rubbers are never clumsy—they are *light upon the feet.*

Compare their snug-fit and neat, stylish appearance, too—and note the superiority *there.*

38,000 stores sell these rubbers which "*wear like Goodrich Tires.*" Why accept rubbers that do not?

Ask for "STRAIGHT-LINE" Rubbers —not just "a pair of rubbers"

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Akron, Ohio

Makers of "Hipress" the famous ONE-PIECE Boots and heavy shoes —with the RED LINE 'ROUND THE TOP —and TEXTAN, the Goodrich Sole that *outwears leather* on your leather shoes

GOODRICH
"STRAIGHT-LINE"
RUBBERS
"Wear Like Goodrich Tires"

"Any time I want any fat I'll come and get it off your dome," says Rube.

"Think so? Try this on your little piano!"

Rube tried it for a single to left.

"If I had your luck, you wouldn't see me playin' ball for a livin'," says Moose.

"Wait till this game is over an' you won't be playin' ball for a livin' or nothin' else."

Flick went up and hit a slow roller to short and was out at first while Rube moved on to second. I came up and looked them over. With the count three and two, I took a fourth ball that was so far outside I couldn't have reached it by wireless. With me on first, Rube on second and two down, up came old Pete Flynn, lugging his black war club. I'd rather have Pete up in a pinch than any guy I know. You can bet your last jitney he won't hit no popper nor whiff.

"Tough job you got, Pete," says Moose.

"That's what they'll tell the undertaker that buries you if you stick one over. I'll knock it down your throat."

Pete never told a bigger lie. Moose got the second one over and Pete hit it, but not down Moose's throat. The ball passed on a straight line ten feet over the shortstop's head. It was a few feet higher when it cleared the leftfield wall and passed into the promised land beyond. All around the bases Rube and Pete and I did our best to make the day seem bright and cheery to Moose, but Moose appeared to have found a note of discord in the afternoon's happenings.

Back on the bench we shouted and jeered while Moose walked Gilman, who was thrown out stealing a second later. The last half of the ninth was play for us. Bugs wheeled his fast one down the inside corner and broke his curve ball low and on the outside. Two infield outs and a whiff was all, and the Portland fans trailed home for the winter, their club still in fourth place.

Bugs and I went up to our room after dinner that night to pack before going down to see Lieutenant Doyle about Bug's stuff. Some one knocked on the door while we was packing and we told 'em to come in, figuring it was some of the boys coming to talk over the fishing trip. The door opened and a bell hop led a strange gent into the room.

"Hello, Brennan," he says cordially.

Bugs looked him over but failed to get his number.

"I guess you got the wrong Brennan," says Bugs. "I don't know you."

"Yes, you do! My name's Martin. I met you down at Sullivan's last night, but I guess you don't remember me."

"What can I do for you?" asks Bugs.

"I came up to tell you about your watch and stuff."

"Yes, what about it?" asks Bugs, getting excited.

"You blew into Sullivan's place last night with some other guys, and some argument started over the ball game to-day, an' there was some bets made. You put up your watch, a diamond pin an' some coin against two hundred bucks on the game. I was made stake holder, an' I just thought I'd come up an' let you know about it."

"Well, where's the stuff? We won the game."

"I know, but you was bettin' on the Ducks to win!"

Bugs looked at him for a minute, without moving; then he walked over toward the bureau. Martin leaned against the door, fumbling with his hat, and I didn't say nothing because there wasn't much to be said. Bugs slammed his hair brushes and a comb into his grip, snapped it shut and walked over to the window. He stood there for a few minutes and then turned back toward us.

"You know, Steve," he says, "when a fellow can pour somethin' down his throat that will make him go out an' bet against himself, it's time to get on the water wagon, an' stick on. That's me!"

Bugs' mind may still wander now and then, but he ain't never even stirred from his seat on the wagon, and take it from me that's the real reason why he won them games in the big series this fall!

VOTE FOR ONE X

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It is a marvel of convenience and works perfectly with any kind of heating plant.

Sold and installed by your hardware dealer or heating contractor under a positive guarantee of satisfaction

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$250.00
Christmas Money earned in one month

LAST YEAR Miss Pearl Purdy, residing in a small Kansas town, wanted some extra money. The plan she selected to earn it brought her more than $250.00 in a single month.

The plan was simple. She asked everybody she knew to order yearly subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, either for themselves or as sensible, economical Christmas gifts for their friends. For the latter use she explained that the publishers forwarded to the recipient of a gift subscription a beautiful presentation card, mailed to arrive on Christmas morning. The result? An avalanche of orders and of profits!

Your own town offers you a similar opportunity to make money. The details of our offer will be sent at once if you address

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The Curtis Publishing Company
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ELECTRIC Torrington VACUUM SWEEPER

Only 45 Minutes a Week for a Clean Home

A VACUUM sweeper that *cleans*—a cleaner that *sweeps*—that's the Electric Torrington. Every housewife will understand that—and want one. Fifteen minutes once a week upstairs and 15 minutes twice a week downstairs with the Electric Torrington mean a clean, dustless, sanitary home. Only 45 minutes a week out of 10,080. Every husband should give his wife an Electric Torrington and make her housework easier.

Once over any rug or carpet makes it clean. The suction of the Electric Torrington gets the hidden dirt. Meanwhile, its revolving *carpet sweeper brush* sweeps up surface litter.

America's housewives have been crying: "Oh, for an electric cleaner with suction so strong that it will pull all the dust and dirt from heavy rugs and carpets and at the same time sweep up the fine particles of gray lint which make rugs look old and dingy—that will sweep the surface clean of hair, threads and the like which no suction alone can remove."

The Torrington Electric is their answer—your answer. The best carpet sweeper cannot be *forced* to sweep more thoroughly than the large brush of the Torrington Electric does with ease. The brush and motor are enclosed in a steel casing, making it sanitary. All bearings are outside the nozzle to prevent clogging—so the Torrington will always run right.

All sweepings are carried into the bag by suction. The brush can be adjusted to suit the carpet—high or low. It separates and raises the rugs' nap so that the powerful suction fan can draw out every particle of fine dust. The very sweeping by the brush increases suction efficiency.

In another way the Torrington *further* prolongs the life and beauty of rug and carpet. Its nozzle is made of cold rolled pressed steel. The rest charm of a rug lies in its soft shadings—not clean ing of light tones with deep, rich, dark ones. This steel nozzle is extra nickel plated to prevent rust ing and no matter how often it is used it will not leave gray spots behind as some other metals may do.

The Torrington Electric can be used without the brush when you wish. A lever provides for that. The nozzle rests so flat on the floor that there can be no leakage of air.

The powerful, air-cooled Universal Motor can use either kind of current. None better can be made. It is guaranteed by the General Electric Company, as well as by us. At $30 the Electric Torrington *has no superior.*

The high reputation of the National Carpet Sweeper, earned in thousands of homes in the past 16 years, is behind the Torrington. Ask your dealer to show you the new Torrington Electric Vacuum Sweeper.

Dealers Note: One demonstration is enough to sell the Electric Torrington. Consult your jobber.

NATIONAL SWEEPER COMPANY
29 Laurel St., Torrington, Conn.
or, 52 Bruce Ave., Westmount, Montreal

8000 R. P. M.

If you don't know what "R. P. M." means, ask your husband. He'll tell you that no automobile engine can travel as fast.

U. S. GOV'T

"Uncle Sam" demands that vacuum sweepers pass a peculiar and stringent test, which the Torrington more than does. Write us and we'll tell you about it.

GEN. ELEC.

Torrington Motors are made by this great concern guaranteed by them and us. You know us both.

NATIONAL Carpet Sweeper

It's easy running, flexible, has Triple Brush Adjustment—thru

It's three sweepers in one. You regulate the genuine bristle brush to sweep thoroughly either long, medium or short nap carpets. Dust pans empty separately. A "National" is good for 10 years' service and costs only **$2.50** to **$5,** depending upon trimmings

$2.50 to $5.00

LADY Torrington VACUUM SWEEPER

Pull With a Thread—It Goes Like Ned

Not electric. Swept a rug 500 miles long. It is hand operated—just like a carpet sweeper. To prove its durability, one out of every gross is attached to the machinery in our plant and kept constantly running on a carpet the equivalent of running 500 miles. It must then be still serviceable. If you can't use an Electric ask your dealer to show you a Lady Torrington. Price $ .50. $8 West and South.

Guaranteed
5,000 Miles
Equip with Plain Treads
for Use with Chains
If you use chains, the low cost of Quaker plain treads and the increased durability of Tempered rubber will effect a double saving.
T. T. T.
Pat. Nov. '13
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
TEMPERED
QUAKER
RUBBER

QUAKERS are *the* all-year-'round tires—the tires that make good not only on summer roads, but also on hard, sleety, icy and snow-covered highways. They are the tires that keep cars running all winter.

The tough, springy, tempered rubber treads resist the gashings of ice and frozen mud, and permit the use of chains when the going is unusually treacherous or dangerous.

Tempering gives the high-grade rubber in Quaker Tires a wearing quality that cannot be secured by the ordinary process of vulcanizing. Quaker Tempered rubber, while hard enough to grind down materials that would cut rubber that had not been tempered, is resilient and elastic in the highest degree. Tempered rubber does not crack, chip nor pick out. It wears evenly—like tempered steel—and mighty slowly. That is why Quaker Tire users report such wonderful mileage records and practically no tire trouble, regardless of road conditions.

The T. T. T. tread is another exclusive Quaker feature—scientific in every respect. When running on mud or snow, the *skid-stops* mould projections on the road. On wood blocks, asphalt or ice, the *skid-stops* operate by suction. And while the action is opposite to that on soft surfaces, it is equally effective. Economy and caution suggest the use of T. T. T. treads.

Quaker Tires are the cheapest tires if price be based on service. Ask the Quaker Dealer to show you these 5,000-mile tires at about a 3,500-mile price.

Quaker City Rubber Co.
Factories—Philadelphia

Well rated Garages, Auto Accessory or Hardware dealers seeking a high grade tire account for 1917 should write at once for our proposition.
Certain good territory is open.

CHICAGO 182 W. Lake St. | PITTSBURGH 211 Wood St. | NEW YORK 207 Fulton St.

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

(Continued from Page 23)

down there on the pavement with a presiding elder and half a dozen prominent preachers. Everybody was talking. Sam Parks worked himself in and out of the group, buttonholing first one man, then another. Lipton was also explaining something to the presiding elder, who would not listen. His manner was coolly accusative. Roger Peters joined in the defense. You can look at a man and tell when he is on the defensive, even if you cannot hear what he is saying. They all wrangled back and forth before the curbstone audience, wagging their heads, spreading their hands, as much as to show how innocent they were of whatever they were guilty. Sam left the group, ran up the steps, evidently looked in. Then he came back, said something and made an indignant gesture toward the church.

I thought he must have referred to Tom Warren, scrouged so close to Brother Wade, licking him with his long white beard, which was a sickening sight to us who knew how ruthlessly he had opposed and accused him.

The suspense was awful. The fact that one is a large, almost spherical woman does not mean that one's mind cannot be elongated and hooked into a starved-eyed interrogation point. I felt exactly like that when Sam Parks came hastily up the stairs and seated himself behind me.

"Sam," I began at once, pointing to Brother Wade's companion, "what does that mean?"

"That he has withdrawn his charges against Brother Wade and is now apologizing for having made them."

I could see that Sam was jealous.

"But why did he withdraw them?" I asked.

"Because he's found out who Brother Wade is!" he answered sneering.

"Who he is!" I exclaimed.

"Well, who he was, then, before he joined the itinerancy."

"A lawyer in New York. I've known that for some time," I answered.

"A congressman from New Jersey," he added.

"A congressman!" I could not have been more astonished if he had called him a fallen angel from Paradise.

"Yes, a rich man, who has bonded his property and given the income to Christian charities!"

We sat a moment in silence, then Sam went on, hissing like a fire when you pour water on it—he was so mad.

"Warren says he's sorry he didn't understand Brother Wade better. He wants him to come back another year. He says if he'd only known that our pastor—he calls him that now with every public breath he draws—had funds to spend that way he could have directed him better, and great good would have been accomplished. But we won't get him back," he added regretfully after a pause.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, the whole thing is out now; two or three city churches want him. I understand the conference hopes to place him in charge of the hospital work. But they may all miss what they are after," he concluded, smiling grimly.

"What are they after?" I asked.

"His money, of course. Rich, young-ruler type, you know. Didn't exactly sell all he had, but he has legally turned over the income for charity. The rub is that he belongs to the Belgian Relief Committee in A——, and most of it goes into that. Remember the mysterious trips he used to take, and what a fuss there was trying to find out where he'd gone and what he was doing?" he asked.

"Yes, though I can't say that I ever fashed myself that way about Brother Wade's private affairs," I said with dignity.

"Well," answered Sam, "he went to executive meetings of that committee. We've made a very serious mistake, Sister Thompson. There is no denying it."

"You've made a mistake, Sam Parks, you and the other stewards who failed to support him in his pastorate. I don't know what might have happened if it hadn't been for Molly Brown's getting up food and stuff for him that last month!"

"We thought he had means of his own," he defended.

"I don't know what you thought, but what you did was to hold back his salary!"

"Well, it's too late now to do anything. Peters, Lipton and I are going home this afternoon," he sighed.

"You'd better take old Tom Warren with you," I snorted.

And he did go, though Sam always insisted that they showed the backs of their hands to him and let him know what they thought of him.

Every preacher's character must be passed before he is allowed to read the report of his year's work. When his name is called his presiding elder shouts back, "Nothing against him!"

But if there is something against him he shouts that too.

When the name of "Edmund Pathe" was called by the secretary, his presiding elder arose and said: "There is a charge of immorality and maladministration against this brother. We are trying him now in the basement."

These words were distinctly audible in every part of the house. The victim was seated in full view, but no man looked in his direction. He was covered with this shamed charity of his brethren. The bishop went on with what he was doing, as if a man's honor had not perished in the breath of those words. Later we heard that he had "come clear" of the charges against him. But will anything ever clear his reputation of that stain, so idly flung against him defenseless?

This can happen to any Methodist preacher, no matter how innocent he is. Charges may be made against him which fall upon him like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky when his name is called at the Annual Conference under question number twenty-two in our Discipline. As a rule he knows beforehand what is in the wind, but not always.

The fear of this awful publicity may constrain some preachers to live more discreetly and to be warily prudent toward the soul-sick lady who is the serpent coiled especially for them, just as the fear of everlasting torment drives some ruffian souls to seek forgiveness and membership in the church. But I never liked this kind of damnation gospel to sinners, and I do think the most brutal sight I ever witnessed was that presiding elder announcing grave charges against a man, who looked as if he had died beneath the blow and still stared in front of him with wide, horror-stricken eyes. And he was proved innocent, which must have increased his anguished sense of injustice.

My ear caught the name of "Walter Bliss." I remembered him forty years ago on the Berton Circuit. He was young then, so young in his spiritual life that he still was joyful, radiating courage, hope and faith with no effort, simply because he was young, innocent, hopeful of a long life in the ministry. "Nothing against him!" shouted the presiding elder.

Then Walter Bliss stood up.

I should never have recognized this gray, withered shade of a man. All the hardships of the years, the weariness, the failures—they were written like an epitaph upon this scrawny figure, as if there had not been room for this sorrowful script in the wrinkles upon his brow. It was written all over him—in the sag of his shoulders, in his trembling knees, in his arms sticking out from his body like the picked wings of a bird.

He had not risen in the conference, as we say. He had always been sent to the poorest circuits, where the labor was hardest and the salary meager to the point of dried fruit for quarterage. But for forty years when his name was called the presiding elder had always to answer, "Nothing against him!"

It is a long time to be good.

He read his report. He admitted that he had not been successful this year. One inferred that he never had been—only faithful. He was able to collect about fifty per cent of his assessments. His salary had not been paid in full. He had held four revivals, but had not received many accessions to the church. Yes, he had baptized quite a number of infants.

That was all, but still he stood, like a man collecting his feeble strength for a final effort.

"I wish to take the superannuate relation," he said—as simply as that.

He was done at last. He had gone down in the struggle. No more circuits, no more long journeys through snow and sleet to a church where maybe not three persons came to hear him preach that day. Never again

A Characteristic Stretch of Concrete Road near Philadelphia, Pa.

Concrete Roads Meet Requirements Everywhere

CONCRETE roads successfully meet the requirements of every kind of traffic under every condition of soil, grade and climate. Concrete always presents a hard, dustless surface. Concrete roads, regardless of local conditions, average in first cost but little more than macadam and in maintenance about $50 per mile per year.

Michigan and Wisconsin have proved that concrete roads meet requirements most satisfactorily. The Detroit, Michigan, Board of Commerce in a pamphlet entitled "Build the Maintenance into the Road," issued in 1915, says:

"Wayne County, Michigan, is spending annually an average of about $30 per mile to maintain the surface of its 128 miles of concrete roads, some of them in their seventh year of service. Auto traffic is exceedingly heavy. Certain eastern states whose policy in the past was to build impermanent roads are spending $500 to $1,000 per year per mile to keep those roads passable. Without this costly maintenance, the heavy automobile traffic would soon make them impassable."

According to the 1915 Report of the New York State Highway Department, the average cost of maintaining 5,611 miles of roads of all types was $750 per mile

In 1912 California voted $18,000,000 for a system of permanent roads. In 1914, of the 987 miles under contract, 650 miles were being built of concrete.

Tom Husband, overseer of the Nicholls Cotton Farm, near Greenville, Hunt County, Texas, says of a concrete road recently laid there: "This is the first time in many years that I have been able to haul a 6-bale load of cotton to Greenville with less than four mules. Once I found it necessary to hitch eight mules to a 5-bale load."

Among the many advantages of concrete roads are the following: They are moderate in first cost, their maintenance is low, they resist washouts and floods, they are durable, even, dustless and mudless. Local materials and labor are usually available for their construction, and every shower cleans them better than a street sweeper.

You, as a tax payer, should make it a point to see that the road officials of your community are informed about these facts. You should know that the advantages of concrete roads have been thoroughly investigated before contracts are let for any road work for which you have to pay.

For this purpose we have prepared a booklet entitled, "Concrete Facts about Concrete Roads," which will give you detailed information in condensed form. Let us send you a free copy.

CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
111 West Washington Street, Chicago

101 Park Avenue, New York
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Hurt Building, Atlanta
Merchants Bank Building, Indianapolis
Commerce Building, Kansas City
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116 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco

TRYIN' to improve on Nature's way of maturin' tobacco always struck me considerably like paintin' the lily an' perfumin' the rose.

Velvet Joe

WHO can improve on Nature's method? No better has been found, despite claims to the contrary.

Tobacco fragrance doesn't come in bottles. Tobacco goodness isn't something put on or in, but something *brought out*. That's why we rely on Nature to make VELVET what it *is*.

Only after two years' "ageing in the wood"—Nature's way—does VELVET become the smoothest smoking tobacco. And you get it that way.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

10c Tins, 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

the struggle to get his paltry assessments, no more revivals with sinners crowding the altar—and him, bending above, teaching them the great secret of penitence and love. Henceforth he would be only an old preacher with nothing more to suffer, and nothing more to do. It was awful to be so bereaved of his Lord's service.

He remained standing. He wished to say something about those forty years in the itinerancy.

But the bishop did not see him. He called for the next report. Not a word of praise or sympathy for the man who had just finished giving his life for the church.

The old preacher slipped slowly back into his seat, looking vaguely confused. How had it happened? He was about to say something. But the bishop did not seem to know that.

Sometimes I know that I am not a sufficiently patient Christian. I know it with deep regret and a certain violent satisfaction. And this was one of the times. I wanted to jump up, lean over the balcony rail and shout:

"Stop! That old man wants to say something. It's his last chance as a Methodist itinerant. Give him the floor and holler 'Amen!' for him."

If I had done that they would have removed me for disturbing public worship, I reckon.

But of course the bishop had his side. He was in command of a church conducted according to military ideas. When an old cavalry horse falls in the fight the general doesn't get down and close his dying eyes. He charges straight ahead, which is the right way if he is to get anywhere. But it certainly does look very bad to see him doing it in the church of God. I don't say it is wrong—I say it looks heartless.

As the names of the preachers are arranged alphabetically for this investigation of character, Brother Wade's name would come near the close of the session—for they managed to pass at odd times only thirty or forty each day.

On Friday morning they were as far down as the Smiths in the conference. There are several T's, one or two U's and V's, then before I could brace myself the secretary called, "Felix Wade!"

"Nothing against him!" responded the presiding elder.

Brother Wade stood up and read his astounding report.

This is made out on blanks, furnished with the printed heads under which reports are to be made. It is a good plan and saves time. The preacher is not supposed to wind himself or the conference with explanations of why he did so well or so badly with his work that year. He is expected to reduce the whole thing to numerals, recite them and sit down, merely privately asking the Lord to have mercy upon him if he has raised only ten per cent of his assessments, which I reckon, until this day, was the lowest report of that kind ever made by a member of this conference.

There was a curious stillness, a significant concentration of attention, as Brother Wade held up that little narrow cream-colored slip of paper:

1. No accessions to the church.
2. No revivals held.
3. One conversion.
4. Sunday-school assessments paid.
5. Less than one per cent of conference collections paid.
6. No salary assessed for pastor. Three hundred dollars paid.
7. Five infants baptized.

It must have taken him less than one minute to read these items. Then he resumed his seat, folded his legs, and left his cowlick to speak for itself.

The bishop stared at him in petrified amazement. The members of the conference eased their necks round, as if they wished to resume a front-face position without being suspected of visual curiosity in this man who had just damned himself.

In the midst of this appalling stillness our presiding elder stood up.

"Bishop," he said in low tones: "Brother Wade desires to surrender his credentials and his license to preach. There is nothing against him, and he has stood with credit his examinations for the coming year."

This added assurance that there was nothing against him was important. If charges are preferred against a preacher he cannot surrender his license until after the trial. If he is found guilty the church demands credentials. So this was the earliest possible moment when Brother Wade could have been relieved of his duties.

The elder advanced, laid these credentials on the bishop's desk, and the incident was closed. The business of the conference proceeded with machine-like precision.

I sat like a poor old publican in the dark gallery, the only representative of the church at Berton, which somehow I felt had been weighed in the scales and found wanting. We had had the light, and we preferred darkness, at least a well-shaded, world-tinted cover for our prayers and deeds.

Momentum gathered by more than a hundred years of progress will carry as large a body as a Christian organization a long way before it begins to wabble.

The great Methodist Episcopal Church South was certainly moving swiftly and directly to the ends it held in view—of being a rich and powerful influence chartered in the name of God—but I felt dimly that things were not so well with us as they should be. The atmosphere of an Annual Conference is not spiritual, because it is, strictly speaking, a business meeting, called to audit accounts and assign the work of the church for another year. All the fine sermons one hears at a conference do not entirely conceal the real nature and purpose of the body.

This is as it should be, of course. I am not complaining, I'm only explaining why I felt very low in my mind and very humble in my soul as I sat up there in the brown gloom of the balcony. I could not see the people on the conference floor below. My eyes were holden by tears which changed everything into a dark, moving mist. I could still hear the sharp, incisive voice of the bishop, saying something about church extension.

Then I heard the quick, elastic tread of someone coming up the steps into the gallery. The next moment Felix Wade slipped into the seat beside me.

We sat there in silence for I know not how long, with the rasping voice of the advancing church cutting the air as the bishop continued his exhortation.

"You have been good to me," Brother Wade said finally.

I fumbled in my reticule, took out my handkerchief and wiped the tears from beneath my glasses. But I could not stop my lips from primping.

"You have held up my hands," he went on.

I looked round at him and met the familiar half-tender, half-humorous smile.

"We needed you, Brother Wade," I whimpered. "We are sorry to lose you."

"But I'll never lose you, dear lady. I'll remember you all my life as the fair weather of a hard season," he said gently. "I could not go without telling you that."

"But you are not going now!" I exclaimed.

"At once. I have an important engagement in A—— to-night. Lum meets me there," he said, rising and holding out his hand.

"You will not return to Berton"—I held out—"to pack things?"

"No; that is already done—except"—he looked at me like a boy making a present to his grandmother—"except the painting which you remember hung over the fireplace in the parsonage parlor. I have ventured to bequeath that to you."

The next moment he was gone. I dropped back in my seat, feeling as a mother must feel after bidding her favorite son good-by who is already on his way to the wars. And I could not comfort myself, because I did not know what would become of him.

The bishop was still speaking about the importance of church extension. But I thought I would get up presently, when I felt better, and go out. Maybe I should be able to catch the noon train for Berton. It did not matter whom we should get for a pastor—I made up my mind to let Charlotte run things next year. It was her kind of church anyhow.

(THE END)

Are you satisfied with your shave?

If you are, you will be wasting your time in reading more

IF your present shaving soap is delivering a quick, copious, creamy lather which does not fade away before you are all through with a leisurely shave, and which softens the stubble without a "massage" so that the razor slides through without a hitch, and finally leaves your face with that soft and comfortable, velvety feel, you would be foolish to experiment. Experimenting is always bothersome and often painful.

I want particularly to talk to that large proportion of shavers who are not entirely satisfied, but who still think that they cannot lessen their daily ordeal—who think, perhaps, that there really isn't any difference in shaving soaps.

We Can Improve Your Shaving

Upon you men I want to impress the fact that shaving *can* be made comfortable. When I say "comfortable," I don't mean such a pleasure and a delight that you will wish you had a bigger face to shave, or that you just can't wait until the next morning to do it again, or anything like that. I simply mean that you can be absolutely free from aggravating lather, a pulling razor, tiny blood spots, ingrowing hairs, a face that burns and smarts, and the other nuisances of your morning task.

The difference between an unpleasant and a comfortable shave lies in the lather rather than in the razor (although most bad shaves are blamed to the razor).

What a Real Lather Will Do

There is a big difference in the composition of the various shaving preparations, and as their compositions vary, so do their lathers, and their action on the beard and face. When I tell you that Mennen's Shaving Cream is "different," I mean that it is different in every particular. In the first place it has a different appearance and a different "feel." The lather holds an unusual amount of water, making it cool and slow to dry, and the beard-softening properties make rubbing-in unnecessary. The cream will work practically as well in cold or hard water as in soft or hot water. The absence of any sting and the cool and pliable after-condition of the skin caused by the lack of free caustic and the wonderful emollient properties of the cream, eliminate after-shave regrets.

"Don't Take My Word for It"

You may discount every word I've said—you may still believe that shaving soap is "just soap," but I don't want you to take my word for it—I get paid for writing this.

Check me up in any way you like—it's really worth going to some trouble to be able to shave in six minutes and have your face feel fine. Ask any of your friends who already use Mennen's Shaving Cream and get their story. Satisfy yourself that we have made good with the men who have tried it. I'll stand on their decision.

Confidentially, I am safe in doing that, because I know the answer beforehand. I wish I could show you what is called the "Jim Henry File" in this office—letters by the thousands from men whose shaving troubles have been solved.

After you have checked me up, and if you're willing to risk your face to do a little proving for yourself, just shoot a dime along and we'll send you a liberal size tube and a trial can of Talcum for Men to top off the shave.

Introducing a New One

Jim Henry,
Mennen Salesman

During the year the Boss got me to feel out a new proposition for him—Tar Shampooing Cream—so we put small tubes in some of the big Shaving Cream packages, and talk about a welcome guest! We tried this without tipping off the dealers, and all of a sudden they began to be bombarded with requests, the dealers in turn hollered for help to us; and out went the stuff to our clamoring friends.

We think this new baby of ours is great stuff, and we had a pretty strong hunch it would go, but the speed surprised us. It just goes to show that when you have the goods, you can't keep a good fellow down. The big surprise in the thing to me was the fact that there is so much hair left to wash. I somehow had gathered the impression that more hair was grown on faces than on heads these days.

Thanks For That Fishing Trip

Just a word to you thousands of fellows who are users and boosters. Thanks to you and your boosting, I got my million and then some—and had two weeks of swell fishing. I got your dime once, and you don't need a sample any more, but if you'll just send me your name on a post card, I'd like to send you, with my compliments, a little book, "The Gentle Art of Shaving." You and I have found that there is more fun in shaving than some people think—some of it has been put in this book—it's worth a penny, anyhow, or your money back.

Jim Henry

This coupon brings you two liberal samples for 10 cents

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO
Laboratories
1420 Orange Street,
Newark, N. J.

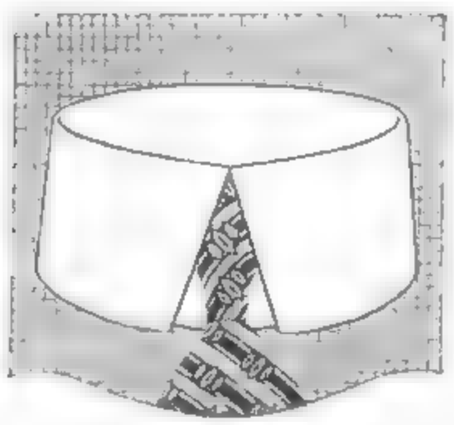
Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me a medium-sized tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream, and a trial can of Mennen's Talcum for Men.

Name _____

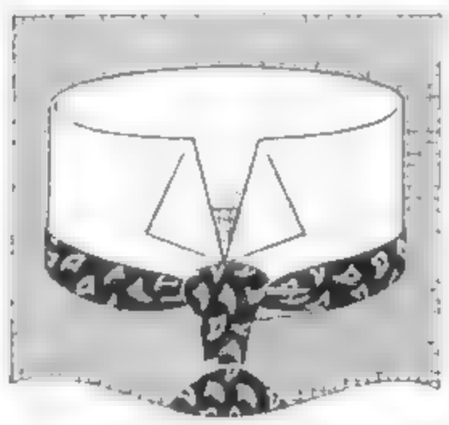
City _____ State _____

To whom

for authoritative advice on Autumn Collars?



PORTWOOD
Very much a young man's style. Gives the cravat handsome display.



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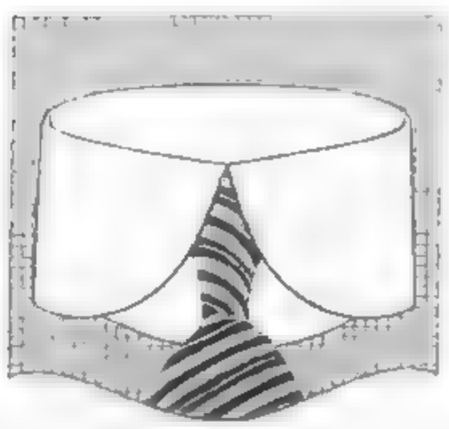
Considered by many as the smartest tab collar produced.



HARWOOD
The daring swing-away to the front of this model has brought it wide popularity

Fortunately, young men are not half as bad as some fashion artists paint them.

Even the much-quoted "college man" in the flesh is something of a shock to those who have met him only in fiction.

The young man is well posted on the true fashion trend. He is well-dressed by virtue of the way in which his attire harmonizes with his own personality. His clothes are a pleasant *at*traction rather than a violent *dis*traction.

With better-dressed young men E & W Collars are high favorites. In the E & W line they find a complete selection of authoritative styles.

The dealer helps them select one or more E & W models which perfectly express the wearer's own personality. Your dealer stands ready to render like service to *you*.

E & W
EARL & WILSON

15 CENT COLLARS
In Canada 20 cents each

THE BEST STYLE IS *YOUR* STYLE

PICCADILLY JIM

(Continued from Page 20)

lay, and there's no use fighting and balling the thing up."

"Do you wish me to understand," said Jimmy, "that you are not my old friend, Lord Wisbeach?"

"No. And you're not my old friend, Jimmy Crocker."

"What makes you think that?"

"If you had been, would you have pretended to recognize me upstairs just now? I tell you, pal, I was all in for a second, till you gave me the high sign."

Jimmy laughed.

"It would have been awkward for you if I really had been Crocker, wouldn't it?"

"And it would have been awkward for you if I had really been Lord Wisbeach."

"Who are you, by the way?"

"The boys call me Gentleman Jack."

"Why?" asked Jimmy, surprised.

Lord Wisbeach ignored the question.

"I'm working with Burke's lot just now. Say, let's be sensible about this. I'll be straight with you, straight as a string."

"Did you say string or spring?"

"And I'll expect you to be straight with me."

"Are we to breathe confidences into each other's ears?"

Lord Wisbeach went to the door again and submitted the passage to a second examination.

"You seem nervous," said Jimmy.

"I don't like that butler—he's up to something."

"Do you think he's one of Potter's lot?"

"Shouldn't wonder. He isn't on the level, anyway, or why did he pretend to recognize you as Jimmy Crocker?"

"Recognition of me as Jimmy Crocker seems to be the acid test of honesty."

"He was in a tight place, same as I was," said Lord Wisbeach. "He couldn't know that you weren't really Jimmy Crocker till you put him wise—same as you did me—by pretending to know him." He looked at Jimmy with grudging admiration. "You'd got your nerve with you, pal, coming in here like this. You were taking big chances. You couldn't have known you wouldn't run up against someone who really knew Jimmy Crocker. What would you have done if this butler guy had really been on the level?"

"The risks of the profession!"

"When I think of the work I had to put in," said Lord Wisbeach, "it makes me tired to think of someone else just walking in here as you did."

"What made you choose Lord Wisbeach as your alias?"

"I knew I could get away with it. I came over on the boat with him, and I knew he was traveling round the world and wasn't going to stay more than a day in New York. Even then I had to go some to get into this place. Burke told me to get hold of old Chester and get a letter of introduction from him. And here you come along and just stroll in and tell them you have come to stay!" He brooded for a moment on the injustice of things. "Well, what are you going to do about it, pal?"

"About what?"

"About us both being here? Are you going to be sensible and work in with me and divvy up later on, or are you going to risk spoiling everything by trying to hog the whole thing? I'll be square with you. It isn't as if there was any use in trying to bluff each other. We're both here for the same thing. You want to get hold of that powder stuff, that Partridgite, and so do I."

"You believe in Partridgite then?"

"Oh, can it!" said Lord Wisbeach disgustedly. "What's the use? Of course I believe in it. Burke's had his eye on the thing for a year. You've heard of Dwight Partridge, haven't you? Well, this guy's his son. Everyone knows that Dwight Partridge was working on an explosive when he died, and here his son comes along with a test tube full of stuff which he says could blow this city to bits. What's the answer? The boy's been working on the old man's dope. From what I've seen of him, I guess there wasn't much more to be done on it or he wouldn't have done it. But that doesn't alter the fact that he's got the stuff and that you and I have got to get together and make a deal. If we don't I'm not saying you mightn't gum my game, just as I might gum yours, but where's the sense in that? It only means taking extra chances. Whereas, if we sit in together there's enough in it for both of us. You know as well as I do that there's a dozen markets that'll bid against one another for stuff like that Partridgite. If you're worrying about Burke giving you a square deal, forget it. I'll fix Burke. He'll treat you nice, all right."

Jimmy ground the butt of his cigarette against his plate.

"I'm no orator, as Brutus is; but, as you know me all, a plain blunt man. And, speaking in the capacity of a plain blunt man, I rise to reply—Nothing doing."

"What? You won't come in?"

Jimmy shook his head.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Wizzy, if I may still call you that, but your offer fails to attract. I will not get together or sit in or anything else. On the contrary I am about to go to Mrs. Pett and inform her that there is a snake in her Eden."

"You're not going to squeal on me?"

"At the top of my voice."

Lord Wisbeach laughed unpleasantly.

"Yes, you will!" he said. "How are you going to explain why you recognized me as an old pal before lunch if I'm a crook after lunch. You can't give me away without giving yourself away. If I'm not Lord Wisbeach then you're not Jimmy Crocker."

Jimmy sighed. "I get you. Life is very complex, isn't it?"

Lord Wisbeach rose.

"You'd better think it over, son," he said. "You aren't going to get anywhere by acting like a fool. You can't stop me going after this stuff, and if you won't come in and go fifty-fifty you'll find yourself left. I'll beat you to it."

He left the room, and Jimmy, lighting a fresh cigarette, addressed himself to the contemplation of this new complication in his affairs. It was quite true what Gentleman Jack, or Joe, or whatever the "boys" called him, had said. To denounce him meant denouncing himself. Jimmy smoked thoughtfully. Not for the first time he wished that his record during the past few years had been of a snowier character. He began to appreciate what must have been the feelings of Dr. Jekyll under the handicap of his disreputable second self, Mr. Hyde.

XVI

MRS. PETT, on leaving the luncheon table, had returned to the drawing-room to sit beside the sick settee of her stricken child. She was troubled about Ogden. The poor lamb was not at all himself to-day. A bowl of clear soup, the midday meal prescribed by Doctor Briginshaw, lay untasted at his side.

She crossed the room softly and placed a cool hand on her son's aching brow.

"Oh, gee!" said Ogden wearily.

"Are you feeling a little better, Oggie darling?"

"No," said Ogden firmly, "I'm feeling a lot worse."

"You haven't drunk your nice soup."

"Feed it to the cat."

"Could you eat a nice bowl of bread and milk, precious?"

"Have a heart!" replied the sufferer.

Mrs. Pett returned to her seat sorrowfully. It struck her as an odd coincidence that the poor child was nearly always like this on the morning after she had been entertaining guests. She put it down to the reaction from the excitement working on a highly strung temperament. To his present collapse the brutal behavior of Jerry Mitchell had, of course, contributed. Every drop of her maternal blood boiled with rage and horror whenever she permitted herself to contemplate the excesses of the late Jerry. She had always mistrusted the man. She had never liked his face, not merely on aesthetic grounds but because she had seemed to detect in it a lurking savagery. How right events had proved this instinctive feeling! Mrs. Pett was not vulgar enough to describe the feeling, even to herself, as a hunch, but a hunch it had been, and, like everyone whose hunches have proved correct, she was conscious in the midst of her grief of a certain complacency. It seemed to her that hers must be an intelligence and insight above the ordinary.

The peace of the early afternoon settled upon the drawing-room. Mrs. Pett had taken up a book. Ogden, on the settee, breathed stertorously. Faint snores proceeded from the basket in the corner, where Alda, the Pomeranian, lay curled in refreshing sleep. Through the open window floated sounds of warmth and summer. Yielding to the drowsy calm Mrs. Pett was just

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What is a gasket?
What is a werewolf?
What is tufa?
What is a Musca?
How is Przemysl pronounced?
Where is Flanders?
Is a peanut a nut?
What is a sun spot?
What is a satellite?
What is a zebec?
What is the source of cork?
What is a continuous voyage?
What is felt?
Good night means what?
What are the halogens?
How high is Pikes Peak?

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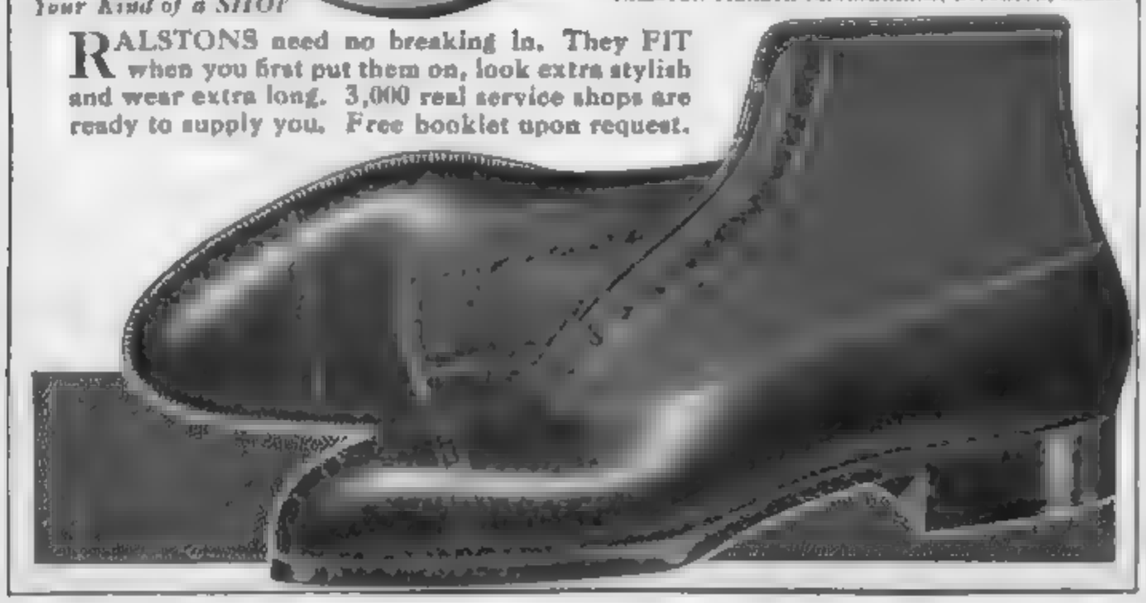

nodding into a pleasant nap, when the door opened and Lord Wisbeach came in.

Lord Wisbeach had been doing some rapid thinking. Rapid thought is one of the essentials in the composition of men who are known as Gentleman Jack to the boys, and whose livelihood is won only by a series of arduous struggles against the forces of society and the machinations of Potter and his gang. Condensed into capsule form, his lordship's meditations during the minutes after he had left Jimmy in the dining room amounted to the realization that the best mode of defense is attack. It is your man who knows how to play the bold game on occasions who wins. A duller schemer than Lord Wisbeach might have been content to be inactive after such a conversation as had just taken place between himself and Jimmy. His lordship, giving the matter the concentrated attention of his trained mind, had hit on a better plan, and he had come to the drawing-room now to put it into effect.

His entrance shattered the peaceful atmosphere. Aida, who had been gurgling apoplectically, sprang snarling from the basket and made for the intruder open-mouthed. Her shrill barking rang through the room.

Lord Wisbeach hated little dogs. He hated and feared them. Many men of action have these idiosyncrasies. He got behind a chair and said "There, there!" Aida continued the demonstration from a safe distance till Mrs. Pett, swooping down, picked her up and held her in her lap, where she consented to remain, growling subdued defiance. Lord Wisbeach came out from behind his chair and sat down warily.

"Can I have a word with you, Mrs. Pett?"

"Certainly, Lord Wisbeach."

His lordship looked meaningly at Ogden.

"In private, you know."

He then looked meaningly at Mrs. Pett.

"Ogden darling," said Mrs. Pett, "I think you had better go to your room and undress and go to bed. A little nice sleep might do you all the good in the world."

With surprising docility the boy rose.

"All right," he said.

"Poor Oggie is not at all well to-day," said Mrs. Pett when he was gone. "He is very subject to these attacks. What do you want to tell me, Lord Wisbeach?"

His lordship drew his chair a little closer.

"Mrs. Pett, you remember what I told you yesterday?"

"Of course."

"Might I ask what you know of this man who has come here calling himself Jimmy Crocker?"

Mrs. Pett started.

"You have never seen your nephew, I believe?"

"Never. But ——"

"That man," said Lord Wisbeach impressively, "is not your nephew."

Mrs. Pett thrilled all down her spine. She had been right.

"But you ——"

"But I pretended to recognize him? Just so. For a purpose. I wanted to make him think that I suspected nothing."

"Then you think ——"

"Remember what I said to you yesterday."

"But Skinner, the butler, recognized him?"

"Exactly. It goes to prove that what I said about Skinner was correct. They are working together."

"But why did you ——"

"I told you that I pretended to accept this man as the real Jimmy Crocker for a purpose. At present there is nothing that you can do. Mere impersonation is not a crime. If I had exposed him when we met you would have gained nothing beyond driving him from the house. Whereas, if we wait, if we pretend to suspect nothing, we shall undoubtedly catch him red-handed in an attempt on your nephew's invention."

"You are sure that that is why he has come?"

"What other reason could he have?"

"I thought he might be trying to kidnap Ogden."

"It is possible," said Lord Wisbeach.

"At one time," said Mrs. Pett proudly, "there was not a child in America who had to be more closely guarded. Why, the kidnapers had a special nickname for Oggie. They called him the Little Nugget."

"Of course, then, it is quite possible that that may be the man's object. In any case, our course must be the same. We must watch every move he makes." He paused. "I could help—pardon my suggesting it—I could help a great deal more if you were to invite me to live in the house. You were kind enough to ask me to visit you in the country, but it will be two weeks before you go to the country, and in those two weeks ——"

"You must come here at once, Lord Wisbeach. To-night. To-day."

"I think that would be the best plan."

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am for all you are doing."

"You have been so kind to me, Mrs. Pett," said Lord Wisbeach with feeling.

He held out his hand, drawing it back rapidly as the dog Aida made a snap at it. Substituting a long-range leave-taking for the more intimate farewell, he left the room.

When he had gone Mrs. Pett remained for some minutes, thinking. She was aflame with excitement. She had a sensational mind, and it had absorbed Lord Wisbeach's revelations eagerly. Her admiration for his lordship was intense, and she trusted him utterly. The only doubt that occurred to her was whether, with the best intentions in the world, he would be able unassisted to foil a pair of schemers so distant from each other geographically as the man who called himself Jimmy Crocker and the man who had called himself Skinner. That was a point on which they had not touched, the fact that one impostor was above stairs, the other below. It seemed to Mrs. Pett impossible that Lord Wisbeach, for all his zeal, could watch Skinner without neglecting Jimmy, or foil Jimmy without taking his attention off Skinner. It was manifestly a situation that called for allies. She felt that she must have further assistance.

To Mrs. Pett, doubtless owing to her hobby of writing sensational fiction, there was a magic in the word "detective" that was shared by no other word in the language. She loved detectives—their keen eyes, their quiet smiles, their derby hats. When they came on the stage she leaned forward in her orchestra chair, when they entered her own stories she always wrote with a greater zest. It is not too much to say that she had an almost spiritual attachment for detectives, and the idea of neglecting to employ one in real life, now that circumstances had combined to render his advent so necessary, struck her as both rash and inartistic. In the old days, when Ogden had been kidnaped, the only thing which had brought her balm had been the daily interviews with the detectives. She ached to telephone for one now.

The only consideration that kept her back was a regard for Lord Wisbeach's feelings. He had been so kind and so shrewd that to suggest reënforcing him with outside assistance must infallibly wound him deeply. And yet the situation demanded the services of a trained specialist. Lord Wisbeach had borne himself during their recent conversation in such a manner as to leave no doubt that he considered himself adequate to deal with the matter single-handed; but admirable though he was, he was not a professional exponent of the art of espionage. He needed to be helped in spite of himself.

A happy solution struck Mrs. Pett. There was no need to tell him. She could combine the installation of a detective with the nicest respect for her ally's feelings by the simple process of engaging one without telling Lord Wisbeach anything about it.

The telephone stood at her elbow, concealed—at the express request of the interior decorator who had designed the room—in the interior of what looked to the casual eye like a stuffed owl. On a table near at hand, handsomely bound in morocco to resemble a complete Works of Shakspere, was the telephone book. Mrs. Pett hesitated no longer. She had forgotten the address of the detective agency which she had employed on the occasion of the kidnaping of Ogden, but she remembered the name, and also the name of the delightfully sympathetic manager or proprietor or whatever he was who had listened to her troubles then.

She unhooked the receiver and gave a number.

"I want to speak to Mr. Sturgis," she said.

"This is Mr. Sturgis," said a voice.

"Oh, Mr. Sturgis," said Mrs. Pett, "I wonder if you could possibly run up here—yes, now. This is Mrs. Peter Pett speaking. You remember we met some years ago, when I was Mrs. Ford. Yes, the mother of Ogden Ford. I want to consult —— You will come up at once? Thank you so much. Good-by." Mrs. Pett hung up the receiver.

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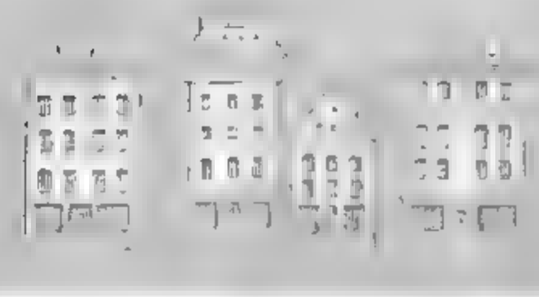

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THE MODERN SAMARITAN

(Continued from Page 15)

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All these vast stores are lightered in Rotterdam and sent under both C. R. B. and Dutch Government seal to thirty-four different canal terminals in all parts of Belgium and Northern France. If it were not for the canals, transportation would be a practical impossibility, because all the Belgian railroads are under military control for the movement of German troops and there are very few draft cattle left in the country. Even the canals were clogged in hundreds of places with the débris of battle and broken bridges, and had to be cleared out. This was done, under American direction principally, little by little as the use of the canals was extended.

But a canal barge can hardly tie a fast train for speed; so, in adjustment to their leisurely pace the shipping offices have to keep about three weeks ahead of necessity. By forcing accumulations under occasional high-pressure service the C. R. B. has been able to establish a two weeks' safety margin of food in Belgium; and, in the maintenance of this, time schedules have become of first importance in the transportation system.

In the beginning it was thought that, owing to the complete disorganization of industry in Belgium, it would be better to import flour instead of wheat, but the greater economy of milling wheat in Belgium was very soon recognized; and, even if the ends of economy were not thus to be served, the necessity for giving work to as many men as possible would have appealed to the commission as reason enough for shipping wheat only, thus providing an excuse for opening up every important mill in the country.

The Belgians will do no work for the Germans; they will do no work that could in the remotest way be of benefit to the Germans; but when it comes to working for themselves, to keep their social organization intact, they are almost eagerly industrious. There are thirty-five thousand of them on the volunteer rolls of the C. R. B. and its coöperating committees, and they work as long and as willingly for their daily ration, which is little more than half a ration after all, as they would for a high daily wage.

The Milling Zones

The only Belgian officials left in Belgium are the burgomasters, who, under normal Belgian Government, have the high distinction of being appointed by the king. Every commune still has its Belgian burgomaster. Before the war each province was separated for government purposes into judicial and administrative zones; but these have been swept away by the Germans as territorial divisions, while the provincial governors have given way to German civil governors, to whom the Belgian burgomasters are answerable. It is through the burgomasters that the Germans convey all their threats and attempt to convey all their promises to the people.

The judicial and administrative zones have been replaced by milling zones, or the areas throughout which each of the different mills can distribute its output of flour; and these, in the one thing of immediate importance in Belgium now—the guarding of the food supplies—are under what might be called an American protectorate. There are a number of communes in each milling zone and in each commune there is a C. R. B. committee. The mill delivers its flour to the C. R. B. communal committees; the committees distribute it to the communal bakers; and the bakers sell it, under C. R. B. supervision, direct to the people in a daily ration for each person fixed by the C. R. B.

The commission has one hundred and fifty-six different warehouse terminals for sundry provisions, from which it issues supplies to 4657 communal stores, established of necessity for the facilitation of distribution control, and which have naturally displaced the whole normal retail business of the country.

The people of Belgium have money and securities—Belgian money and securities—and no people on earth are more willing to pay their own way than the Belgians; but there are economic dislocations that can be met only by definite and direct benevolence. The C. R. B., to state it simply, ships food into Belgium and sells it to the people who are able to buy at cost price plus a profit, which includes an overhead and running expense that does not exist; which is not so simple after all.

The profit represents the value of volunteer service, unclaimed rents, reduced American railroad charges, free transportations and high-minded generosities in general; and the man who does anything in any way for the C. R. B. can be assured that it is counted as profit, and its exact value in cash taken from the Belgian people who have it and added to the dividend for those who have not. Taking this into consideration, it is found that the American contribution to Belgian relief is greater by many millions than the actual recorded sum, which is less than ten million dollars, all told, including cash and kind; and its special effect is demonstrated by the fact that the commission has been able to keep the price of bread in Belgium slightly lower than the prices prevailing in England, Holland and France.

A Long, Long Bread Line

The dividend, up to November, 1915, was $7,964,294; but it was not enough. The larger sum than that, which is to be realized in 1916, is not enough. Add to it the full sum of the whole world's benevolence, which has amounted to about a million dollars a month, and still it is not enough, because out of the profit, plus benevolence, the C. R. B. has to feed, clothe and administer to all the varying wants of a section of the population that began with the normal six per cent of the whole, and which has advanced, with the depletion of individual resources and the gradual cessation of all Belgian industrial enterprise, to approximately fifty per cent of the whole. There are not quite seven and a half million Belgians left in Belgium, and there are more than three and a half millions of them on the bread lines and the free canteens, or receiving relief in some form—three and a half millions either partially or wholly dependent on charity.

Every Belgian in Belgium is living on the "scrap of paper" system, and the scraps of paper are the most important things in life—their identification slips. One of the most unpleasant things the relief organization has to do is to exercise its necessary right of investigation and to subject every kind of citizen to minute inquiry with regard to his resources, either in hand or obtainable. And in greater and greater numbers the penniless and dependent are coming down from the upper classes—the professional, mercantile and skilled industrial classes.

It is the forced unemployment of a nation; and a man whose own abilities have been able always to translate for him the finest luxuries of life into life's necessities, finds it necessary one day to present himself at some headquarters of benevolence, prove that he has come to the end of his resources, add his name to the long list of the dependent, and receive the little moneys that entitle him to food in the free canteens. Moneys and free are not related terms; but the moneys are only bits of emergency paper, legal tender in the democracy of starvation, which have a certain face value in food and are necessary to the great interlocking chain of committees for record and bookkeeping purposes. In the language of the hour they are known as *bons*.

The Belgian people are still "holding the canal at Ypres." That gallant stand of a gallant people is being maintained both before and behind the German lines, where the Belgians are as stubbornly resistant to-day as they were when their king drew his sword and said: "For us there can be no other answer!" And the passive resistance of the imprisoned millions in Belgium to the compulsion and cajolery alike of their would-be friend, the enemy, is perhaps a factor in the German subduing process little appreciated by the world outside.

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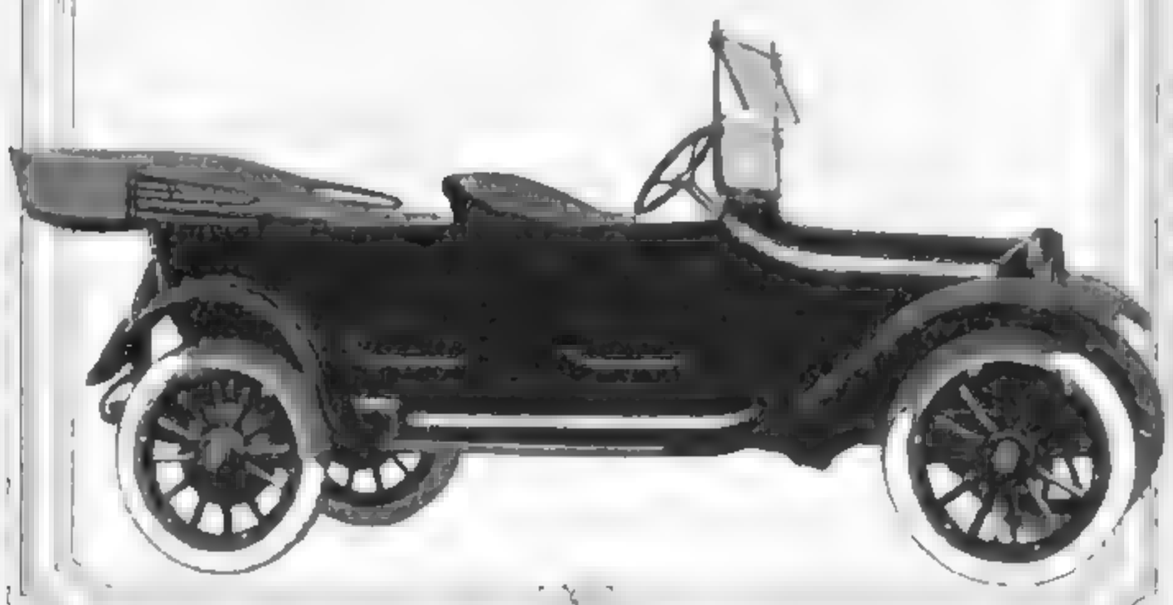

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But they are paying the price. Their resources are diminishing day by day, the world's benevolence is dwindling almost to the vanishing point, and they are facing an immediate future wherein life's necessities will have to be defined in terms equivalent to an irreducible minimum. The figures of the C. R. B. sound large, but its only fixed income for the seven million Belgians is five million dollars a month; and dividing the dividend from this is really a process of dealing in heartbreaking minutiæ.

Besides wheat, the C. R. B. ships nothing in the way of foodstuffs into Belgium now but rice, corn, bacon and lard, peas and beans, yeast materials, cocoa and condensed milk. These are the essentials, and from them a ration is made up that totals about half of a soldier's ration, but which is planned on the best possible dietetic principles. The children are fed separately in the schools on two square meals a day, planned wholly with reference to their physical needs. Throughout, the children get the best of it, which is some comfort.

The ration of imported foodstuffs is supplemented by a native product which, before the war, comprised more than half of the national food consumption, but which has decreased very markedly, owing to German military occupation of large areas and other causes. The ration, including the native product—which only those who are able to buy are able to get, by the way—is at least one-third under normal, and the whole nation has grown quite comfortably thin on it; while, on the other side of the picture, tuberculosis, due to undernutrition, has increased by leaps and bounds, and the birth rate, for the same reason, has decreased in some sections as much as forty-one per cent.

The quality of the food furnished by America to Belgium is of considerable importance. Practically the whole supply of something like two million tons, handled by the C. R. B. since the beginning of the work, has come from the United States; some wheat from the Argentine and rice from various rice-producing countries being the principal exceptions. In all its purchases and appeals the C. R. B. has laid special emphasis on quality, demanding the best, because whatever is sent into Belgium the Belgians must consume. They have no choice. The man in a free and normal world may, once in a while, get hold of a piece of bad bacon, for instance; but he does not have to eat it or go without. He can take it back and raise a fine row about it if he wants to, or he can go elsewhere and buy good bacon. Not so the Belgian. The foodstuffs are apportioned—so much for each district and so much for certain periods of time—and if anything of inferior quality is sent in it must serve until the next consignment is due.

Taken all in all, the quality of the goods has been better than the Belgians and the French have ever known. Out of the two million tons total, only a few thousand tons have been questionable in any way; and the American merchant and producer have won a reputation for business honesty and high-mindedness altogether enviable and, for future reference, exceedingly valuable. The cereals and fats, especially, are all of the best possible grade and there has not been a single complaint for months.

Mr. Richards' Farewell to the Piano

There are some forty-five American representatives in Belgium—locally known as delegates—and they are a fine upstanding body of men. In the beginning most of them were Rhodes scholars, who left Oxford as six months' volunteers, thereby postponing the acquirement of their university degrees by just so long as they might be tempted to absent themselves. They did excellent initial service, but their places have long since been filled by other and older volunteers from various parts of the United States. It is a curious fact, incidentally, that Mr. Hoover has been able to draw to himself such a large number of engineers that every director in the organization except one is of that profession.

One of Mr. Hoover's volunteers, in whom I am particularly interested, is Mr. Lewis Richards. Mr. Richards is from Michigan, and is a young concert pianist who has not yet made his first professional appearance in his own country. He has lived in Brussels through all his student life and was coming to be considered one of the first artists in Belgium, being quite well known in England and Northern Europe, also, where he has given a number of concerts. When the Germans got into Brussels he had just finished a concert tour and was looking forward to another in the winter.

"Here," said he, "is my chance to work up a new repertoire without being interrupted." So he shut himself up with his piano and went to work. But he offered his house as a hospital and they began to pile wounded in on him. Even his studio was not left to him, and the wounded got so numerous that, as he exaggeratedly expresses it, they began to interfere with his pedal action. Then all at once his artist soul came out of its trance and announced that it was from Michigan.

"And say," it said; "any piano-playing egotist who will go on playing the piano at a time like this deserves to be hanged with the biggest bass string in his own bloomin' music box!"—his own words; and he added:

"I played Beethoven's Farewell to the Piano, shut the lid and quit; and I haven't touched a piano from that day to this. I haven't had time. I've been running the gamut of human emotions and helping to run a wholesale grocery joint; and—believe me!—when it comes to a man's job—well, I've lost my hands; I'll never play a concert again so long as I live, but I can be a first-class grocer's clerk, and I wouldn't trade what I've been through for Paderewski's whole career!"

"Nurses" for Delegates

The necessary qualifications for an American representative, insisted upon by both the German and English Governments, are proof of native American citizenship, unimpeachable reference as to general character, ability to speak the French language, and a willingness to pledge himself to at least six months' service under a system that has little to learn in discipline from any army. This list is thought to be sufficiently comprehensive to insure a high average of excellence in the ranks, and to keep out of Belgium anyone who might be tempted, under less exacting demands, to use the C. R. B. as a tourist agency.

The life of a delegate may be a weary grind of disheartening detail at times; but in the sum-total it is full of such adventure as must lend color to his whole after-life. In the first place, every delegate in the North-of-France section has what is known as his "twin" or "nurse"—a German officer detailed to look after him and see that he does nothing he should not do. They keep quite a number of German officers busy, who might otherwise be exposing themselves to danger a little farther west. The twins are a trial to delegate flesh; but they are good fellows enough, as a rule, and every once in a while one of them becomes so interested in the work that he begins to talk to his American charge about "our province" and "our people," and gets as excited over some apparent partiality or inequality in food distribution as anybody.

Then, in addition to the twins, there are the "flatfeet." They are all over the place. These flatfeet—nobody ever thinks of calling them anything else—report something to headquarters every once in a while and then somebody is sure to be in trouble. Not so much as a breath against any American is ever left uninvestigated, because the Americans insist on the investigation; and there have been occasions when Mr. Hoover has gone to Brussels to make the inquiry in person. It is just a business which admits of no risks; but it is evidence of the high order of the American service that in such times as these, and in such an environment, where feelings run sometimes almost beyond control, no American has ever been proved unneutral in any act, though one or two have been removed by Mr. Hoover because they had come under belligerent suspicion and would, therefore, be hampered in their usefulness.

On the other hand, every once in a while somebody makes an unfavorable report to England, delivering specific evidence that the Germans are getting some of the *ravitaillement* foodstuffs, which is the only thing in which England is interested.

There was one complaint of this kind that resulted in the discovery by the commission of what is perhaps the oddest little corner on the face of the earth. Naturally other people knew of the existence of this corner, but the commission did not. It was on their books in disguise. The complaint was that the Germans were being fed by the C. R. B. at Moresnet.

This place, away up in the mountains, about two hours from Liège by automobile,

(Continued on Page 89)

The Vogue of Community Plate

DINING ROOM *of the* LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

Lady Randolph Churchill, who was Miss Jerome, of New York, is the widow of Lord Randolph Churchill (brother of the Duke of Marlborough), and is the mother of Winston Churchill, one of the most prominent of the younger statesmen of Great Britain, former Home Secretary and First Lord of the Admiralty. Her dining room is furnished with the Patrician design in Community Plate.

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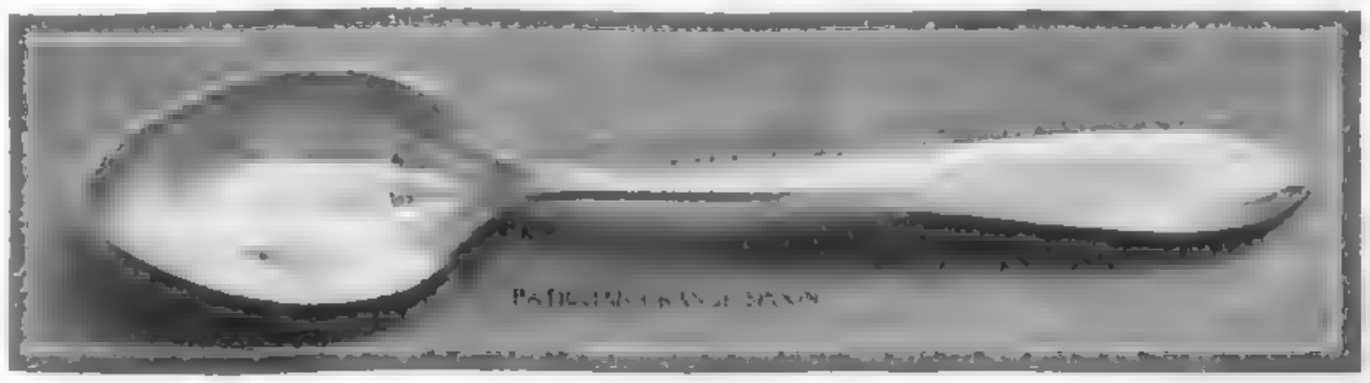
A chest containing a complete outfit of Community Plate for the table can be bought at prices ranging from $50.00 to $300.00.



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You've certainly got-a-live-one on your little old jimmy pipe line when you hook some P. A. and fire-up! For, *no sir,* Prince Albert never bit any other man's tongue, *and it won't bite yours* no matter how rough you fuss it! Bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process. That's why P. A. bats such joy into the most sensitive-smokers'-systems; why it hands such happiness "to regulars"! And, you'll get the listen of all that *more every time you shoot-in-a-load!*

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the national joy smoke

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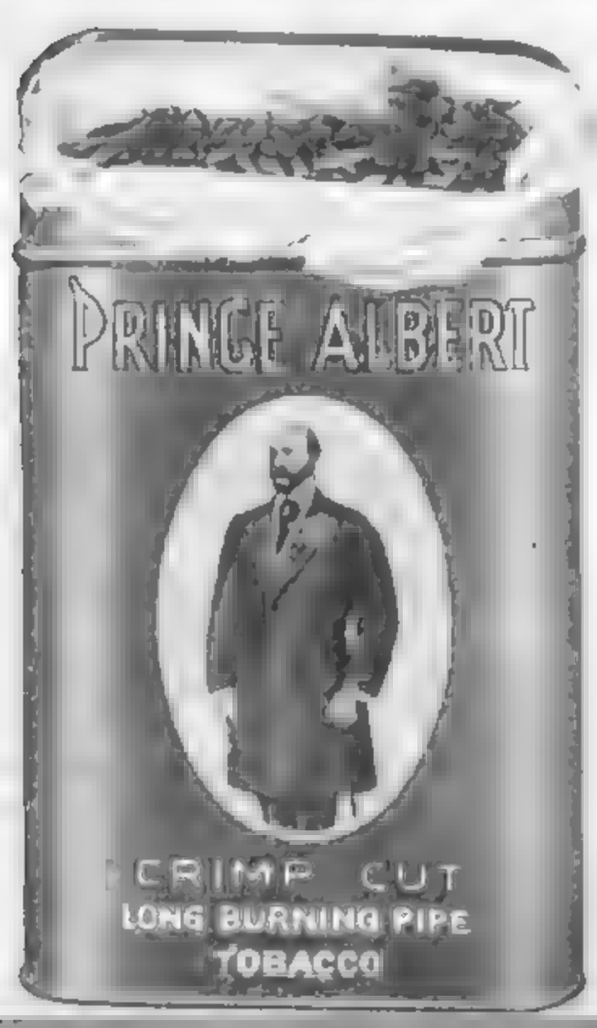

hits-home-quick with its fine, refreshing flavor and its mighty pleasing coolness! *And P. A. fragrance finds favor everywhere you fire-up!*

You'll do-a-sketch like your happy days have arrived once you get on turkey-talk terms with it. For, lay-a-bet, Prince Albert will realize brimful *every* happy smoke dream you ever uncorked!

Prince Albert is real red-white-blue man-tobacco with a pleasure-punch that's oversized in the delight it provides smokers who are strong-for-quality! You just swing on every load with the keenest anticipation *because you know* P. A. hands back real smoke joy, with a bunch chucked in for interest! Square-up to this Prince Albert smoke talk, for, it's advance news of what's coming your way sure as the sun rises!

Pet yourself up a bit and know for a certainty that Prince Albert beats-sky-high the kindest word ever cracked off about its happy-days-qualities!

And you buy P. A. everywhere! In the toppy red bags, it costs a nickel per; in the tidy red tins, 10c; then there are the handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—*and*—that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 86)

had been receiving flour from the Liège committee, but the receipts had all been in regular form from a Belgian *ravitaillement* committee at Moresnet; so nothing was thought of it. It was just an out-of-the-way station. However, the formal British complaint made a trip of inspection necessary, and Mr. Poland and Mr. Lathrop, of the Brussels office, set out to make it. They went from Brussels to Liège by automobile, then struck out from Liège into the unknown toward their hazy destination.

About the middle of the afternoon they came to a bridge over a little stream, and across the center of this bridge was a black-and-white-striped bar announcing itself as the Prussian boundary line. On the other side of the bar was a German sentinel. That was curious! The German looked at their passports, handed them back without a word, and waved the men away. What was the trouble? The trouble was that their passports were not viséed for Germany. But they were not going to Germany; they were on an inspection trip to Moresnet. It didn't matter; their passports were not viséed for Germany, and in order to get to Moresnet they would have to cross just twelve feet of German territory.

The Americans tried to argue with the sentinel; but it was of no use. He would have nothing to do with them. Finally, by a series of patient questions, they discovered that half of the bridge was Belgian, and that by crossing on the Belgian side and climbing a stone fence into a field—no easy thing for an automobile—they could get to Moresnet without touching German soil. They were just about to do this when the German softened enough to consent to telephone his headquarters. It took a long time to get a decision; but they were finally permitted to cross without viséed passports, though only under the escort of a German officer, who came suddenly upon the scene from somewhere for this purpose.

When they reached Moresnet they went to the house of the director of the local *ravitaillement* and asked him:

"Here; how about this? Feeding Germans?"

"But, yes, messieurs."

"The deuce you are! How many?"

"About two thousand."

"Well, what country is this, anyhow?" asked the surprised Americans.

"This is no country at all, messieurs," answered the Belgian; "this is Moresnet Neutre."

"Moresnay Neut" is the way they pronounce it nowadays in the C. R. B., and its inhabitants are known as "Neuts." It seems that back in 1815, when the Powers were settling things for good and all at Vienna, this little square mile of territory, which is its approximate size, was a bone of contention between Germany, Holland and France, by all of which countries it was bounded, Belgium at that time not existing as an independent state.

The Poor Neuts of Moresnet

The argument arose because Moresnet was tremendously valuable, having the finest zinc mine in Europe. No compromise could be arrived at; so the little strip was neutralized and has been a sort of no man's land ever since. It contains about two thousand Germans, as many Belgians, and some four hundred genuine Neuts, who are descendants of the original inhabitants the citizenship law providing that, in order to be a real citizen, or Neut, your family must have lived in the place since 1815. Citizenship, or neutrality, offers its possessor but one advantage, however: the country being neither German nor Belgian, there is a German burgomaster for the German inhabitants and a Belgian burgomaster for the Belgians; and the Neut is entitled to take his choice.

The zinc mine was exhausted years ago, but a deeper and more valuable stratum proved to run out, in each direction, into both Belgium and Germany; so the original mining company proceeded to mine this stratum in both countries, while keeping its smelter in Moresnet. This produces a curious situation just now. There are Belgian owners, French owners and German owners, while the president is one well-known Baron Rothschild. So from the little neutral smelter the Belgians and French sell zinc to England and France, while the Germans sell their share of the output to Germany, the Holland boundary making transportation possible to the Allies. And it seems nobody says anything, because they are all selling at topping war prices and getting on famously.

As to the question of *ravitaillement*, the little territory was in a fair way of having a hard time. The Germans refused to feed the Belgians, the Belgians refused to feed the Germans, and everybody refused to feed the Neuts. The Americans effected a compromise for them, and now they are all entitled to C. R. B. flour as long as Germany supplies them with all the other necessary foodstuffs.

Because England rests her whole faith in the good faith of American neutrality, and because any break in England's faith might result in the complete collapse of the *ravitaillement* work, the responsibility with regard to the distribution of all foodstuffs in his province rests entirely upon the shoulders of the American representative; and, besides his regular and exacting daily routine of inspection and control, he has a thousand little demands upon his time and attention. His office at times bears a close resemblance to a busy consulate. There are foreigners, caught in Belgium by the war and unable to get out, who besiege him for information about their people at home, the state of the war—about which nobody in Belgium knows anything—or about the possibilities of an exchange with Germans interned in their countries.

The Issue of the Milk Tins

Then there are cranks by the score, half-wits thrown up in the scum of war, with all kinds of wild plans and projects to discuss, and who think the American can do anything. They are inventors mostly, who want to get their inventions out of the country and into England or France, where they will do some good. Nowadays the inventions are usually in the form of something guaranteed to annihilate the German Army, and, of course, the American delegate, also, if he should happen to be foolish enough to have anything to do with them.

Then down come the great barges of food, the seals of which can be broken only by the Americans, and the C. R. B. officers are stormed by a different crowd—by excited and quarrelsome Dutch bargemen; by insolent German canal-traffic men; by disgruntled Belgian warehouse employees, and dissatisfied people generally—each with some kind of complaint to be met and settled. Women come begging for an extra ration, for one reason and another, knowing they cannot have it; and even children are sent to present long lists of petty but very real woes, which are hard to disregard. It is a difficult position for a young man.

And there is the troublesome detail of the milk tins, which sounds so funny and is yet so terribly serious. It is absolutely necessary to ship into Belgium—and into Northern France especially—vast quantities of condensed milk; and condensed milk always comes in tins admirably adapted to the heinous purpose of bomb manufacture. There is no doubt that a few specimens fell over in the British lines as bomb casings before England waked up to this particular item of supply to the German Army; and it was then decreed that no more canned goods of any kind should be shipped into Belgium.

This was a fearful blow to the C. R. B. Nobody cared much about the jams and the vegetables and the fruits, but milk was almost as necessary as flour, the native and natural milk supply being not nearly enough to meet the demand for the children, because a great many cows had been requisitioned, and also because the cows, on their reduced and carefully controlled ration, had failed to a considerable extent in their milk production.

The subject was taken up with the British Government with as much solemnity as might attend the dismemberment of the German Empire; and the British, being gentlemen always, saw that something would have to be done about it. In the end, with their usual faith in Mr. Hoover and the C. R. B., they agreed that a certain amount of condensed milk might be shipped into Belgium and Northern France, provided the Americans would undertake in person to destroy all the tins!

Does that convey any sort of picture of insurmountable difficulty? How many tins of condensed milk are there in a ton of condensed milk? Twenty-one hundred, if you please; and the C. R. B. distributes in Northern France alone 1650 tons of it every month, the same being 3,465,000 tins.

However, the Americans accepted the responsibility; they had to or suffer the

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Three cents a day between you and worry about [illegible]. On this $10 Combination three cents a day will bring, if you are in a "Preferred" occupation, and under 50 years of age, $1,250 to $3,250 in case of death by accident; $5 to $10 weekly income for disability due to accidental injuries, plus $1,000 to $3,000 for loss of two limbs or eyes; or the income plus $500 to $1,500 for loss of one hand, foot or eye; or $250 for death from any cause. You can make these amounts as much larger as you like by paying more than three cents daily. ($50 added to above payments for death if you insure while under 40 years of age.)

It means nothing to you to spend three cents a day now. **It may mean much to get the return from Ætna later on.** Don't be forced to say "I wish I had Ætna-ized while I had a chance."

Send this coupon today, while the chance is here.

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misery of seeing their Belgian and French babies trying to get along without milk; and now one of their duties is to track the empty milk tin to its lair. They gather them up in ton lots—counting them, mind you, and keeping tabs on every one of them—take them out into the open somewhere and dig trenches for them. Then they put pile drivers over the trenches and hammer the tins down into a mess that would yield nothing in the tin line without a long-drawn-out and scientific process. At least that is one method of destruction, though there are others, of course. Anything will do so long as the destruction is complete.

There was one variety of canned goods the commission was very glad to have prohibited, and that was corn. The Belgians have never known anything about corn except as feed for cattle, and they would no more think of eating it than we should think of eating hay. A very great deal of canned corn went to waste in the early days, because it was one of the favorite selections of American benevolence, and the country was quite flooded with it.

But the Belgians, try as they would, could not seem to grasp the fact that it was good to eat. Some of them tried to use it as jam, without even cooking it; and, of course, it was not good. Just the same they had to be taught to eat it in the form of bread, at least. That was decided upon. With their reduced ration, they needed it for health's sake. It was more or less left to each American representative in his province or district, and the process, though slow, has been fairly successful.

Booming Corn in Hainaut

Perhaps the quickest success was obtained in Hainaut. There was a very earnest and devoted but wholly original American in that province, and he thought of a way. Hainaut is the largest province in Belgium, with a population of 1,340,000 to revictual. There are several offices, each in charge of an American, with the head office at Mons. All the boys were gathered at Mons one day, trying to decide upon some method for introducing corn bread among the people without absolutely breaking their spirits. They had prepared public kitchens and had all kinds of exhibits and recipes and that sort of thing; but the Belgians were not ready to come to cattle feed yet, and even those in the C. R. B. service were apathetic about it. Finally the very American American got an inspiration.

"Say, you fellows," he said; "get things ready round here and wait for me."

He went out and jumped into a C. R. B. motor car and made off in the direction of Charleroi. He had seen a regular American darky in that town once and he was going after him. Not knowing the man's name or anything about him, there was nothing for him to do when he arrived but to institute a deliberate and systematic search; however, it didn't take long. After driving up and down and in and out of a few streets, making occasional inquiries, he found him where it would have been perfectly natural to look for him—standing upon a corner, with his hands in his pockets. The C. R. B. man drove up and said:

"Come on! Get in."

The negro began to protest in voluble French that he could not move from right where he was, because he had no pass. And what did the gentleman want, anyhow?

"Come! Cut out that French, George; talk United States and get in. I need you," said the American.

"All right, boss; jes' as you say," said the unmistakable Georgian, and he climbed in.

He was chucked down on the floor of the car and covered up with rugs, and then our reckless young representative made a quick return to Mons.

They dressed the darky up in white linen, put a chef's white cap on him and turned him loose in the corn.

He was not a disappointment. He fell into the spirit of the game and rose to the occasion with surprising efficiency. He was half vaudeville artist and half cook. At least he knew what to do with corn. With a running fire of talk and tunes he drew great crowds round him and turned out, under their astonished gaze, corn cakes, corn muffins, and every kind of corn joy that a negro ever loved.

Everybody sampled what he made and everybody found it good; and from then that happy colored American's influence has spread in Hainaut like the spreading of the ripples made by a pebble cast into a still pool.

The C. R. B. is so many things in Belgium that it would take volumes to detail them. It is Belgium's shipper, miller, baker, banker, milkman, meatman, grocer, clothier, shoemaker, guardian of the poor and general housekeeper rolled into one.

"Yes," said one of the Americans, when I was going over this list one day; "and don't forget 'houn' dog.'" He was thinking of the "kickin' aroun'" to which it is so constantly subjected; and, though it is not a comparison quite in keeping with the dignity of the institution, it serves to illustrate.

I like better the vision of it as a fine young champion of the rights of the weak, standing upright and unafraid, a veritable buffer between the Belgian people and such warring, clashing, clamoring elements as this world never knew before—elements represented by English, French and German demands and—strange to say—by Belgian political intrigue.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1916.

State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

NAME OF POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
Publisher, Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Managers, None

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
W[illegible] Boyd, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Emily S. Coates, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Estate of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
John Grubbel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen, Haddam, Connecticut
Chauncey T. Lamb, Hinsdale, Illinois
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
C. H. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Ethel S. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
[illegible] Meyer, Farmers Loan & Trust Co., New York
E. W. Spaulding, The Peter Stuyvesant Apartments, New York

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

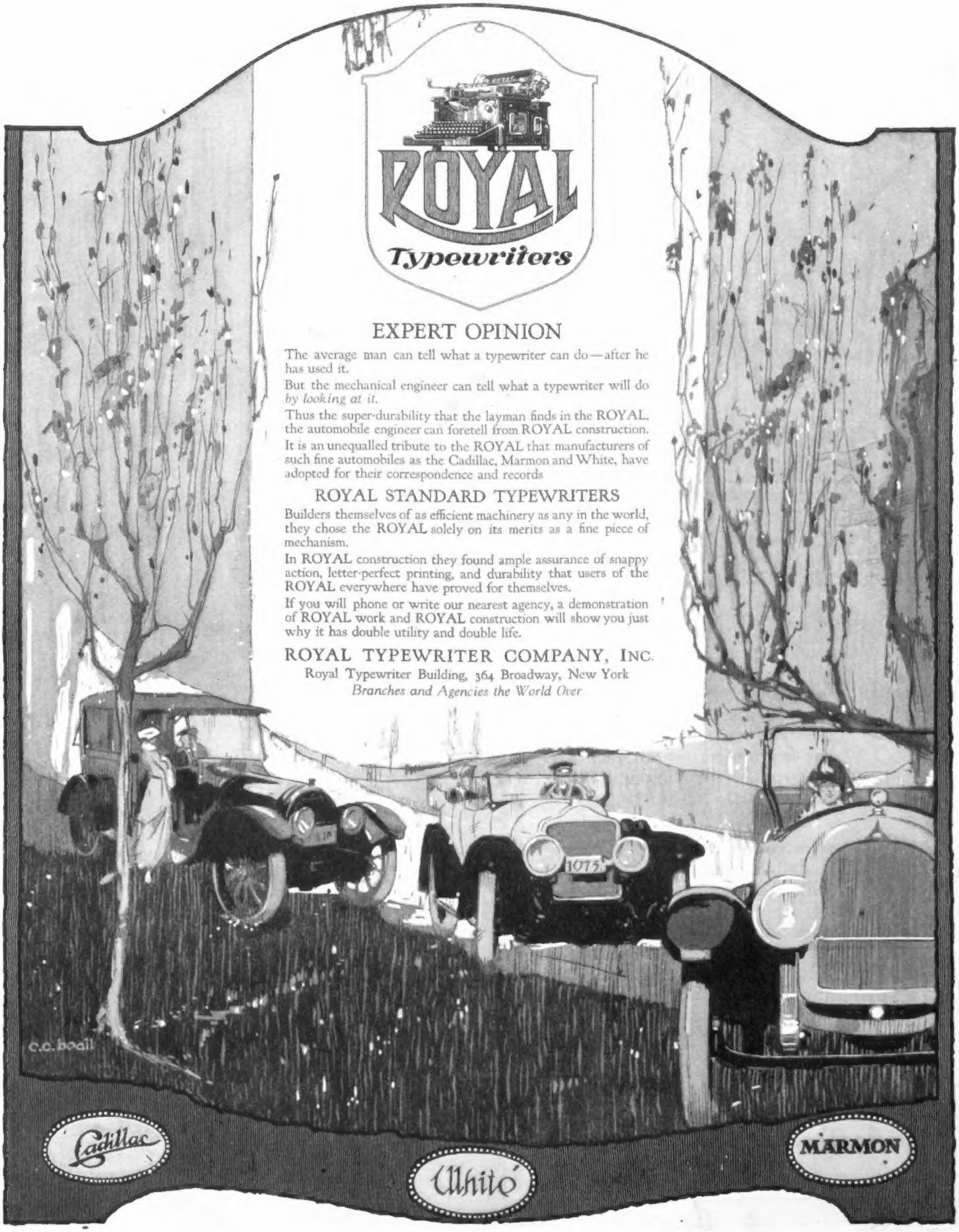
CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-fifth day of September, 1916.

WILLIAM M. ROCKEY,
(SEAL) Notary Public.

(My commission expires June 10, 1917.)

NOTE.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must also send a copy of this statement to each of the several [illegible] after its filing.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